

May 9, 1962

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• We're sure you'll like "Promise At Dawn" Romain Gary's true story of his mother beginning on pages 38 and 39.

WE chose the month that includes Mother's Day for this extra "serial" because it is one of the most splendid tributes to a mother ever written.

Romain Gary's mother loved her son with a single-minded fierceness that admitted of no obstacles. To the outside world she must sometimes have seemed irritating and eccentric.

But her son knew her worth. And so will all the mothers who read this story. To her, the end—her ambitions for her son—justified the means.

And, by the way, if you know anyone who has read this story, don't let him tell you the ending. All of the story is good, but the ending is superb.

★ ★ ★
ONE of the most impressive sights in all Russia was the Red Army Choir of 180, with 30 dancers and

Our cover

• Husband and wife Bobby Limb and Duane Lake, Australia's top TV comedy team and stars of Australia's favorite live show, "The Mobil-Limb Show." This exclusive color picture was taken by staff photographer Ross Berg during a rehearsal break. (TV Star Parade 1962, pages 19 to 25.)

musicians, said entrepreneur Mr. Eric Edgley. (Story, page 7.)

He inquired about bringing the Red Army Choir to Australia, but found it would have to be negotiated at Government level. "It would be beyond commercial enterprise," he said.

But he has arranged Australian tours for violinist Valerie Klimov next October and Nelli Schkolnikova next February.

COOKBOOK DEMONSTRATIONS

• Recipes in the 40-page cookbook in our April 23 issue will be demonstrated during a 14-day Food Fiesta in Woolworths and B.C.C. Food Fair throughout Australia until May 12.

Demonstrations will be daily from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. on weekdays; from 9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. on Saturdays.

Take your cookbook to the demonstrations, which will be held in the following Woolworths stores:

Bankstown Drive-in, Bankstown Shopwell, Cabramatta, Double Bay, Ermington, Fairfield Heights, Maroubra, Parramatta, Seven Hills, St. Ives, Sutherland.

Demonstration dishes will be cooked on Metters electric stoves in all stores.

Flower hats from the garden

● If you'd like to have the most original hat at any cocktail party, make yourself a colorful one of real flowers.

If you have a good eye for color and a nice feeling for line, you could make a hat in different colors. If you feel your talents are too limited, you could manage, without much trouble, to make a turban or toque of flowers in the same hue.

Basic essentials are some Paris net for the shape, some fine florist's wire, and plenty of big-headed pins.

If you really want to be professional you should also have a hat block on which to mould the Paris net into the desired shape, but, failing a hat block, try a good old kitchen basin which matches your head size.

If you don't fancy trying to make a shape of Paris net, strip an old hat of its trimming and covering and go to work on that.

Having settled on shape, choose your flowers, cut off their stems, wire them through the base of each bloom, slide the wires through the net shape, pin the wire firmly inside, and then clip off each end close to the pin.

Spray the resulting confection lightly with water to keep it fresh, and there you have it—your own really original hat.

To show how charming these real flower hats can be and how simply they can be made by deft fingers, Melbourne milliner Mrs. A. B. Kindler fashioned those shown on this page.

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellard.



EASTER DAISIES, set off with shiny green fern, are clustered to make this attractive Cos-sack hat. It is one of many ideas for hats to be made from fresh blooms.



HYDRANGEAS in slanted bands of white, blue, and beige-tipped green blooms, with a single band of vivid carnations, make this turban.



FESTIVE HOLLY, with its glossy green leaves and scarlet berries and a wisp of veiling, fashions a cocktail hat and matching handbag.



PINK DAHLIAS and their green leaves, mounted on wired white tulle, are massed together in making this striking picture hat.

NEXT WEEK

● Australia in poetry and pictures

In answer to repeated requests from readers, a four-page feature presents wonderful color pictures of the Australian scene, each picture being linked with an extract from a well-known Australian poem.

The scenery varies from an out-back station to the country where "The Man from Snowy River" made his famous ride.

● Grey hair for Royal glamor

The Queen Mother goes grey—and looks prettier than ever.

Admirers are following her fashion lead and grey hair has a new charm. The greying Queen Mother is pictured in color.

● Hand-knitted for ski holidays

Now is the time to begin knitting for your snow-country holiday or weekends.

There are patterns for both plain and Fair Isle sweaters for men and women.

● Fashion—shawls make a comeback

Nancy White, "Harper's Bazaar" editor, writes a fascinating feature on new ways with an old-time favorite fashion, the shawl.

It's a romantic revival, with very feminine extras like tassels and ruffles.

● Japanese cookery

Japanese recipes with a typical delicacy of flavor and artistry of presentation.

● Home and Family

A mother's story tells of a happy second marriage after the first broke up.



MRS. HAROLD HACK in a sea of blueprints and samples of curtain and upholstery fabrics she has chosen to decorate the cabins of the tanker P. J. Adams, which will have a crew of 67.

She designs for a man's world

● Mrs. Harold Hack, of Avalon, N.S.W., keeps Australia's biggest tanker, P. J. Adams, in a suitcase. The 32,250-ton ship, which is over 600ft. long and can carry 32,000 tons of oil, is just a "paper ship" to her.

By
KIRSTEN WARD

MRS. Hack is decorating the "Adams," though, as yet, she hasn't been aboard and has planned color schemes and materials from paper plans.

In the suitcase she carries samples of tiling and materials, laminated surfaces, carpet pieces, her own notes, and plans of the ship.

Mrs. Hack's husband is an executive with Ampol, the oil firm that ordered the £4 million P. J. Adams.

"When my husband came home and said the firm was asking me to do the decorating, I wasn't at all sure, but I was very flattered," Mrs. Hack said.

"You see, though I've always been very interested in decor and have read widely on it, I'd never done anything this big. An oil tanker is a

little different from a cottage.

"I've had a lot to do with tankers over the years, and I've travelled on them.

"Even so, when I was shown the plans, I was astounded at the size of the job."

The P. J. Adams carries a crew of 67. Besides the owner's suite, there is double accommodation for the captain, chief engineer, and mate, who can take their wives on one trip a year.

Mrs. Hack estimates she has had to decorate 113 rooms in all.

"I didn't decorate them as a whole, but each one as it came. But I had a mental picture of the over-all scheme. There were 27 bathrooms and 86 other rooms.

"These included two dining-rooms, two officers' lounges, and two recreation rooms—plus all the cabins.

"It has been a big job. In

Adelaide one week I chose the carpets for 30 rooms and curtains for 67. Thank heaven I didn't have to worry about quantity. Each manufacturer did his own measuring."

Approximately 450 yards of curtaining, 600 yards of carpeting, and 260 yards of upholstery materials were used.

It is the company's policy to use, wherever possible, Australian-made materials.

Now that most of the work is almost finished, and the orders have gone through, Mrs. Hack's work comes only in spasms—like the busy week in Adelaide.

"A shambles"

"For the first three months it was a full-time job," she said. "I did all the work in my living-room. It was a shambles.

"I had on a table beside me the plans of the particular deck I was working on. On another table I matched colors and textures in all the various materials."

By her, too, Mrs. Hack had a thick paper pad on which she wrote the number and color of each material used in each room, the paint for the ceiling, the panellings, furniture coverings, carpet or tiling, and curtain materials.

"No, there weren't any special problems," she said. "Nor were there really any special stipulations.

"The passageways and lobbies took quite some thought. Regulations say they have to be in light colors, and I felt that they needed extra attention. They give one the first impression of a ship, really.

"I had to remember that normally men only would be using the rooms and that their

cabins and lounges would be 'home' to them for the better part of the year.

"So I made many cabins as individual as possible. I was working directly with three men and they approved everything as we went along, so it won't be too feminine."

Mrs. Hack started with the forward boat deck on the captain's and owner's suites.

"I used laminated myrtle wood panelling. Between the suites is a sliding wall, which will be opened for parties. I carried the carpeting (olive-green) and curtains (lime-green) right through.

"The chair coverings are in greens and browns."

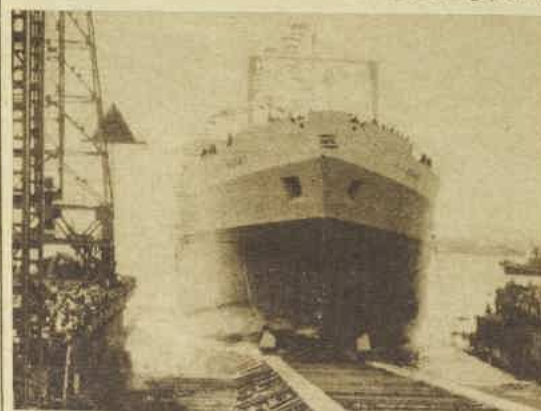
The panelling in the two bedrooms is laminated Queensland silver ash. One of the carpets is "old gold," the other slate-blue. The curtains and bedspreads are heavy floral linens.

"I have panelled one of the bathrooms in these suites in a pastel yellow laminated material with gold flecks," Mrs. Hack said. "The other is a blend of several pastel colors."

"I tried to think of the personality and interests of the person who would be occupying the cabin. For instance, I made the cadets' ones very bright and gay."

"Then, the hospital is in restful lime-green. The material had to have a smooth texture so as not to catch germs or dust, and it had to be washable, too."

Although P. J. Adams won't be ready for sea till September, Mrs. Hack's work had to be finished long before so that joiners at the B.H.P. shipyard and manufacturers could begin installations.



P. J. ADAMS, the biggest ship built in Australia and the first oil tanker, launched in Whyalla last January. It cost £4 million.

The Maharajah keeps chooks

...multi-millionaire father had a string of racehorses

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

● The Gaekwar of Baroda, former ruler of the State of Baroda, north-west India, plans to visit Australia for about three weeks to attend the World Poultry Conference beginning in Sydney on August 10.

AND afterwards I hope to catch up with such old friends as Sir Donald Bradman, Keith Miller, Ian Johnson, and Sam Loxton," he said. "I am looking forward eagerly to the visit."

His Highness the Maharajah has great riches, princely titles, some half-dozen palaces, including the ancestral seat at Baroda.

He has an important position as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Defence and directorships of at least six big companies.

As well, he is a big name in the world of sport.

As team manager he toured with the Indian cricket XI in 1959, and his listed recreations

vary from big-game hunting to golf and table tennis.

But it is the hobby he shares with his more humble neighbors down the road about which he enthuses more.

"I started with just a few fowls at the bottom of the garden," he said.

"Now I'm classed as a small amateur poultry farmer. It's great fun."

An amateur

The Gaekwar imported to India such breeds as the Black Minorca, the Light Sussex, and Rhode Island Reds.

"I'm out to improve and strengthen our local strains," he said, "and I hope to learn much at the conference, which is rather high level for an amateur like myself."

The 31-year-old Gaekwar is better known outside India

as the Maharajah of Baroda. (Gaekwar is a title meaning ruler.)

His father, the fun-loving, widely travelled, 53-year-old ex-Gaekwar of Baroda, with a personal fortune estimated at £9,000,000 sterling, and formerly one of the biggest racehorse owners on the English turf, ruled the State of Baroda in princely style until deposed by Nehru in 1951. His son, the present Gaekwar, succeeded him.

As ruler, the old Gaekwar had an income of £200,000 a year.

"I have only a third of that from the Government, but it is tax-free," said the young Maharajah.

He is one of the eight children of the Gaekwar's first marriage, to Princess Shanta Devi.

The people of Baroda elected him to Parliament in 1957. Social work figures high on his list.

Quiet, reticent — but with a sense of humor — he is a strange contrast to his father, the boisterous multi-millionaire sportsman of the smart international set, with the infectious laugh of a child.

Father and son are great friends. When the Maharajah ("Jackie" to his friends) is in London for business reasons or for medical check-up and treatment, his father forsakes his Riviera haunts and flies over to be with him.

They often go nightclubbing together, sometimes share dancing partners.

One beautiful Greek cabaret singer who was escorted by the Maharajah to a first night, and seen dancing cheek-to-cheek with his father a few nights later, summed them up: "I am attracted by both of

"JACKIE'S" father, the deposed Gaekwar, and glamorous stepmother. They divorced in 1956. The Maharanees now lives in Monaco and is a member of the Onassis set. Rumor links the gay ex-Gaekwar's name with many starlets, but he says he will never marry again. His first wife, "Jackie's" mother, sometimes hostesses for him in London.



HIS HIGHNESS the Gaekwar of Baroda, handsome 31-year-old Indian prince, who hopes to visit Australia in August for the World Poultry Conference. Friends call him "Jackie."

them, but that is understandable. They are handsome, and both wonderful escorts.

"The old Gaekwar is the better dancer, but 'Jackie' has the most wonderful voice."

"Jackie" also has a wonderful figure. An English sculptor who saw him in India called him "The Apollo of Baroda," and did a bronze torso of him.

When "Jackie" saw it some years later, he said:

"I wish I were still as supple and slender. Now, I'm running to fat!"

The Maharajah of Baroda has been married for 12 years. His wedding to the beautiful sister of the Maharajah of Jodhpur had all traditional pomp and ceremony. A 31-gun salute greeted the bridegroom and silver coins were showered on him.

The Princess brought as part of her dowry 47 chambermaids, a richly caparisoned elephant, 17 horses, 5 cars, an ancient armory, a silver bath, and an ice factory.

As well, she had £110,000 sterling in cash.

The youthful Maharajah took his bride home to the palace in Baroda—a piece of medieval India, with spiceladen streets and his favorite elephant playing a mouth organ in the gaudy, busy main thoroughfare.

Here, his mother, Princess Shanta Devi, was a member of Baroda's State Council.

Before the year was out the young Maharajah had succeeded his father, who was sacked by Nehru in the interests of the New India.

"Jackie" immediately set about improving his position—and that of his country—by business investment.

He has a burning faith in India as a land of tremendous opportunity for business investment.

Diners' Club

"Indians are getting more money, but goods and services are still limited," he said. "Every tenth thing a businessman picks up is a monopoly article."

He worked hard with his new companies engaged in heavy industry and machine tools—the "modern temples of India," as Mr. Nehru calls them.

With tourists flocking to India, he became Chairman of the Diners' Club of India.

Although he had been a keen hunter, he became concerned with the disappearance of wild-life from many parts of the world, and he is working to see that India gets on with the job of preserving animals which were on the verge of extinction.

On his hunting trips now he shoots with a camera, and he has built-up a private zoo in the grounds of his palace at Baroda City.

He collects animals, birds, and fish from all over the world.

A startled air-hostess, seeing the dapper Maharajah and his elegant wife struggling on to the plane with a tank of tropical fish, rushed to take it from them.

But he said, "No, I want it with me. I watch the fish and find them so relaxing. I'm putting this tank in my office and when I want a rest I will pause a moment by the fish tank."

Another of his plans for India is to set up a home for crocs.

"More practical than you would think," he said.

Unlike his father, who has lived much of his time in England, is a member of the international set, a frequent visitor to Hollywood, friend of film stars and socialites, he does relatively little travelling, and his wife rarely accompanies him.

Though he is a fan of singers Nat (King) Cole, Frank Sinatra, and Johnny Mathis, he likes neither jazz nor rock'n-roll. He is devoted to Indian classical music.

There is speculation that in appreciation of his services to India, Mr. Nehru is about to reward him with a more senior position in the Ministry of Defence. It would be an honor, but could mean the cancellation of his visit to Australia.

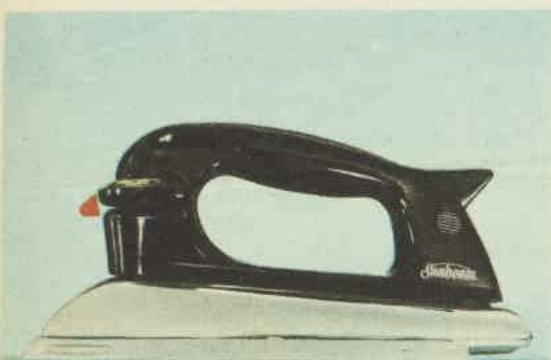




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IT TOOK 18 MONTHS' PATIENCE. BUT

Russian variety artists to visit Australia

● Girls politely stood up for Mr. Eric Edgley in Moscow's underground trains. "We always do that for old people," his interpreter explained.

By
MARGARET BERKELEY



PERTH entrepreneur Mr. Eric Edgley toasted the success of the tour in vodka with the Russian directors of Goskoncert.

MR. EDGLEY, 62-year-old Perth entrepreneur, who tells this "old-age" joke against himself, has made four visits to Russia since 1960 to arrange for the Moscow State Variety Theatre to our Australia and New Zealand.

An official Soviet photographer will make a film record of the 10-weeks' tour in May, June, and July for screening in Russia.

Mr. Edgley found Russians intensely interested in Australia.

"There's a clause in the company's contract that we must take care of the artists' daily entertainment. They want to see how we live, visit our museums, learn our history, and see Australian theatre," he said.

"And they were very keen to have an Australian company visit them. The only artists they've seen so far are violinist Beryl Kimber and, recently, Shirley Abicair."

Australians will see soloists from the Bolshoi Ballet and the State Opera, puppeteers, acrobats, jugglers, magicians, musicians, folk-dancers, and specialty acts from the Moscow State Circus.

Among the 24 entertainers will be balalaika player Evgeniy Axentiev, of Moscow Variety; Georgiy Farmants and Ella Kasterina, soloists of the Bolshoi Ballet; Maria Maltzeva and Vitaliy Izmodenov, Russian folk-dancers, of the Ural Group; magician Mikhail Moisey, of Novosibirsk Variety; puppeteers Sofia May and Andrei Bart, of Moscow Variety.

Interpreters

Mr. Edgley's son, Phillip, will travel with the company as manager and public relations officer. There will also be two Russian interpreters.

Besides his four Moscow visits during the 18 months of negotiations, Mr. Edgley coped with mountains of correspondence, all of which had to be translated into and from Russian.

"It all required much patience on both sides," he said. "But everything was very friendly. It was theatre people talking to each other about the theatre."

Mr. Edgley was born in England, but has spent most of his life in Australia. All his family were in the theatre. From 1920 he had a variety act with his brother, Clem Dawe (their surname was

THE Moscow State Variety Theatre Company, which arrives in Perth by air on May 10, is being brought to Australia jointly by J. C. Williamson Theatres, Edgley and Dawe, and Aztec Services, by arrangement with Goskoncert, Moscow.

The company will appear at His Majesty's Theatre, Perth, May 12-19; Theatre Royal, Adelaide, May 21-26; Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, May 28-June 16; Her Majesty's Theatre, Brisbane, June 18-23; New Zealand, June 25-July 2; Palais Theatre, St. Kilda, Melbourne, July 10-21.

White, but each worked under his christian and second names).

For the past 11 years His Majesty's Theatre, Perth, has been under the management of Edgley and Dawe.

The Russian venture started when Mr. Edgley set off for a theatre-going trip round the world in 1960—his first trip abroad for 22 years.

Before he left Moscow the two directors of Goskoncert took him to lunch.

"They asked me what I had been eating in Moscow. I told them 'meat for dinner and chicken for supper,' the only words I could recognise on the menu," he said.

He was so impressed by the variety he saw in Moscow that he decided to bring Russian performers to Australia. He met representatives of Goskoncert, the department of the Soviet Ministry of Culture in charge of theatre.

"My offer had to be in the form of an invitation, 'Eric Edgley invites so-and-so for a tour of Australia and New Zealand,' and before they'd accept they wanted to know everything," he said.

"I gave the two chaps from Goskoncert all the information they wanted and they said, 'Thank you, we will let you know in about three months.'"

"They wrote in three months, and in June, 1961, I went again for two weeks to Moscow and Leningrad."

After that he went to England to take in the seaside theatre season, but was suddenly asked to return to Moscow to fix up more details.

"Then in March I went over to help with last-minute arrangements," he said. "It was a good thing I did. The company was coming via Darwin to Sydney and then to Perth to begin its season."

Mr. Edgley thought he could help with his knowledge of Australian theatre, but the Russians politely pointed out that they were not bringing an Australian company, but a Russian one, so they didn't need to know our theatre.

"So they ordered a wonderful Russian luncheon — at 4 p.m., that's lunchtime over there. They asked about my family, and then the vodka came out. They toasted my family and the tour until they ran out of vodka."

As an old theatrical performer, Mr. Edgley found Russian theatre intensely exciting.

"It is living theatre," he said, "very vigorous and booming. I never saw an empty seat, or a bad performance. The individual talent is uniformly outstanding."

Variety in the Soviet reminded him of London before World War I, when the bill at the Coliseum included entertainers like Sarah Bernhardt, Grock, Clara Butt, Seymour Hicks—twice nightly.

"This was before the days when spectacles and lines of lovely girls took over from personalities," he said.

Mr. Edgley saw a dramatic version of "Swan Lake" in the Stanislavsky Theatre in Moscow, with a cast of 120.

"They used every trick in the trade. It reminded me of the old-time dramas. In the last act everything moved. It was a great spectacle."

He visited the new theatre in Moscow, the Palace of Congress, which seats 6000:

"Vast, but it still retains the theatrical atmosphere," he said.

He saw "Prince Igor" at the Palace of Congress, with a cast of 375, "like a Hollywood spectacular come to life."

In the Soviet Union it is compulsory for children to go to the theatre from the age of seven. The main children's theatre in Moscow seats 1600, has two revolving stages, and is State-subsidised.

"From seven to 10 they have fairy stories," he said. "From 10 to 15 Pushkin, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, and 'Huckleberry Finn.' From 15 to 18 they have grown-up plays."

Actors in Russia, Mr. Edgley said, had to be teachers as well, and share their experience with the children. Parents went along to dress rehearsals of plays their children were appearing in.

He saw the Royal Ballet Company in Leningrad last year, when the audience kept Dame Margot Fonteyn on stage for 20 minutes after the performance.

"It's always like that in summer," he said. "But in the winter there's a mad rush for overcoats. Everyone cloaks overcoat and galoshes."

No coughing

"Russians are most courteous audiences," added Mr. Edgley.

"They all put their programmes away at the start of the performance, didn't look at them again till interval," he said. "There was no rustling, no coughing. My interpreter brought along chocolates, but only for interval."

Four visits to Moscow convinced Mr. Edgley that this politeness was not confined to the theatre. On the Moscow underground—a tourist show-piece—girls gave up their seats to him on the trains.

Travelling by underground during his last trip to Moscow it happened again — only this time it was a Red soldier who gave up his seat.

Russians he met were very friendly. The liftman at his hotel was one example.

The Russian for "first floor" was Mr. Edgley's only Russian word and he used it whenever he got into the lift, at the same time saying "one" in his slightly North Country accent.

"The liftdriver would then say 'one'—and he had a North Country accent, too," Mr. Edgley said.



ACROBATS Vera Patrousheva (top left) and Lydia Seminova, from the Moscow Variety Theatre, have already toured Germany, Finland, Belgium, and other European countries.

HALIMA KAMILOVA (above), of the Tashkent opera-ballet theatre, performs Russian folk dances and classical ballet.

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The author of this article, Kathleen Wiseman, is a Melbourne girl who went to London in August, 1960, and during a holiday in Italy last July got a job as secretary to the general manager of the Italian branch of a Hollywood film company.



KATHLEEN WISEMAN and the street in Rome where she lives.

"My Street in Rome"

● Some years ago Hollywood made a film called "Three Coins in the Fountain," in which four American secretaries lived in Rome in a super-luxury apartment.

THE secretaries' apartment was complete with Hollywood's idea of an Italian servant — and looked down on to the city through enormous plate-glass windows.

They drove to work in a late-model American car and their contact with the Italian people was confined pretty much to Hollywood's idea of an acceptable Italian male.

Those girls missed out on so much!

My Rome is not viewed behind plate-glass windows, serene, silent, and beautiful as a picture postcard.

My street in Rome is narrow, very old, not very neat, and not even particularly beautiful. It is bypassed by the tourist guide books, which never get beyond the Pantheon at the bottom of the street, nor does it seem to have been marked by those turbulent events of the past which give other streets in the same district a dubious fame.

My street is purely Roman. Its people spill out of every doorway, lean from the windows, talk incessantly with many shrugs and expressive waves of the hands.

Small boys train to become football stars, meanwhile avoiding the passing traffic, for there is no pavement or courtyards to play on.

All this to a background of blaring radio and TV sets and shattering exhausts of motor-scooters as they swerve past.

It is a street of small workshops, dark caves in one of which an old woman sits all day weaving chair seats from rushes gathered on the banks of the Tiber at daybreak by someone even poorer than herself. In another, mechanics work at modern machinery and bang dents out of battered motor-scooters with ear-shattering gusto.

Scurrying boys

Small boys from the coffee shop at the corner scurry backwards and forwards with laden trays, for it would be below the dignity of an Italian office worker to wait on his colleagues.

We have no supermarkets, but small one-man businesses which keep their own elastic hours to suit housewives. The baker stands at his shop door ready to serve his customers with freshly baked loaves, still hot from the oven. (A curious survival perhaps of the corn dole of ancient Rome is

the 550 lire — about 8/- — a month bread allowance paid to all Roman workers.)

The butcher's shop, picturesque but unhygienic, with chickens hanging on hooks framing the doorway, and the enormous wild boar being skinned inside, is not so pleasing to the Anglo-Saxon eye, especially in autumn and winter when trays are piled high with small birds about the size of a sparrow, their plumage bedraggled and bloodied. (These are served, roasted, complete with heads, legs, and intestines, and are crunched at one mouthful.)

However, the next shop is that wonderful Italian institution, the pizzeria, where for a shilling or two you can eat sizzling pizzas shovelled straight from great wood-

burning ovens to the customer's plate, drink a glass of Frascati wine, and relax as completely as the well-fed cat asleep near the cash desk and miraculously not trodden on by the hurrying feet of the waiters.

A bit slummy

The house where I live is tall and narrow, with shuttered windows and a shrine to the Madonna on the front wall. The hall leading into the house is drab and, to Australian eyes, even a little slummy, but the marble stairs are scrubbed clean each day.

The communal wash trough in the courtyard, with its perpetually running stream of water and built-in scrubbing-board, is in constant use with

clothes being soaped and slapped vigorously in ice-cold water, to be finally hung out to dry from clotheslines which criss-cross the courtyard from the balcony of each apartment.

For those living above the ground floor, this means tying the clothes on to the line by ingenious use of wire rings and strings, then pushing them from the balcony into space with the aid of a long stick.

Perhaps some day a film producer will make a story out of the washing in any apartment house — the trousseau sheets and underwear of the new bride, then the more utilitarian replacements of the matron, the lines of children's clothes, and, lastly, the voluminous nightdresses and long flannel underwear of the older generation.

(In Rome it is not often that one sees a pregnant woman on the streets. They seem to disappear into purdah, much as the Victorians did, and the arrival of the baby is signalled by a pink or blue bow on the front door.)

Sunday means a promenade of fathers and offspring while the women stay at home to prepare the substantial Sunday dinner. This parade usually ends at the corner cafe, where the men sit and drink aperitifs or strong black coffee and discuss the week's events, and in particular the football prospects for that afternoon.

The children, after shaking hands politely, wait patiently and silently, sometimes being treated to a sip from their father's glass.

Sunday is the only free day for the average Italian, so football on Sunday afternoons is no sin, but a necessity.

However, for one class of Italian worker even Sunday is not free. The portiere (caretaker) works every day of the year and must, in exchange for a small salary and a poky, often basement, flat, sit in a little glassed-in office at the street entrance ready to greet the occupants, keep out small boys and stray dogs, and garner all gossip.

Closing time

Portieres' days are long — from 7.30 a.m. or sometimes even earlier — and end only when they close the street door for the night, about 9.30 p.m. And when that is shut, the forgetful occupant who has mislaid his key is as securely locked out as any intruder unless he can find a bar open and telephone those at home to let him in.

Our cleaning woman pities the portieres and much prefers to travel 1½ hours each way to earn 3/6 an hour washing our sheets and scrubbing our tiled floors.

She is a thick-set country woman who can neither read nor write, having had to work hard on the farm from early childhood, but she is saving every lira to get her boy through university.

As the son of a war veteran he gets free tuition, but his books and clothes must be provided during the years of study.

His mother does not dwell on the hardships. She looks forward eagerly to the day when she can count a "dot-tore" among the family.

Italians have an inborn respect for titles, which are freely used, and no one with a university degree would dream of hiding it behind a plain "Signor."

Meanwhile, outside, the street is coming to life again after the two-hour siesta.

The steel shutters in front of the shops and workshops are being raised with much clatter. The old men dozing on the low wall surrounding the Pantheon are getting ready for another afternoon's yarning.

The cats, licking their chops after a meal of cold spaghetti provided by charitable Roman housewives, are stretching themselves, ready to re-explore their little world of My Street in Rome.

THE VISITORS' ROME. It bears little relation to Rome-to-live-in, described here by Kathleen Wiseman, although "her" street is in the district near top of picture.



A Gold Coast in the dusty inland



ON LAKE BALAKA (left) Mr. and Mrs. Len Galloway relax in a boat. The lake's waters lap the shore a few yards from the garden, where citrus fruits and watermelons now grow in what was formerly a barren area. ABOVE: The seven lakes of the Menindee Scheme are linked by channels and spillways, enabling control of their waters.

● The "inland sea," about which the graziers and mineworkers of Menindee and Broken Hill in western N.S.W. have talked since the days of Captain Sturt, is a reality at last. I've seen it — a vast expanse split into seven lakes which are ten times the size of Sydney Harbor and between them hold five times the Harbor's volume of water.

THREE hundred miles from Adelaide, nearly 700 from Sydney, in the dust and scrubland of the great New South Wales inland, this gigantic oasis is now the home of pelicans, seagulls, and ibises.

The Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission has made possible this paradise for birds, animals, and holidaymakers — as well as water-skiers, power-boat and sailing fans, picnickers—in an area which for years has suffered devastating droughts interspersed with equally destructive floods from the unstemmed Darling River.

Water is put to use

Until now the Darling, flowing down from Queensland, has spilled over, flooding the flat sandy desert and the sun-baked empty lake beds before draining away into the sea on the southern coast and leaving the countryside as barren and unproductive as ever.

The Menindee Lakes Irrigation Scheme started in 1949, but overshadowed by the giant Snowy Mountains Scheme is simplicity itself.

By linking the seven lakes with man-made canals, levee banks, and spillways, the waters of the Darling can be diverted and stored.

As photographer Ernie Nutt and I were taken on a conducted tour, resident engineer Keith Stevenson explained what the Scheme means, not only to the graziers of Menindee and the miners of Broken Hill but to the people of South Australia:

● South Australians will get water from the Darling, instead of Murray River water which is badly needed for Murray Valley irrigation, but which they are entitled to under the River Murray Agreement.

● It will give a regular and permanent supply of water to Broken Hill.

● Control of the Darling will allow for irrigation along its banks, making possible

crops—citrus fruits, rice, cotton — which, before were only a dream, as was the establishment of rich dairy farms and vineyards.

● It will provide a much-needed public recreation area on the doorstep of hard-working folk who've had to travel 150 miles to Mildura or 300 miles to Adelaide for weekend water sport or annual holidays.

Compared to the benefits, the cost has been infinitesimal—a mere £5,000,000.

Eric Bull, of Broken Hill, who is secretary of the recently formed Menindee Lakes Park Trust, told me of some of the plans for developing the lakes as a recreation area.

A gently sloping beach, three-quarters of a mile long and backed by protective sandhills, will have caravan parks, boating facilities,

Darling, 11 miles from their present home—a spanking-new place with modern furniture and a garden which is Mrs. Galloway's joy.

Proudly Mrs. Galloway showed me the grapefruit, orange, lemon, and the watermelons (some of which Mr. Galloway swears weigh 25lb. apiece) in the garden where none would grow before.

Len Galloway is another member of the Menindee Lakes Park Trust, and can see an unlimited future for the area. He said:

"There have been all sorts of projects put up—landing flying-boats with passengers from Sydney, motels, and weekenders. Since Easter, we have a tarred and sealed road all the way from Broken Hill to Menindee. It takes just over an hour by car."

At Viewmount Station, Mrs. Alice Ham, her daughter-in-law, Leonie, and grandson, Thomas, told us they now take their rowing-boat to the lakes on Sundays.

"Once we used the boat to pick up the mail on the other side of the river or for getting round during the floods," said Mrs. Ham. "Now it's for pleasure, and my son is keen on getting a speedboat."

Mrs. Ham remembers three bad floods in the past 10 years when nothing could be done but to evacuate the family to safety. She and her husband and sons, like everyone in the area, are thankful that such days are probably gone for good.

An eager working-bee

So keen are the local people to get things moving that a hundred of them recently formed a weekend working-bee to clear some of the land. At present the Trust is working on the first 85 acres.

Later they have two further stretches — of 500 and 689 acres — to clear and develop.

The lakes are already teeming with fish. At the Albermarle Hotel, in Menindee, Miss Aileen Underdown, who has lived in Menindee all her life, supervised the cooking

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

and weekend cottages lapped by the waters of Menindee Lake.

Most popular spot at weekends now is Copi Hollow, linking Lake Pamamaroo with Lake Menindee.

Every Sunday some three thousand mums, dads, children, and teenagers flock there for speed-boating, water-skiing, and barbecue picnics.

At Copi Hollow I found Aylene Bottom, of Wirrylka Station, aged 20 and well on the way to becoming an outstanding water-skier.

"The scheme is a godsend to young people," she said. "At weekends we had nowhere to go. Some of us made half-hearted attempts to ski on the Darling. But it was too narrow and the water level wasn't reliable."

"There are two ski clubs here now and two speedboat clubs. Soon there'll be a sailing club, too. There are already 60 registered boats on Copi Hollow."

Farther east, on Lake Balaka, we joined Mr. and Mrs. Len Galloway in a barbecue. They formerly lived on the banks of the

and serving of a delicious piece of locally caught Murray cod.

After dinner she showed us her collection of aboriginal relics — also picked up locally. Huge flat "plate" stones, small chunky ones used for grinding seeds and food, and grave markers combined to make a decorative border for her garden.

On the walls of her office were woomeras, spears, boomerangs, and sprays of flowers made by the aborigines from galah and parrot feathers.

"There are still many such relics to be found in the scrub round here by anyone interested in early Australian history," said Miss Underdown.

She left us to greet three new arrivals—cotton-growers from Queensland on the lookout for new spots to grow their crops.

Next day she reported they had been "very impressed" by the possibilities of the lakes.

Twice a week a coach loaded with Sydney tourists arrives in Menindee. "They never cease to be surprised that such a huge stretch of water could exist in the middle of the desert," said Kevin Gaskin, who works for the Commission and has the job of showing them round.

So the reputation of Broken Hill and the Lakes area as a tourists' paradise is growing and the "locals" have every hope that it will reach Gold Coast proportions.



CENTRE of this aerial picture of the Menindee Lakes Irrigation Scheme is the main diversion weir with six floodgates. Levee banks on either side hold water stored in Lake Wetherell, which takes in several smaller lakes as well as the original riverbed of the Darling. The trees in the water will become waterlogged and die. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.



THE BANKS of the River Darling are becoming lush with new vegetation. Soon rich dairy farms, cotton-fields, vineyards, and citrus orchards may replace arid desert.



A SECTION of the channel connecting Menindee and Pamamaroo. The channel is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 310ft. wide. In the distance is the road bridge from Menindee to Broken Hill.



COPI HOLLOW is the most popular spot at the moment for water-skiing, speed-boating, and picnicking. Every Sunday some 3000 people flock to its banks to enjoy water sports.



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Mary COLES' SOCIAL

CORAL SEA WEEK guests of honor General Emmett O'Donnell, Commander-in-Chief, United States Pacific Air Force, and his wife will attend a non-stop whirl of functions after their arrival here on May 3.

The programme for the first of their three days' stay includes afternoon tea at Government House with the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward, followed by a State reception at the Pickwick Club, and then on to another reception at the Royal Automobile Club to meet members of the Junior Australian-American Association.

Later they will be guests of honor at a dinner party given by the founder of the Australian-American Association, Mr. E. K. White, and his wife at the Australia Hotel.

The president of the Australian-American Association, Mr. Keith Yorston, and his wife and Mrs. Ian Jacoby, president of the Ladies' Committee of the Association, will also be among guests at the dinner.

But they'll have to make a discreet "dash" from the Australia, after the main course has been served, and speed off to the Trocadero to receive guests (who will include General and Mrs. O'Donnell) at the brilliant Coral Sea Victory Ball.

ATTRACTIVE Virginia Faviell and Frederick Archer have decided on a quiet wedding at St. Mark's Church on May 7, followed by a small family party given by Virginia's mother, Mrs. Margot Faviell, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. Virginia will be attended by her sister, Mrs. Allan Sawyer, and the bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Archer, of Melbourne, will have his brother, Dr. Gordon Archer, as his best man. After a brief honeymoon, Virginia and Frederick will live at Normanhurst, where they recently bought a charming home.

DUE in London this week, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rydge have a fabulous weekend in store, staying with film industry magnate Mr. John Davis and his wife at their home, "Monks Horton Manor," Ashford, Kent. Mr. Davis and his wife, former film star Dinah Sheridan, will herald the arrival of the Rydges with a dinner dance in their honor at "Monks Horton Manor" on May 5.

EVERYONE is still talking about the magnificent reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the wedding of Peter Vicars and Caroline Anderson. The verandah—highlighted with the MOST wonderful chandelier, was transformed into a Parisian salon with lime chiffon drapes tenting the ceiling. There were camellia trees in flower and fountains playing at either end of the bridal table. And, in keeping with the brilliant setting, sparkling speeches were made by the bridegroom and his best man, Sam Hordern.

DR. JOHN DOWSETT will take his bride, formerly Sue Hemingway, of Dubbo, to his family's home at Pymble when he and Sue return from their honeymoon in Queensland. John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. T. Dowsett, are sailing for England on May 12, so as they move out of their house John and Sue will move in and "keep the home fires burning" until Mr. and Mrs. Dowsett return from abroad.

THE trails of palest pink french beads, roses embroidered on the sheath skirt of Mrs. C. R. McKerihan's pale sage satin dinner dress are rambling roses indeed! Two little buds have travelled to the tips of her toes to set off her matching sage satin evening shoes.

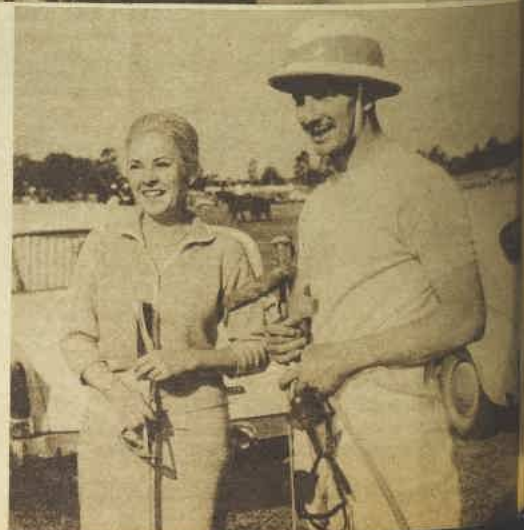
ENGAGEMENT-RING shopping—John Hall-Johnston and his fiancée, Doreen Dean, of Killara, chose an oval sapphire set between small diamond-studded shoulders. Dimity has just finished her physiotherapy course, and she and John, who is the son of Dr. John Hall-Johnston and Dr. Doreen Hall-Johnston, of North Manly, are planning to wed at Easter next year.

THERE'LL be an influx of Queenslanders to Sydney next month for the wedding of Georgine Gaden and Robert Archer, of "Boorameel," Aramac, Queensland, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on June 8. After the ceremony Georgine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gaden, of "Wheogo," Dunedin, will entertain at the Wentworth Hotel.



KEEN SPECTATORS. Mrs. Tim Allen (at left), with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Edwards, watching play at the Autumn Tournament of the County Polo Club and the N.S.W. Polo Association at Warwick Farm. Mrs. Allen wore a cocoa sweater with her brown-and-white tweed skirt, and Mrs. Edwards set off her blue-and-white check slacks with a white woollen sweater.

AT RIGHT: Miss Carmel Talbot, of "Homelands," Quandialla, chatting with Mr. Michael Bray, of "Vychan," Eugowra, at the Autumn Polo Carnival at Warwick Farm. Mr. Bray was a member of the Rovers team.



FOUR hundred guests attended the marriage of Miss Caroline Anderson and Mr. Peter Vicars at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Pictured with the bridal couple are (from left) youthful maids Elizabeth Jerram and Caroline Atwell, matron of honor Mrs. James Irwin, of Adelaide, and bridesmaids Miss Virginia Hyne, Miss Carolyn Copeland, Miss Gillian Davies, and Miss Susan Atwell. A reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club followed the ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Reggie Gankel and the late Mr. Wallace Anderson. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Vicars, of Woollahra.



AT LEFT: Mr. James Alker and his bride, formerly Miss Dymphna Fairfax, were preceded by youthful attendants Mary Alker and Tom Hayward as they left St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, for reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. ("Mick") Fairfax, of "Tarnuk," Merriwa, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Leslie Alker, of "Wean," Boggabri, and the late Mr. Leslie Alker.



JUST WED. Mr. Ken Holden, of "Donnabar," Wallumbilla, Queensland, and his bride, formerly Miss Gay King, of "Rotherwood," Bingara, at reception at the Wentworth Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald King, after the wedding of the young couple at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay.



AFTER their wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, Mr. John Morgan, of "Emaroo," Bourke, and his bride, formerly Miss Rhonda Barton, of "Saltlake," Bourke, arriving at reception at Princes given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Barton. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan.



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OUR HOMES



KINGSDENE ESTATE, Pennant Hills Road, Carlingford, as the opening day draws near. This picture was taken looking over the valley toward the hill. Landscaping and planting of gardens to frame the houses will be completed before the exhibition opens.

● After months of intensive activity on the Kingsdene Estate, Pennant Hills Road, Carlingford, Sydney, the 24 exhibition homes are nearly ready for the opening at 1 p.m. on May 11.

THE Homes Fair is being presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes, and will run for six weeks.

All the homes are being furnished by Grace Brothers Pty. Ltd., and the furniture ranges from Colonial and Eastern to streamlined Danish.

Although each architect has chosen different furniture for his houses, the trend has been toward the sculptured look of Danish furniture or the simple lines of modern Italian.

The accent has been on colorful furniture to complement the almost universally neutral tones of the interiors.

Included on the estate is a Service Centre—a large hall where all details of the products used in the houses will be available.

Grace Brothers will also set up a Home Advisory Service

where you may discuss furnishing problems with expert decorators.

A refreshment bar serving drinks and sandwiches will be included in the Service Centre, and demonstrations will be given by cooking experts using gas and electric ranges.

A nursery and playground for children will be available so that mothers can take their time looking over the Homes Fair.

A 36-page color booklet, giving full details of all houses, including building materials, will be on sale for 4/- at the Centre.

Admission charges to the Carlingford Homes Fair are: Adults 4/-, children 1/-. For an extra 2/- you may park your car in the 25-acre car-park.

For the six weeks of the Fair the homes will be open to the public seven days a week — on weekdays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Saturdays, 10

a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sundays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

All the houses on the Estate can be bought during the exhibition, and the new owners can move into them as soon as the exhibition is over.

The houses cost, from approximately £6750 to £12,750.

These prices include land, landscaping of gardens (done by Mr. Reg Gorton, of Baulkham Hills), and internal fittings, such as curtains, floor coverings, stoves, and light fixtures.

Finance is available to approved prospective purchasers at reducible rates of interest, and up to 80 per cent. of the cost of the house may be advanced, depending on ability to repay the loan.

Full information about finance is available from the Service Centre.

As a result of two years' careful planning, the finished estate at Carlingford will have

FAIR NEARS COMPLETION



all the modern conveniences—sewerage, gas, electricity, and water—but will still retain a gracious, rural atmosphere.

The shops—to be built on the area at present occupied by the Service Centre—will face a community green to be preserved as a play area for children.

Kingsdene Estate is part of 115 acres of former green-belt land in Parramatta's "dress circle." The estate is only five minutes from the heart of Parramatta's busy shopping centre and half an hour's journey from Sydney.

Kingsdene links several old properties which have histories going back to the days of Governor Phillip.

For more than a century the rolling countryside has been used for farms and orchards. The soil is rich and deep, and prospective homeowners in the district will have no trouble growing lush gardens.

As many trees as possible have been retained on Kingsdene Estate. Where they have had to be cut down to make way for well-surfaced roads, new ones have been planted.

The houses range from the traditional gable-roof, ranch style to the striking and unconventional designs by architects like Harry Seidler and Woolley and Dysart.

Some of the homes have inner courtyards, galleries, and family playrooms. In others the accent is on outdoor living, with paved terraces and built-in barbecues.

Whatever is your ideal house—traditional, contemporary, or designed with an eye to the future—you will

find it in the Carlingford Homes Fair on Kingsdene Estate.

Five of the 24 houses on the estate are from the range of homes currently available for building through Lend Lease Homes.

One of them, the "Beachcomber," will be given as first prize in an art union organised by the Polio and Physically Handicapped Society. Tickets at 2/- each will be sold during the Fair.

Plans for the other 19 homes are available through The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Centre.

***SHELTERED** by tall gum trees, this beautifully designed house by Towell Jansen and Rippon nestles on the hillside at Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford.*



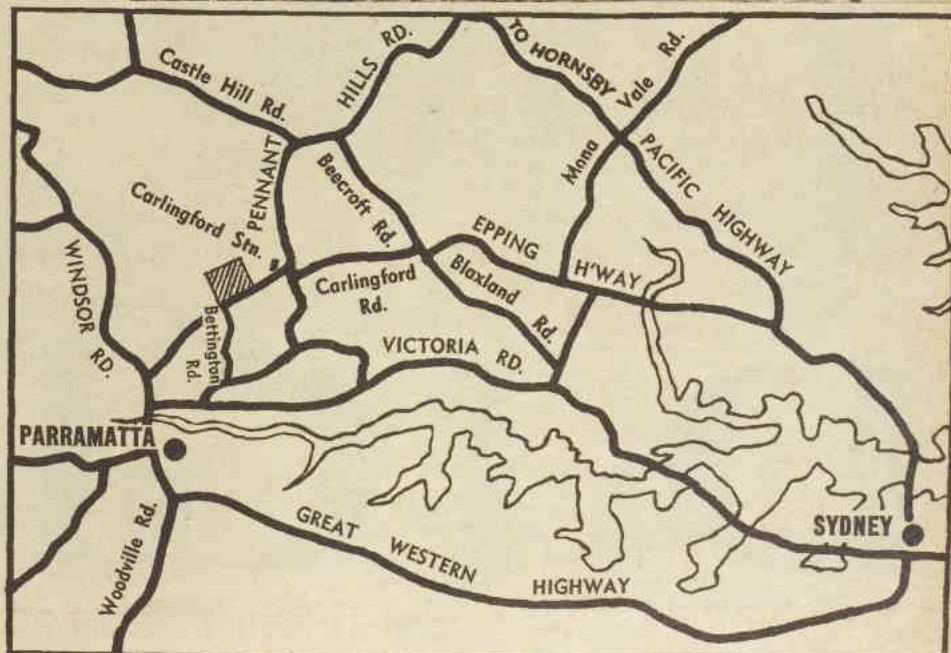
How to get to Carlingford

BY CAR: Check the map (at right) for your quickest route to the Homes Fair, which is in the shaded area.

BY TRAIN: Parramatta train from Central or City stations. Change at Clyde for Carlingford station. Service is frequent. For the timetable, check with your local station or ring Railway Inquiries, B0942.

BY BUS: From Parramatta, Beecroft, and Carlingford stations.

***SHADED AREA** in map at right shows the site of the Carlingford Homes Fair in Pennant Hills Road, near Bettington Road.*





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Victor Borge on two channels

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Wednesday, May 2, is a historic day for TV in Australia, when for the first time both Sydney commercial channels will combine to give, simultaneously at 9 p.m., "The Victor Borge Show."

THE channels have joined before on Royal and national occasions, but never for a commercial show sponsored by an advertiser.

Actually, the "Borge Show" is a royal advertising occasion — its sponsor, the Esso Standard Oil Company of Australia, is known to have paid Borge the biggest single fee any entertainer has ever been paid on Australian TV. The fee is not known, but people who should know more than something about it start estimating it at round £5000.

Victor Borge is a Danish-born comedian, musician, and former concert pianist, perhaps best known for his hilariously funny record "Phonetic Punctuation."

The show was made by Sydney's Channel 9 one Sunday during Borge's successful Sydney season. It is said to be 70 minutes of outstanding entertainment.

Borge began rehearsing the show — he is the sole performer — at 9 a.m. one Sunday and went on with scarcely a break till 4 p.m. He then had an hour off to rest and change for the actual TV show, and went on camera at 5 p.m.

The tape-recording of the show was done before a special audience of 300 people, who, Borge said, were the most "receptive and inspiring" he had ever played to.

Kookie needs no wedding ring

EDD and Asa Byrnes (Kookie of "Sunset Strip" and his bride of nearly two months) found their home full of wedding gifts when they returned from their skiing honeymoon in the High Sierras.

The most lavish gift, according to the new Mrs. Byrnes, came from Warner Bros., who make "Sunset Strip." It was a gorgeous silver coffee and tea set on a huge silver tray.

It must have been specially appreciated by Kookie when he thought back to those worrying months when he feuded with the studios, and almost lost his identity as a "Sunset Strip" habitue.

"I am a happy bride—a very happy one," Mrs. Byrnes said recently.

"There is nothing Edd will not do to make me happy. He showers gifts on me. His wedding present to me was a string of gorgeous, graduated, real pearls. It's so lovely I hate to part with it; I wear it everywhere.

"He also gave me a lovely Florentine gold watch to match my wedding ring—one platinum band flanked by two Florentine gold bands. Edd doesn't wear a wedding ring. He doesn't like rings, never wore any, and that's fine with me.

"He doesn't need a ring to remind me he is married to me.

"In fact, it is he who reminds me of it by calling me two or three times during the days he works at the studio. And this makes a wife feel pretty good."



EDD (KOOKIE) BYRNES takes a close-up look at his new Sydney Silkie, which came to the studio to collect him with the new Mrs. Byrnes, formerly Asa Maynor, Hollywood starlet.

FILM REVIEWS

with MIRIAM FOWLER

★★★ THE ALAMO

Rangy John Wayne (a philosophising Davy Crockett), rugged Richard Widmark (a stubborn gun-slinger), and disciplinarian Laurence Harvey lead a stirring defence of the Mexican-besieged Fort Alamo in this feast for frontier fans. Humor and pathos are woven expertly through the plot.—Paris, Sydney.

In a word . . . WILD.

★★ BLITZ ON BRITAIN

This is a straightforward account of the trial by bombing the British people went through in 1940, as edited from British newsreels and

captured German film. There is nothing new in it for older people who lived through the war, but it does provide an opportunity for them to relive the mingled pride and sadness of those days. For the young it would be hard to beat this film for a potted record of Hitler's blitz.—Palladium, Sydney.

In a word . . . AUTHENTIC.

★ BY LOVE POSSESSED

Taken individually, the characters in this melodrama of uppercrust misfits are sharply drawn. But as a group — in a plot offering no relief from their self-pity—they are exasperating. Frustrated

wife Lana Turner, her introverted spouse, Jason Robards, Jr., his "confused" partner, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., all suffer without earning sympathy.—Century, Sydney.

In a word . . . HEAVY.

★ MOMENT OF DANGER

A tense Belgrave Square robbery and a double double-cross lead to a tempered cat-and-mouse chase across Spain in this British thriller. Two-timed by a callous no-good, mincey Dorothy Dandridge and cynical Trevor Howard join forces for the hunt. What they find is expected.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . FURTIVE.

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Loxene Shampoo is the only preparation on the Australian market containing Iolan. Used regularly, Loxene not only clears dandruff, but helps stop it breaking out again. It removes greasy scalp and hair deposits, brings out the hair's natural healthy gloss, leaves it manageable, beautiful. Loxene medicated shampoo is remarkably effective and economical to use. Put it to the test today. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



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LOXENE

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Please find enclosed my cheque or money order for £12-0-0, being full price, including postage. OR

Please find enclosed cheque or money order for £3-0-0, being deposit, including postage. I hereby undertake to pay monthly instalments of £1 per month for 9 months, commencing 30 days after date of purchase.

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A.W.W.9.5.62

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 9, 1962

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AUTUMN.
49/11 pair



MAREE.
39/6 pair



SHIRLEY, 31/6
(BEDJACKET)



VIKKI, 44/11

FAYE, 47/6

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(REGD.)

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T.V.

STAR PARADE 1962

● Life is difficult to imagine today without the entertainment, education, and information that television brings excitingly into so many Australian living-rooms. On this and the following pages you will meet many local and overseas TV friends.

—Nan Musgrove

JOHNNY O'KEEFE, 26 (right), compere of the show called after him, has had a career dogged by accidents and ill health. Now, both on TV and in real life, he is better than ever. Is married, has two children.

THE JOHNNY O'KEEFE SHOW

THE £3000 QUESTION

MALCOLM SEARLE, 31, was chosen compere of the popular "£3000 Question Quiz" when it started more than two years ago. He came to TV from radio, has developed a pleasant TV personality. Is married, has a son, Michael, 2.

SAY WHEN

JIMMY HANNAN, 24 (left), compere of the housewives' quiz "Say When," is 6ft. 0½in., blond, blue-eyed. Is married, has son, John, 2, is Australian, gets his accent from six years in North America.

A.B.C. NEWS

JAMES DIBBLE (left), one of A.B.C.-TV's team of newsreaders, has three personalities. There is James; Jim, who compere dance contests; and Jimmy, keen water sportsman. He is a "semi-confirmed" bachelor of 39.

How to Plan an Unforgettable Holiday in **BRITAIN**

WHAT'S ON IN BRITAIN
in September, October, November
 The Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama; The Shakespeare Season of Plays at Stratford-upon-Avon; The Motor Show; The Farnborough Air Display.
in December, January, February
 Peak Season for Theatre and Concerts; Christmas and New Year Celebrations; Many Sporting Events including International Rugby and Soccer Matches and Steeplechasing.
in March, April, May
 The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race; The Grand National; The Pittlochry Festival; The Royal Windsor Horse Show.



To help you plan that holiday in Britain the British Travel Association has produced colourful free literature. This tells you what to see, how to travel, what the cost is likely to be. It describes historic places in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Obtain this literature from your travel agent or mail the coupon below.

There's so much to see and do on your holiday in Britain. There are castles and cathedrals towering above ancient towns. There's a wealth of scenic beauty — heather-covered highlands, white cliffs, green and pleasant countryside abounding in sleepy villages with their thatched cottages and great, half-timbered coaching inns.



There's royal pageantry in Britain. There are theatres galore and concert halls and fabulous restaurants and night-spots. There are great festivals of music and drama to attend; great art galleries and museums to enjoy. There are world-famous sporting events to see; exhibitions and fairs to visit. And, of course, there are *the shops*!



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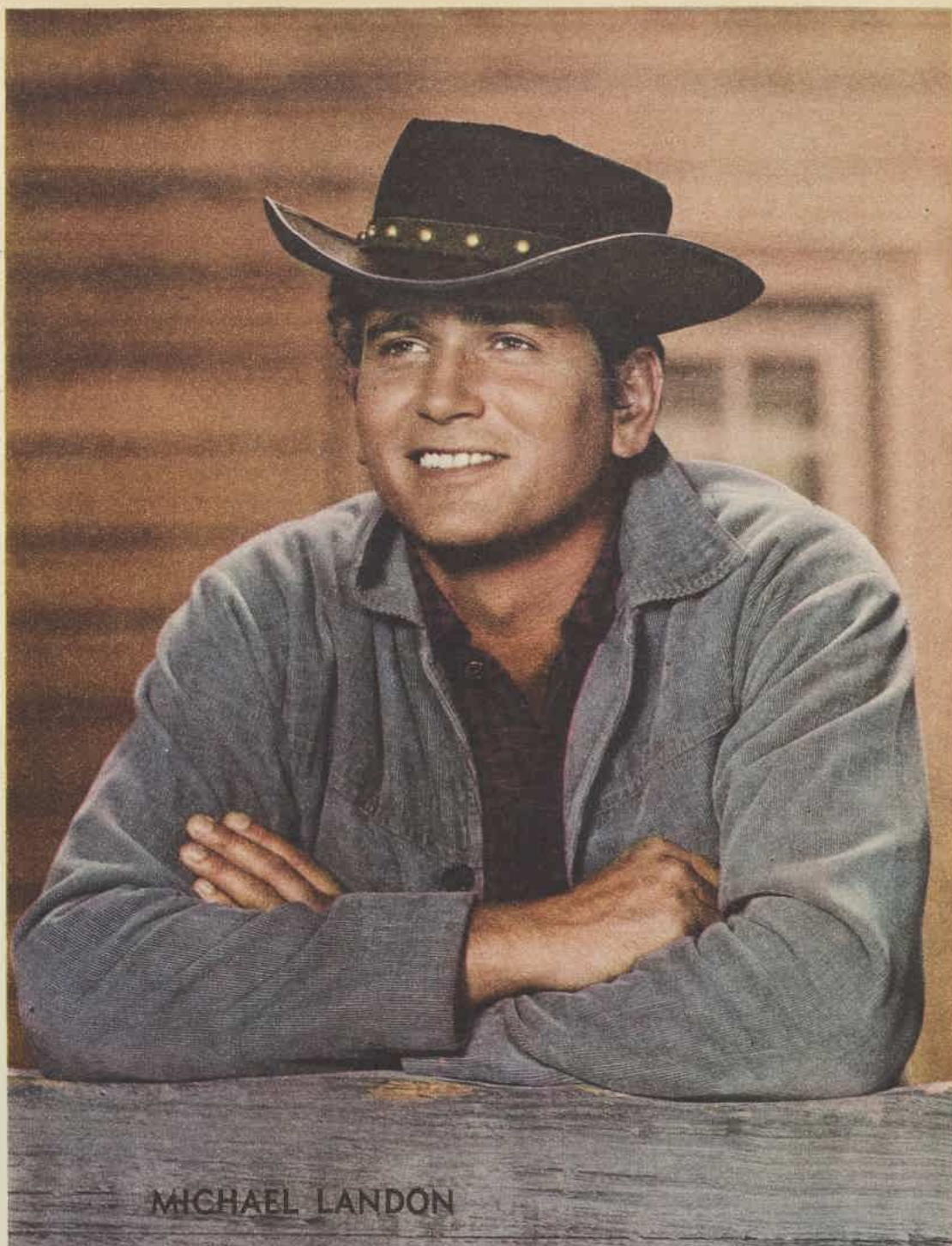
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

BONANZA

If anything merits the description high, wide, and handsome, "Bonanza" does. A Western on a vast scale, with action to excite male viewers and a quartet of heroes cast to stir all female hearts, it is the most popular TV show in Australia.



LORNE GREENE as Ben Cartwright of "Bonanza," widowed father of Adam, Hoss, and Little Joe. Ben had three wives, an American, a Swede, and a Creole. Each wife had one son. Producers say Lorne provides sex appeal for the middle-aged. He has just married for the second time.



MICHAEL LANDON

MICHAEL LANDON, 25, is Little Joe, half Creole, impetuous, hot-blooded. Like all the "Bonanza" heroes he specialises in tragic romances. He is cast as teenage viewer-bait. Michael is married and has three adopted children.



DAN BLOCKER, 32, 6ft. 4in. and 21st., plays Hoss, the half Swede. Hoss is lovable, gentle, likes animals and children, is frighteningly strong. He is cast for all women with maternal urges, especially those who go for Nature Boys. Dan Blocker is married, has twin daughters, 7, and sons, 5 and 3.



PERNELL ROBERTS, the all-American eldest son, Adam, is responsible, sensitive, intense about women. He is cast to appeal to the mature, sophisticated woman. In real life he is unmarried, is mad about cars.

PERRY MASON



T.V.

STAR PARADE 1962

HERE ARE YOUR FAVORITES

● The overseas shows and their stars on these pages are among Australia's top favorites.

RAYMOND BURR AND BARBARA HALE as unbeatable attorney-at-law Perry Mason and his secretary-sidekick Della Street. Burr, 45, 6ft. 2in., 15st., always has to diet. He is extremely rich, unmarried at present. His romantic life has been dogged with tragedy, but rumor says Barbara Stanwyck will be his fourth wife. He loves Australia, visited here last year, and plans to come again soon. Perry's TV life with Della intrigues fans, who'd like more romance. Della is married to actor Bill Williams, has three children.

THE DEFENDERS



THE UNTOUCHABLES



ROBERT REED and E. G. MARSHALL (right) as Ken and Laurence Preston, the father-son law firm. "The Defenders," adult courtroom drama, gives glimpses of the real relationship between prosecuting and defending counsel. Marshall, 52, is married, has two grown-up daughters; Reed, 30, unmarried, gave up law study for acting.

ROBERT STACK (left) as unsmiling Eliot Ness, head of the incorruptible Untouchables, Treasury agents during America's prohibition era. The producer boasts that Stack (for authenticity) even wears the era's long woollen underpants. Stack is 42, married, has a daughter, 3, son, 2. He is expert at tennis, swimming, riding, and with all types of guns.

THE NAKED CITY



PAUL BURKE (left), Nancy Malone, and Horace McMahon as Detective Adam Flint, his girl-friend Libby, and Detective-Lieut. Mike Parker of the splendid crime-detection series "The Naked City." McMahon, whose battered face comes from football and boxing, is married, with three children. Paul Burke also has three children.

LUCILLE BALL AND DESI ARNAZ (below) are perennial TV favorites in the uproarious domestic comedy "I Love Lucy." Some people don't love Lucy, but they are few and far between. Here the show has been running for nearly as long as TV has existed and shows no sign of ending.

I LOVE LUCY

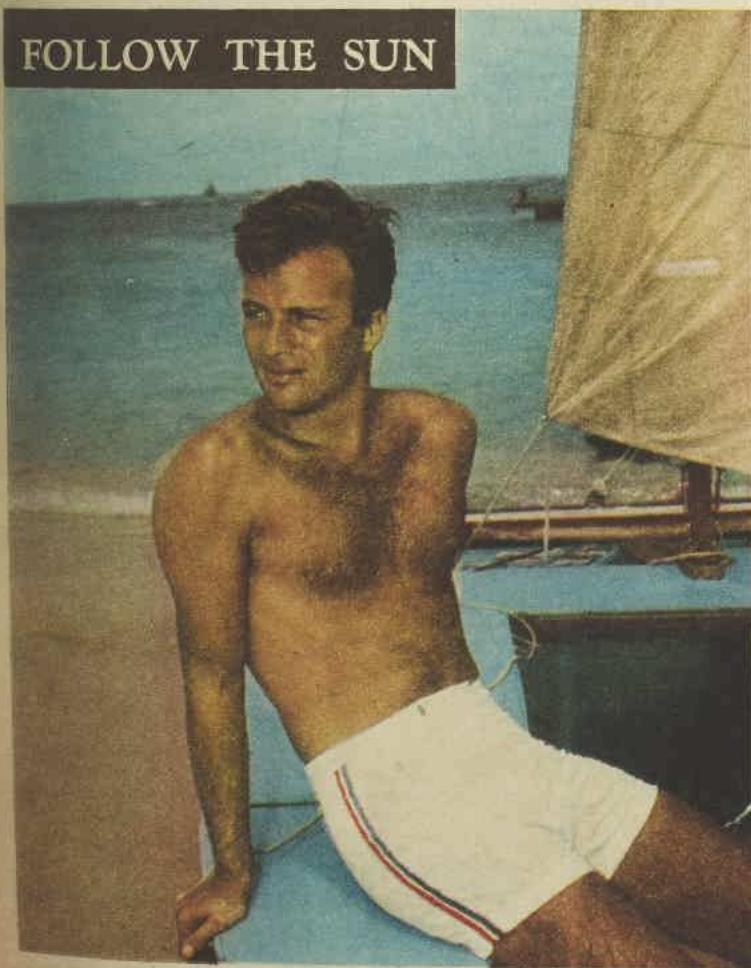


87th PRECINCT



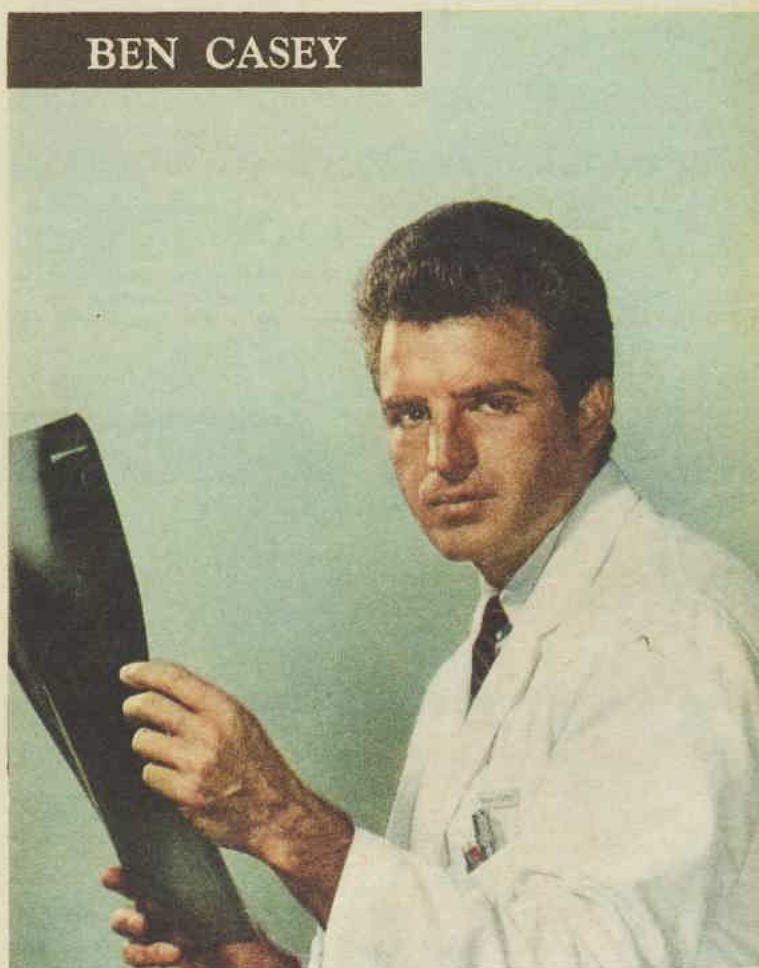
ROBERT LANSING as Steve Carella in "87th Precinct" is top man in a squad of four plainclothes detectives. On the job he is tough but sympathetic. The series' strong stories are written by Evan Hunter ("Blackboard Jungle"), now adapting "Marnie" for Grace Kelly's comeback. Lansing, 6ft. 2in., is married, has a son, 3.

FOLLOW THE SUN



BARRY COE as Ben Gregory of "Follow The Sun," one of three freelance journalists in Honolulu. The others are Gary Lockwood and Brett Halsey, plus Gigi Perreau, who plays a helpful role. Barry, 27, 6ft. 1in., is married to Jorunn Kristiansen, has a son, Barry, 2. Was a skiing champ, but a football injury has ruled out competitive sport.

BEN CASEY



VINCENT EDWARDS as Dr. Ben Casey, idealistic neurosurgeon and hero of the hospital drama "Ben Casey." Life is very real and earnest to dedicated Dr. Casey; not for him the glance at a pretty nurse, the glass at a party. Edwards, 30, 6ft. 2in., 14st., unmarried, writes plays, sings, flies, and is mad about fertile eggs, health foods, and weightlifting.

PICK-A-BOX



BOB AND DOLLY DYER have a special place in Australian show business. Their "Pick-a-Box" is said to enjoy a TV and radio audience of nearly 4,000,000 a week. Bob is the big star, but Dolly is, without doubt, his inspiration. When she is not on camera she's within earshot, checking, watching, encouraging contestants, technicians, producing prizes and smiles that add warmth to the show.

BANDSTAND



BRIAN HENDERSON, 29, compere and big noise of the popular teenage show "Bandstand," is a quiet young man who likes teenagers, red shirts, and white cars. He has a remarkable effect on teenagers, tranquillising them into poised good manners, yet stimulating them to greater effort. Brian has been married, and has two children.

FAVORITES

● In 1961 Australians discovered local live shows in a big way. They talked about good, better, best, proved they meant it by watching them. The trend continued, and any top ratings today list local live shows. Here are some best-known national stars.

IT COULD BE YOU

TOMMY HANLON, JUN., compere of "It Could Be You," was awarded Australia's highest TV award, a gold Logie, as the top male personality of 1961. Hanlon, an American, came here as a little-known night-club comedian in 1959, returned later to become famous as I.C.B.Y.'s star. Tommy has no private life. The doings of his wife, Murphy, and their daughter, April, 9, are all known to viewers, whom he fondly regards as an extension of his family.



TANYA HALESWORTH



TANYA HALESWORTH, 26, the first personality to be idolised by notoriously flint-hearted Sydney televiewers, gave up her regular TV job with A.B.C.-TV to concentrate on a university course, and is now a freelance, able to work on all channels. She is busy with university lectures, hopes to graduate B.A. with honors next year. She is also learning modern jazz dancing and studying singing at the Conservatorium.

FOUR CORNERS



MICHAEL CHARLTON, 35, perhaps the most versatile man in Australian TV, seems to be the one most likely to set a style that will become the standard of excellence in thoughtful TV. His poise, general knowledge, and on-camera relaxation make him equally at home as an interviewer or commentator on current affairs and sport. Married, with three children, Charlton now spends most of his time as king-pin of "Four Corners," A.B.C.-TV's most ambitious weekly current affairs show.

ELAINE McKENNA



ELAINE McKENNA, 25, tiny blond singer, left Australia seven months ago to try her luck in America. She returned briefly to make TV shows, hurried back to the U.S. to sing on the Bob Newhart Show, where she may become a regular. She is busy taking "accent lessons" at M.G.M. to give her an acceptable international accent.

REVUE 62

DIGBY WOLFE, 31, English, TV's most eligible bachelor, compere of successful "Revue '61" and "62," leaves here at the end of the year for Hollywood to star in a TV series. Says he will be back in six months, now regards Australia as home. He is a very keen sportsman, is learning to fly, works hard and plays hard.



THE CHANNEL 9 SHOW



BERT NEWTON, 23, compere of "The Channel 9 Show," another eligible TV bachelor, is 6ft. tall and husky. He's endowed with a winning TV personality and smile, sings pleasantly, has a great sense of fun. Bert is a battler, works hard, is also successful on radio and on popular records.

THE MOBIL-LIMB SHOW

BOBBY LIMB and **DAWN LAKE**, Australia's best comedians and two of the nicest people in TV. Bobby is an accomplished musician as well as a comedian; Dawn adds singing and dancing to her great talent as a comedienne. In private life they are happily married, have a daughter, Debbie, 6. They plan some sleep and a trip when the show goes into recess.



A slipper style,* a slipper colour

14 STARS FROM THE TOP 40



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Knight, Style No. KM103 in fine corduroy. Colours: Red, Blue, Pink and other pastel shades.

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for every mother in Australia



Knight, Style No. SA476 in suede.
Royal, Taupe, Burgundy, Grey.

59/11

49/11

Knight, Style No. SA522 in
suede. Colours: Harvest, Black
and in many other fashion shades.



Knight, Style No. SA506 in
hide with snug lining. Colours:
Dom, Olive Wood, Snow Gum, Black
and in many other fashion shades.

44/11

Knight, Style No. FA001
in felt. Colours:
Royal, Burgundy, Black.

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Knight, Style No.
XL066 in quilted satin.
Colours: Saxe, Mauve,
Pink, Black.

32/11

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DID YOU KNOW ...

STAR PARADE 1962

THE average Australian tele-viewer's bedtime has extended from 9 p.m. to 10 p.m. since TV started in 1956.

• Australian TV has one of the best and clearest pictures in the world, being beaten into first place only by France. The clearness of the picture depends on the number of lines to each inch of the screen. In France there are 819, Australia

625, America and Japan 525, and Britain 425.

• Most fans ask the same questions when they meet TV stars. Phil Silvers says: "Every baldy with eyeglasses is attracted to me. For years he's heard we're twins, so he's so excited that his first words are, 'You're my favorite fan.' Then, letting his appearance hit me, he crows, 'Well? ... Huh? ... Yes or no? ... Do we or don't we?'"

Everybody says we look alike. I tell him to sue."

Raymond Burr says: "I'm always asked 'When are you ever going to lose a case?' I tell them they only see me one night a week, and how do they know what happens the rest of the time?"

• People in a TV show don't move round as the fancy takes them, but on a strict pattern worked out and marked on the floor by the director

• There are more than 1,500,000 TV sets in operation in Australia; only 1,338,249 of them are licensed; and Australia's televiewing audience is estimated conservatively at 6,000,000.

to avoid head-on smashes between actors, dancers, cameras, and microphones.

In intricate dances, yellow marks may show the pattern for the boys, red marks for the girls. The marks are glaringly visible in rehearsals but during the filming or taping are put down in color where performers can see them but viewers can't. Sometimes they are camouflaged into the scene itself or put between the camera and the subject.

Best mark-follower in TV is Frank Sinatra; worst is Rex Harrison.

• Robert Horton (Flint McCullough the scout for "Wagon Train") retired from the series on May 15, after five years in the role. Horton recently married concert singer Marilyn Bradley, his third wife, and wants to go into musical comedy. He says his interest in singing is very strong. He has already appeared in "Guys and Dolls" and "Brigadoon"; objective after May 15 is lead in a Broadway musical.

• Tony Young, the hero of "Gun-slinger," had to go to a special school before the series started to learn to put his Colt .45 back in its holster. He could take it out all right, but couldn't get it back—he'd always been killed.

• TV's children are all growing up. Jay North's days as Dennis of "Dennis the Menace" are numbered, because he's grown too tall. Replacements are being tested.

Johnny Crawford (Mark McCain, son of "The Rifleman") has just turned 16 and has bought a second-hand car. Johnny has been with "The Rifleman" since he was 11, and this year got romantic interest written into his role.

• Greek George Maharis (Bar of "Route 66") has had a big success as a singer. Maharis' first long-playing album, "George Maharis Sings," was so good that the recording company paid him handsomely to make another before the first was released.

• Color TV, tested and demonstrated by A.W.A. in 1959-1960, is still a dream that won't be realised in Australia for at least eight years. This time could be shortened by some major discovery that made set manufacture easier and cheaper. At present, estimated cost of a color TV set in Australia is at least three times that of an ordinary set—which sounds like anything from £350 to £500.

• Real beer comes out of the beer pumps in the Long Branch Saloon in "Gunsmoke." It's the only Western that serves real beer. Marshal Dillon (James Arness) insists on it.

• Mitch Miller, of "Singalong With Mitch" fame, can't abide rock-n-roll. He says people who work making the rock are "musical illiterates," and adds: "I have no interest in trying to figure out the aberrational tastes and whims of children. They want noise, not music."

• Jack Benny is 67, although he denies it strongly and admits only to being 39. Five years ago he started serious violin practice again (before that he had relied heavily on "Love in Bloom"), and last year appeared in a Carnegie Hall concert in which he played the first movement of the Bach Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra in D Minor. The other violinist was virtuoso Isaac Stern.

• All the white shirts and dresses seen on TV are really pale blue. White doesn't photograph well, is too glaring, pale blue appears as white.

• "Disneyland," "Perry Mason," and "Gunsmoke" are seen on Japanese TV with fluent Japanese dialogue. Imagine Donald Duck quacking orientally.

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Modern trends in furniture

● A return to traditional styles, with emphasis on elegance, comfort, and even luxury, is the new trend in furniture for 1962. However, contemporary designs are still popular and show simple lines and a great variety in styles. Furniture of both types will be displayed at the N.S.W. Guild of Furniture Manufacturers' Exhibition to be held at Sydney Showground from May 15 to May 19.

Settings by Brian Cruikshank



ELEGANT SETTING in lounge-room has graceful four-seater settee deeply buttoned and flounced. Tall curio cabinet and simple coffee tables are in keeping with the impression of luxury. The tub chair, although not matching the settee in form, is the perfect complement to it in style and is covered in the same American nylon fabric.



SERENITY is achieved by the use of fine woods and rich fabrics in this lounge-dining-room. A feature is the blossom tree mural. The traditional lounge suite shows Italian influence and has rubber cushions and padding. Dining suite is also Italian in style, with square fluted legs and a simple leaf design carved round tops of the legs.



EARLY-AMERICAN furniture gives the sitting-room a restful atmosphere. Sectional wall furniture is adaptable to dining- or living-room setting. Pivot-type rocking-chairs are covered in patterned linen, and a colonial brass ceiling lamp adds character. The wall furniture has ample storage space for books, linen, china, glassware.



DANISH INFLUENCE is apparent in this dining-room. Beautifully grained teak has been used in writing bureau and the highline buffet. The buffet has a cocktail cabinet compartment. The orange chair seats complement the natural beauty and color of the timber in this setting.

Worth Reporting

THE assignment given us seemed simple: To deliver to Tania Verstak, Miss Australia, 1961, a parcel of North Queensland rocks and minerals, with notes, mailed by tin-mine owner Mr. J. E. Averkoff, of Cooktown.

Then it became difficult. Tania, caught on the telephone for a breathless moment, said yes, she'd got rocks-minerals interest from her father—and would love to be photographed with Mr. Averkoff's present.

Would Monday do, because she was just off to the Snowy to support the 1962 Miss Australia contest.

No, she corrected herself, not Monday. She had to crown the champion bull at Sydney Show. Next day she was flying to Broken Hill and back, then driving to Gosford for an official luncheon.

Later that week she would be in Newcastle (or was it Wollongong?), Orange about May 2, Dubbo, then Griffith before interstate tours.

"About August I'm flying to Long Beach, California, for a congress—representatives of 37 countries in national costume," she said.

"I think mine's a tennis outfit. It's still uncertain."

Memo Mr. Averkoff: Tania got her present—she loved it—but too late for a picture.

Modelling chiffon on ice

HALF the fun of overseas photographic modelling was the clever effects dreamed up by photographers, says blond, elfin-faced Sydney girl Jocelyn Wiseman, home after two and a half years in London and the Continent.

Tiny Jocelyn, too short for high-style mannequin parades, found that photographers could make her as tall or as short as she'd like.

"That," said Jocelyn, fluttering the town's most luxuriant growth of eyelashes (imported mink, double-

rowed), "is how photographic modelling and I discovered we were born for each other."

Running up and down Cornwall sandhills or tripping barefoot across a frozen pond in Kenwood Park wasn't always comfortable, but it was exciting.

The Kenwood job had Jocelyn and three other models frolicking on the ice at 6 a.m. in chiffon evening dresses.

She found London photographers marvellous to work with; London models assured and welcoming—unlike Australia, where, she said, "a bit of the jungle law exists."

Average pay in London was three guineas an hour; her top pay was £100 for five days' work.

Jocelyn, only child of Mrs. B. Wiseman, of Newtown, is undecided about the future, but is thinking a great deal about "a very Australian Englishman."

ZSA ZSA GABOR, when being greeted with cheek-kisses simultaneously by Bob Cummings and Bob Straila at a Hollywood party: "Oh, don't," she cried unblushingly, "you know I love it."



● Jocelyn Wiseman



● Boy triplets born at Rockhampton Hospital. Above, the Cox babies at 11 weeks, from left, Gregory, Barry, Raymond. Below, the Murphy boys, Edgar George, Thomas Graham, Selwyn Roy. Birth weights ranged from 3lb. 11oz. to 5lb. 12oz.



Two sets of triplets

WITHIN four months, Rockhampton (Qld.) Hospital has chalked up two sets of "identical" triplets.

The Cox triplets, Gregory, Raymond, and Barry, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Cox, made their debut last October.

On February 28 Matron M. Graham, of Rockhampton Hospital, had her hands full with another trio of baby

boys—the Murphy triplets. Their mother, Mary Murphy, and her railway-fetted husband live at Dingo. The little boys are Edgar George, Thomas Graham, and Selwyn Roy.

The Murphys have five other children, four boys and a girl.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Cox had been married only a year when the triplets arrived.

Their father tells us that one cries, all cry; if one laughs, all laugh.

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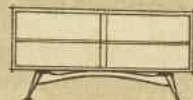
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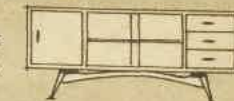
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Tasty meals are served in the buffet diners of most air-conditioned trains. Where there is no buffet diner, a tray service to the passenger's seat is available.



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For years doctors have recommended Sunlight as the purest soap. Now all that famous gentleness is personally yours in new fragrant Personal Sunlight. The kindest soap ever, Personal Sunlight is mild enough for even a baby's tender skin, and so right for yours! Your hair, too, will respond with gleaming softness to Personal Sunlight's rich, pure lather. Make new Personal Sunlight your regular choice in toilet soap . . . light up your beauty with that clear, fresh "Sunlight look" only true mildness can give!



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More doctors recommend Sunlight than any other soap



"I'm not daydreaming . . . I'm trying to figure out how to get along on my salary."



"We have a surprise for you!"

It seems to me

THIS season's fur hats are just what the millinery trade needed to notch another step toward its former prosperity.

Looking round the heads at Sydney's autumn races I decided that a bit of fur next to the face does wonders for lopping off birthdays.

There isn't any reason why hats shouldn't eventually regain their one-time glory as substantial items on the average girl's dress bill.

To the suggestion that hats aren't really necessary you can answer, "What about gloves?"

Besides, if the clothing trade in general depended on necessity (i.e., warmth and modesty), drapery wouldn't be the profitable business it is.

By



Dorothy Drann

CLAIMING that there is a great increase in teeth-gnashing, an American dentist has blamed it on the "great increase in worries and tension experienced by modern man."

One of these days I'm going to assemble a list of all the things I don't believe.

Among them is the oft-made statement that modern life presents greater nervous strains than the "good old days."

I think people of the past were subject to strains and stresses, just as they are now, according to their circumstances, their ambitions, and their temperament.

"Yes, but look at the modern struggle to get ahead," says the opposition.

Is ambition something new in the human character?

"But people nowadays are always trying to keep up with the Joneses," continues this imaginary inquisitor.

You can't tell me that there weren't always some who spent their lives to that end.

"Think of the worry of driving cars in heavy traffic," says another.

True, but remember the shorter working day. It may not be relaxing to drive a car, but once those hours spent getting to and from home were put in at desk or factory bench.

"Ah," argues a woman, "but in the old days there were plenty of servants."

To that the answer is—very nice for the employer but suppose you had been a servant?

I can't think of anything more calculated to arouse irritation than working a 20-hour day in a kitchen for a small wage and an exacting female employer.

"And what about the worry of living under the threat of the Bomb?"

What about the threat of bows and arrows? You can be just as dead from a well-aimed arrow as from a bomb that razes a city.

I'm not claiming that life isn't full of strains and stresses. I simply hold that it always was, and that the caveman probably gnashed his teeth in alarm as he listened to the dinosaurs trampling overhead.

THE well-groomed woman carries a small tube of hand-lotion in her handbag at all times," advises an overseas beauty writer.

Mary had a little bag,
She crammed it full of junk,
And everywhere that Mary went
The bag went "Crash! Ker-plunk!"
She filled it full of beauty needs
For hands and face and feet,
Spent countless hours in powder rooms,
Emerging fresh and neat.

She put some more cosmetics in—
The bag still closed—well, just.
Poor Mary. Yes, you've guessed the rest,
That little bag has bust.

IF anyone in past years had told me that I would be able to listen with enjoyment to a recording of a horse race run twelve months before I'd have answered shortly and sharply.

But a new hobby changes one's outlook.

The record was given to some friends who owned the winning horse. Hearing it the other weekend I sat on the edge of my chair, forgetting for the moment that there was no need to be tense.

I suppose if you owned the horse you'd get the same permanent pleasure from the race as from "The Three Bears" in childhood—excitement plus the comforting knowledge that everything would turn out all right in the end.

WHEN, a few weeks ago, taxation clearances were dropped as a requirement for Australians travelling overseas, there was general approval.

Anyone who has ever prepared to leave the country temporarily thought, "Well, that's one less thing to do." It even seemed, to the optimistic, a first step toward a one-world millennium when travellers would flit from country to country unentangled in red-tape.

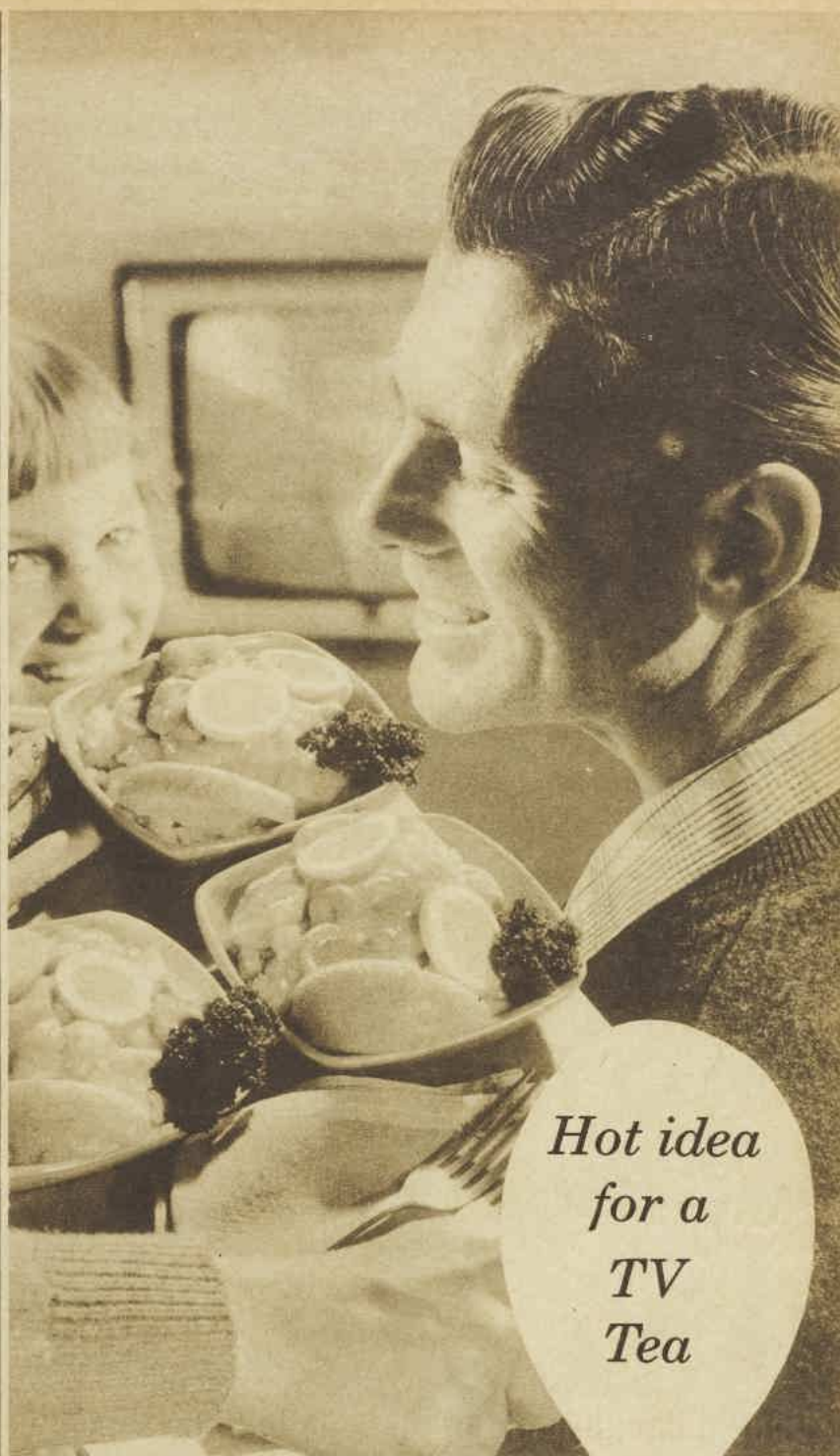
Disillusionment came soon. If travelling to Britain you can now use the spare time acquired from the dropped tax clearance to fill in your British entry permit.

A CHICAGO insurance company is selling special policies to pay hospital and medical bills of people injured in a nuclear attack.

Five dollars (£A2/5/-) buys a six months' coverage for 5000 dollars (£A2332).

It is possible that the company's motives are above reproach, that it has arrangements made to pay out even if its own headquarters and records, as is likely, are destroyed in the said nuclear attack.

But it seems a questionable way of turning a quick dollar.



Hurry Curried Eggs (TV time-anytime)

Who said you couldn't make a slap-up supper or TV dish in 5 minutes! With eggs you can do that any time. Prove it . . . with piquant, satisfying **Hurry Curried Eggs**, tonight. Very economical (costs less than 1/- a serve), but very nourishing. Active people need that concentrated nourishment of eggs each day. Always get 'Sunrise' eggs . . . they're guaranteed new-laid.

HURRY CURRIED EGGS

4 hard-boiled eggs
1 large onion
1 large tomato
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 cup evaporated milk
salt to taste.

Method—Fry sliced onion in butter until brown, add curry powder and sizzle. Add sliced tomato, mash with fork. Add evaporated milk, thicken slightly. Add sliced eggs, heat. Serve on boiled rice or toast. Serves 4.

Bigger, fresher

SUNRISE

eggs are good mixers!





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days!

A new, deliciously easy dessert (Serves 3-5) from just 1 tin of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk! Cut out this recipe now.

ALL YOU NEED 1 sponge layer (8"), 1 egg, Juice of 3 lemons, Jam, 1 tin NESTLÉ'S Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 pint cream, 2 level teaspoons sugar, Shredded, toasted coconut (optional)

HERE'S HOW! 1. Grease a deep serving dish. Line bottom and sides with wedges of sponge layer spread with jam. Separate egg, beat white until stiff; add sugar and beat till dissolved.

2. Beat cream till stiff. Beat Sweetened Condensed Milk, egg yolk and lemon juice together for 2 minutes; fold in cream and egg white.

3. Pour into cake-lined dish. If desired, sprinkle with coconut. Cool. Refrigerate approximately 2 hours.

It's marvellous what you can make with Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk. There are recipes on every tin. And remember, the easiest treat or after-school snack for the kiddies is Nestlé's Milk as a tasty spread on bread or biscuits. They love it!

Recipe leaflets at stores everywhere!

Lemon chiffon Capri

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Nestlé's
Milk



THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

Second dramatic instalment
of our serial, a new novel

by JON CLEARY

THE verbal bubbles in the cocktail party, Adam thought, as he listened to the snatches of conversation being tossed around. Do people really believe these remarks they throw around, these six-to-eight p.m. philosophers?

"You can always recognise actors by their shabby shoes," Gaby was saying. "Perhaps it has something to do with their egos. They neglect their shoes because it might mean recognising their feet of clay."

"Your feet are always beautifully shod." Adam glanced down at the crocodile-skin shoes, wondering how Gaby always managed to be so well and expensively dressed. She carried a bag to match her shoes: forty pounds' worth if they're worth a penny, he thought.

He looked across the room at Belle, her four-year-old

AFTER seventeen years of happy married life in England, ADAM NASH and his wife, BELLE, an Australian, and their three children, MATT, aged 16, SARAH, 14, and JOHN, 12, are welcoming Belle's parents, MATTHEW and AILEEN HARVEY, on their first visit to England. Belle and Adam, an ex-R.A.F. pilot, married in Australia. Adam realises that Matthew has become rich, and this makes him conscious of the fact that, although he has been happy and worked hard in his job in the Bank of England, he could not honestly call himself a success. He is continually worried about money, and confronted with Matthew's vigor feels himself old and tired.

Adam's hopes are given a sudden impetus when he learns that one of the senior staff, ERIC PAXIT, is leaving and his position as Deputy Principal will go to either Adam or VICTOR BULLER. Adam wonders if the rich banker SIR HUGO RUPERT, a close friend of his stepmother, GABY NASH, might have some influence on the choice.

At lunch, Aileen begs Belle to come to Australia for a visit, and when her mother says that Matthew would pay for it Belle tells her mother Adam would be too proud to accept such an offer. Later, at the hotel where Belle's parents are staying, Belle, her mother, and Sarah run into an Australian businessman, JACK BREWSTER, who had been Belle's fiancee when she met Adam. That night in bed Belle goes over in her mind her first meeting with Adam and how they fell in love. **NOW READ ON:**

black handbag hidden like a banned book in the crook of her arm. Don't despair, my love: as soon as I am made Deputy Principal you'll get a new handbag. And shoes. New handbag and shoes to wear on your holiday trip to Australia.

"Self-recognition came early," said Gaby, smiling at him and herself. "I am the most clay-footed woman in London."

"I know now why Dad married you. He admired honest women."

To page 89

Dejected, a stinging pain in his ribs, Adam walked off the pitch to where Gaby and Belle, an anxious look on their faces, were waiting.



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS



Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best, use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos — for dry hair, for oily hair, and for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful.

4 oz. bottle 8/6. Trial Sachet 1/6.
Breck Hair Set Mist — the luxury, soft, fine spray that is good to your hair — 17/9.

Beautiful Hair

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A WELCOME TOMORROW

A short short story

By **MARY LANGE JONES**



Alone at last, Beth thought to herself as she sank into Harry's big chair.

THE first thing Beth did when the males in her family — husband and son — had finally left was to sink down in Harry's big chair and slip off her shoes. The house was empty and eerily quiet now that Harry and Butch were off at last to join the Scouts' overnight camping trip. She looked at the time. It was four o'clock. Harry and Butch would not be back until noon tomorrow, and with the two little girls spending a prearranged week-end with Harry's mother she was alone.

She ought to accomplish something really important, she thought, like starting a round-robin letter to the girls she had gone to school with or cleaning the china cabinet — things that just never seemed to get done.

The stillness of the house was suddenly oppressive, and she put on her shoes and went outside to see if the evening paper had come.

Marsha Burwell, her next-door neighbor, was headed toward the bus stop at the corner. Marsha's blue-grey hair was perfectly arranged under her small, chic hat.

Marsha stopped. "Do you think it's going to rain?" Beth looked at the sky. "I don't know," she said. "It's clouding up and it probably will, but" — she giggled a little — "if it does, a couple of men I know are going to get soaked to the skin."

Marsha did not comprehend, and Beth went on: "Harry and Butch — they've gone on an overnight camp way out on somebody's farm. It's Butch's first, and Harry went because the fathers are supposed to take turns."

"Then you're alone," Marsha said. "Didn't I see your little girls go off with their grandmother yesterday?" "Yes," Beth said. "They'd been looking forward to it, and I didn't want to spoil their plans when this Scout thing came up."

"Why don't you come into the city with me?" Marsha said. "There's a concert and I'm meeting some of the girls for dinner . . ."

Beth shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't. I have a million things to do. But thanks, anyway."

"Beth, dear," Marsha said, "you mustn't bury yourself when the day comes that you're not tied to the house and family any more. I know what I'm talking about. I've served my time, too."

As Marsha walked away Beth looked after her neighbor's well-groomed figure, and it occurred to her that anybody seeing Marsha away from home who didn't know better would assume that she was a widow. She had a sort of widow look, so neat and uncluttered.

But Marsha was not a widow. Right this moment, over in the Burwell House, Charlie Burwell was probably poring over his stamp collection; or if he wasn't doing that he was getting ready to go fishing. He and Marsha practically never went anywhere together. It was as though, having reared their children and dispatched them into the world, Charlie and Marsha no longer had anything in common.

A few drops of rain fell as Beth went back into the house. It was chilly, and she kept remembering Marsha's words, "I've served my time." Was that all that lay ahead when your children no longer needed you?

Just then there was a knock on the kitchen door. It was Patsy Warren, their neighbor on the other side, and she was holding a foil-covered plate.

"Chicken potpie," Patsy said, holding out the plate to Beth. "I couldn't bear to think of you eating all by yourself, and probably just some leftovers. I'd have asked you

to dinner, but with the baby having such a cold and everything in such confusion — well, the least I could do was bring you something hot."

"Why, thanks," Beth said, taking the plate.

Patsy said, "You poor thing. It must be awful the first time everybody's gone, after you've always had somebody here. I keep telling Don I just don't think I'll be able to bear it when our kids grow up and leave."

Patsy was so motherly. She was no older than Beth, but the stamp of her irrevocable motherliness was upon her already. The constant preoccupation with hot food, the reluctance to let her children fight their own battles, the taking on of their problems as her own . . .

She was washing the few dishes when it suddenly came to her that she was at a crossroads in her life. For twelve years she had been so busy being married and having children and battling childhood illnesses and washing clothes and balancing budgets that she had forgotten that some day this moment would surely come — the day when she would not have to do anything but be herself, when she could begin to live another kind of life.

So what do I do? she thought with a touch of panic. What kind of woman am I? What kind of life do I lead? Do I go on playing the eternal mother role as Patsy will inevitably do? Do I become a "girl" again like Marsha?

The night deepened and the rain began, coming down in torrents at times. At ten she went to bed. She was reaching to turn off the bedside lamp when she heard the familiar sound of the kitchen-door latch.

She sat upright, clutching the bedclothes to her chest. A prowler? The thought was terrifying. Then the door opened and she saw that the prowler was her husband.

Harry looked soaked. "Oh," he said. "You're still awake . . ."

She laughed, and then she began to cry, and then she laughed again. Then a thought struck her. "Butchie?"

"Butchie's O.K.," Harry said. "One of the kids got an earache, and since I was the only guy there with mud tyres on my car I volunteered to bring him home."

He grinned. "To tell you the truth, I'm just as glad. I guess I'm not the pal-type father. Oh, I don't mind doing my bit, but I don't mind at all not going back tonight — not at all."

He wasn't the pal type and he wasn't the non-pal type, either. He was just the in-between, semi-pal type. He was mostly her husband.

And then she knew what she was. She wasn't the clinging type like Patsy and she wasn't the non-clinging type like Marsha. She was the semi-clinging type. Mostly she was just Harry's wife, and she was awfully glad.

Some day it would be like this all the time — just the two of them, the way they had started out. The children would grow up and leave home. She would always love them, but it was right for them to go. But Harry and she — that was the permanent thing, that was what counted.

Harry began to peel off his rain-soaked clothes. I didn't clean any cabinets or write any letters, Beth thought, but something better is happening. I'm having a taste of tomorrow.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

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**Gazing at the documents,
Tom quickly sensed the
air of constraint between
Paula and himself.**

AFTER he had listened to the complaints of the mechanics, checked with the engineers, and given the designers his considered opinion, he went to his own little cubby-hole of an office, sat down, and lit a cigarette, his fifth since the landing.

He grimaced at the taste of the cigarette he did not really want, ground it in the ash-tray, and, after a moment of looking at nothing, lit another.

There was a knock on the door of his cubby-hole and Paula Weston, who was secretary to the chief designer, entered bearing a folder, which she handed to him.

"I bring you tidings of success," Paula said. "The next design is off the drawing-board."

He glanced at the folder.

"Most Secret. Everything these days is Most Secret or Restricted Entry or Contaminated Area or For Women Only."

Paula's eyebrows arched, but she said mildly enough:

"What ails you, Mr. Jameson, sir? Have a bad night?"

He looked at her, seeing the beginning of a flush stain the tan of her skin. He was aware that the flush stemmed from his scrutiny, but he did not lower his eyes.

The fact that, until a few months ago, he had been seeing altogether too much of Paula left him with the uncomfortable feeling he was somehow at fault. There were harsh words to describe men like himself, who took nice girls dining, winning, dancing, swimming, driving, and then, for no good reason, said to themselves, "What the heck," and promptly lost interest.

Paula raised one hand and pushed her hair back from her forehead in a gesture he had seen her use often. It was an unstudied mannerism which came into play when she was disturbed about something.

For a man who is not interested you know an awful lot about her, he warned himself. He said:

"How about swimming this afternoon?"

"Sorry," Paula answered without hesitation.

"I have a previous engagement. Be sure to return that folder personally. I'm responsible for it, and, as you have already pointed out, it's Most Secret."

She turned and left his office. He sat looking at the blankness of the door, trying to decide whether Paula or the breeze from the open window had slammed it.

He tossed the packet of cigarettes into the far corner of the office, opened the folder marked Most Secret, and applied himself to studying the drawings it contained.

One hour later he presented himself, with folder, at the design section. M. J. Mayberry, who was chief designer, indicated a chair.

"You threw her around up there this morning, Tom. The Board will probably okay production later today."

"That's nice." With studied care he placed the folder on Mayberry's desk. "Your right hand impressed on me the importance of personally returning this Most Secret property."

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ILLUSTRATED BY PETERSEN

JAMESON'S LUCK

Would fate be on his side? . . . a story BY VALERIE WATKINSON

The most wonderful story of a MOTHER by her SON

PROMISE AT

It is over. The beach at Big Sur is empty and cool and the gentle sand is kind to the fallen. The sea mist blurs all things except memories; between ocean and sky not a mast to be seen; on a rock before me, thousands of birds; on another, a family of seals; the father keeps emerging from the waves with a fish in his mouth, a shiny and devoted parent. Seagulls land, often so near that I hold my breath. . . . At the age of forty-four, I still catch myself dreaming of some universal and total tenderness. So long have I been lying motionless where I felt that cormorants and pelicans have formed a circle around me, and, just after sunrise, a seal let the surf carry him close to my feet. He stayed there quite a while, raised on his flippers, staring at me, before returning into the sea. I smiled, but he kept staring at me seriously and a little sadly, as though he knew.

The day war was declared my mother drove five hours in a taxi to say goodbye and to wish me in her own words "A hundred victories in the sky"—I was at that time gunnery instructor at the Air Force Academy in Salon-de-Provence.

The taxi was an ancient, flat-nosed Renault, ready to breathe its last. At one time my mother had owned a twenty-five per cent. share in the vehicle, but for many years now the taxi had been the exclusive property of her former partner, a chauffeur named Rinaldi. She still considered, however, that she had a moral right to free use of the car, and since Rinaldi was a gentle, timid, and impressionable soul, whenever he saw my mother walking toward his taxi with a determined air he usually took refuge in flight—both from her and from his own good nature. Long after the war, dear old Rinaldi—he still runs a taxi in Nice and you can hire him at the corner of the Rue de France and the Boulevard Gambetta—told me with grudging admiration how my mother had "requisitioned" him.

"She flung open the door of the cab and with a commanding sweep of her cane told me: 'Take me to Salon-de-Provence. I wish to say goodbye to my heroic son.' I tried to argue—a ten-hour drive it was, there and back, and I knew that she wasn't going to pay me. She told me I was a bad Frenchman, because there was a war on and I was refusing to do my bit. I refused to budge. Then she began to cry, looking suddenly like a dumb, hurt, and lost animal—you know the way she looked sometimes—and still blubbering something about her 'heroic son'."

"All right," I told her, adding, just to save face, "but you'll pay for the gas"—I knew she wouldn't. She always thought she had a claim on the car, just because we had been partners years back. Yes, Monsieur Romain, you can say that you've been loved in your life—there is nothing she wouldn't have done for you. . . ."

I saw her step down from the taxi in front of the canteen, leaning on her cane, a Gauloise in the corner of her mouth, under the interested eyes of the assembled soldiery. It was too late for me to hide; I rose from my table, buckling my belt, and smiling bravely, while, with

a fine theatrical gesture, she threw her arms wide and stood there, her face radiant.

I walked over to her slowly, rolling my shoulders, with my cap tilted cockily over one eye and my hands stuffed into the pockets of one of those almost legendary dashing leather jackets, which did so much to recruit young Frenchmen into the Air Force. I was thoroughly embarrassed by this intolerable intrusion of a mother into the virile world in which I enjoyed a hard-won reputation as a tough character.

I remained a moment locked in her arms, sweating profusely, and then with all the amused and protective nonchalance of which I was capable I tried to manoeuvre her discreetly out of sight behind the taxi.

But no: she took a step back to gaze at my face and into my eyes with naive admiration, sniffing noisily, which was always with her a sign of deep satisfaction. Then in a voice loud enough for all to hear, and with a strong Russian accent, she announced:

"Guynemer! You will be a second Guynemer! Your mother has always been right!"

I could hear the roar of laughter behind my back and for the first time she, too, became aware of the mocking audience. She grabbed her cane and, with a threatening gesture toward the soldiery, she delivered another prophecy:

"You will be a great hero, a general, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Ambassador of France! This rabble doesn't know who you are!"

"The rabble" was enjoying itself thoroughly. As for myself, I don't believe there ever was a son who hated his mother as much as I did at that moment. But when I tried, in a furious whisper, to tell her that she was ruining me in the eyes of our Air Force, and made a renewed effort to push her behind the taxi, her lips began to tremble, a hurt, bewildered look came into her eyes, and I heard once more the words that I had heard so often and dreaded so much:

"You are ashamed of your old mother!"

That did it; all the trappings of sham virility, of laboriously assumed toughness collapsed to the ground. I put an arm around her shoulders and held her tight.

I no longer heard the laughter or saw the mocking faces of my Air Force buddies; we were back once more, the two of us, on our secret and private planet, a wonderland where all the beauty lies, so completely fanciful, and yet so much more real to us than the very earth of Provence on which we stood, a magical world, born out of a mother's murmur into a child's ear, a promise whispered at dawn of future triumphs and greatness, of justice and love.

I held her shoulders tightly with my right arm, looking confidently at the sky, so empty and thus so open to my future deeds; I was thinking of the day when I should return to her victorious, having given a meaning to her life of self-denial and sacrifice.

I was thirteen years old when a clear revelation of my life's purpose dawned on me for the first time.

We were living in Nice then. Each morning we left the house together and walked, discussing our radiant future, along the Promenade des Anglais; I was on my way to school, leaving my mother at the Hotel Negresco, where she rented a showcase, displaying on its shelves a few articles de luxe borrowed from the local shops. On each scarf, belt, clip, or sweater she sold she received a commission of ten per cent. She usually charged more than that agreed price and pocketed the difference. She sat there all day long, except for a two-hour break at noon when I came home for lunch, keeping her eyes open for prospective clients and nervously smoking innumerable Gauloises, since our survival depended entirely upon this humble and precarious business.

Alone, without husband or lover, without friends, for more than ten years she had been putting up a brave fight to keep us going, to pay for bread and butter and rent, school fees, clothes, shoes, and, above all, to achieve that daily miracle, the beefsteak which she set before me for lunch, with a proud and happy smile, as though it were the very symbol of her victorious struggle against adversity. She stood there, her arms crossed, watching me while I ate, with the contented and dreamy look of the female suckling her young.

She never touched any of the meat herself, maintaining that she was on a diet, and that animal fats were forbidden her.

One day, leaving the table, I went into the kitchen

for a glass of water. My mother was seated on a stool holding the frying-pan on her knees. She was carefully sopping up with small chunks of bread the fat in which my steak had been cooked, and then eating the bread with obvious relish. When she saw me she quickly tried to hide the pan under a napkin, but it was too late: the true reason for her vegetarian diet was now obvious to me.

For a moment I remained motionless, staring at the frying-pan and at the embarrassed smile and guilty look on my mother's face. Then I burst into tears and ran away.

At the far end of the Avenue Shakespeare, where we were then living, there was an almost vertical embankment overlooking the railway line, and it was there that I sought refuge in the tall weeds under a mimosa tree. The idea of throwing myself under a train and thus escaping my unbearable feeling of shame and helplessness crossed my mind, but almost at once a fierce determination to set the world right started a fire in my blood that burns in me to this day.

Pressing my face against the warm earth, with only the weeds for company, I cried; but my friends the tears, which have often been merciful to me, this time brought no relief.

I don't know how my mother found out where I was, but I saw her coming down the slope toward me, her grey hair full of light and of sky. She sat down beside me, holding a lighted cigarette between her lips and a package of Gauloises Bleues in her hand.

"Now," she said, "Now . . . please don't cry."

"Leave me alone."

"I'm sorry. I hurt you. I won't do it again."

"Leave me alone," I said.

"You will soon be big enough to take care of me."

I felt a little calmer. We were sitting side by side in the tall grass, looking toward the olive trees on the mountainside across the tracks. The mimosa was in full bloom, the sky was blue, and the sun was doing its best. It occurred to me suddenly that the world was a good liar. As far as I can remember, this was my first adult thought.

My mother held out her package of Gauloises. I took one. She had encouraged me to smoke since I was twelve, just as she had encouraged me to wear long trousers, to kiss the hands of ladies, and had watched approvingly when I tried to shave my non-existent beard: she was in a hurry.

"Have you done any writing today?"

For the past year I had been "writing," and had already blackened the pages of several exercise books with my poems. I copied them painstakingly in block letters, a humble attempt at creating an illusion of print.

"Yes. I began a new poem this morning."

She looked pleased.

"And how are things at school?"

"I got another zero in maths."

My mother thought this over for a moment.

"Your teachers don't understand you," she said firmly.

I was inclined to agree. The persistence with which my teachers kept giving me zeros in science subjects seemed to indicate some truly crass ignorance on their part.

"They'll be sorry one day," my mother assured me.

"The time will come when your name will be inscribed in letters of gold on the wall of their wretched school. I'll go and tell them so tomorrow."

I shuddered. "Mother, I forbid you to do anything of the kind!"

She wasn't listening. A radiant smile, at once triumphant and naive, was on her lips, and her eyes had that intense fixity which I knew so well.

"You must choose a pseudonym," my mother said. "A great French writer who is going to astonish the world can't possibly have a Russian name. If you were a musical genius, it wouldn't matter, in fact it might be a help, but it wouldn't do at all for a giant of French literature."

This time the "giant of French literature" was in complete agreement. For the past six months I had been spending several hours a day poring over an exercise book, trying out a great variety of noble-sounding pen names, in red ink. That very morning I had settled on Hubert de la Vallée, only to succumb an hour later to the nostalgic charm of Romain de Ronce-

ROMAIN GARY, author of "Promise At Dawn," is of Russian birth, and, with his mother, made France his home and country when they left Russia after the Revolution. He is the author of the novel "The Roots of Heaven," which was made into a successful film and which received the Prix Goncourt, France's highest literary award.

He served in the French Air Force during the war and eventually fought with the Free French Forces. He received many high decorations and later became a diplomat in the French Embassies of England, Bulgaria, and Switzerland. He also was First Secretary with the French delegation to the United Nations in New York, and for more than two years was French Consul-General in Los Angeles, a post he left in 1960 to return to France. His wife is Lesley Blanch, the English writer.



ROMAIN GARY

DAWN

vaux. I could not, I felt, better my first name, Romain: unfortunately there was already a Romain Rolland, and I was not in the least prepared to share my glory with anybody.

"Of course, if you were a famous violinist, our real name, Kacew, or, even better, my stage name, Borisovski, would be excellent," said my mother with a sigh.

This "famous violinist" business had been the cause of one of her greatest disappointments, and I feel guilty about it to this day. Struggling to survive, and seeking some miraculous shortcut to the "fame and adulation of the crowd"—she had been an actress once, and the dream of success and applause had always remained with her—she had once nourished the hope that I was going to reveal myself as a child prodigy, a combination of Jascha Heifetz and Yehudi Menuhin.

I was barely seven when she presented me with a second-hand violin acquired at a pawnshop in Vilna, the town in eastern Poland in which we found ourselves temporarily stranded on our slow trek west



With my mother I read all about the great heroes of France, the country which was to adopt us both.

from Russia, and I was introduced to a tired old gentleman with long hair, an astonishing high and stiff white collar, dressed in black velvet, whom my mother addressed in a low, respectful voice as "Maestro."

Twice a week I plodded through the snow to his house, carrying the violin in a yellow wooden case lined with violet velvet. All I remember today of the "Maestro" is the expression of profound astonishment on his face each time I dutifully applied my bow to the strings; and I can still hear the cry "Ai, ai, ai!" he would utter, covering his ears with both hands.

One day, no longer able to bear it, he snatched the bow and the violin from my hands, announced that he would speak to my mother, and sent me packing. What he told her I shall never know, but my mother spent several days sighing, looking at me tearfully.

A great dream had left us.

In those days in Vilna my mother survived by making hats to order. She tried to resume this enterprise several years later, shortly after our arrival in Nice in 1928, in a two-room flat we then occupied in the Avenue Shakespeare. It didn't work out, so for a while my mother made lampshades and costumes for the little Provencal dolls then very popular with tourists.

At night she read palms in restaurants, compensating by her acting abilities and great assurance for her total ignorance of that ancient art. Later came the already-mentioned showcase at the Negresco, the hawking of jewellery from hotel to hotel, the part interest in the taxi and another in a vegetable stall.

I knew that my mother's own artistic ambitions had never been fulfilled and that she was dreaming for me

of a career she had never known herself. This longing for something that, for lack of a better definition, I can only call "talent at all costs" led her to dig inside me for some hidden artistic seed, for a nugget of talent, or rather, as she never did things by halves, for a secret bonanza of genius that would lead us both to some supreme triumph, greatness, and material success.

I was determined to do all I could to make her, by proxy, so to speak, through my achievements, a famous and acclaimed artist; it was only a matter of choosing the right field; and, having hesitated for a long time among painting, acting, singing, and dancing, after many a heartbreaking failure, were finally driven to literature.

To page 60

Contempera was made for me, but...
it may not be the make-up for you

(Judge for yourself)



"I've come to terms with myself about my looks. Great profiles are inherited. Freckles can't be cured. But there are many things I can do. Frankly, I care enough about me to try.

"Two weeks ago I found something new and different. It doesn't make me look nineteen again, but it does a lot of very nice things for me. Like boosting my ego. It's such a pleasure to feel perfectly turned out, but not obviously made-up! If it's right for you, you'll see what I mean."

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THE MOST FASHION-CHANGING LOOK SINCE MAKE-UP WAS INVENTED

Jane found she had an unusual complaint from an unexpected quarter

THE DEPARTMENT RESPONSIBLE

An amusing short story
By MARJORIE EDMUNDS



"Hadn't we better get a mop?" Mr. Nettleworth asked Jane as the water from the sink poured on to the kitchen floor.

JANE stopped typing and listened. There was an ominous silence in the flat.

"David!" No answer.
"Mark!" Still no answer.
With a little sigh she got up and went into the bedroom. The french windows on to the tiny balcony were open and two pairs of sturdy small legs were just visible, wriggling and hopping to the accompaniment of subdued titters.

"Boys! What are you doing?"
The tittering stopped abruptly and the legs were stilled. One by one the owners sidled back into the room and stood gazing at her, too full of innocence.

"Nothing, Aunt Jane."
"Well . . ." her voice dangled helplessly. "You know I told you not to go out on to the balcony." She closed the windows and shot the bolts home briskly. "Now if you'll be good fellows and play with those games we bought for just another twenty minutes, I'll be finished typing and we can go out."

"Yes, Aunt Jane."
She went back and tried to find her place again in the Annual Report of the Departmental Section of Allied Manufacturers, thinking wistfully of how uncomplicated life had been twenty-four hours ago. Before her sister Deborah had phoned up to ask if she could take the boys for a couple of days so that she could go to an old school friend's wedding.

It was certainly not that she minded having the boys, and normally she would have been more than glad to help Debby, whom she felt rather sorry for, Debby being married to a struggling salesman and having to do all her own housework besides taking care of two small boys, a dog and a cat, multiplying rabbits, and an untidy husband.

It was only that she had intended using this first week of her holidays doing this work on the Report. Mr. Marsh would be wanting it by Friday. And when Mr. Marsh looked to her for anything, Jane prided herself on producing results. Not, she told herself, for the reason that activated the other girls in the office, namely that Mr. Marsh happened to be tall, good-looking, and unattached, but simply because she, Jane, liked her job.

It was a good job, with a future to

it—the sort of thing that other women attained if they were lucky by the time they were forty and worn out with strain and worry. Jane was only twenty-four and her beauty was in full bloom although she was not in the least aware of it.

Now if she could just get this part finished, she might still complete it by Friday. She found her place and started typing at terrific speed. "As current market figures clearly indicate . . ."

The doorbell rang.
Miss Pettigrew, from the flat upstairs, was standing on the landing, her hands clasped before her in what was doubtless the attitude she adopted when facing a recalcitrant customer in her high-class corsetry department.

"Good morning, Miss Bell. I do not wish to make trouble, but the fact is that someone . . ." her voice took on a sinister tone, ". . . has been propelling jets of some dark fluid from the direction of your balcony on to my balcony. It is most unfortunate, after the friendly relations we have had over the past two years, and, as I say, I am the last person to wish to make trouble . . ."

This was familiar ground for Jane. She felt as confident as she would have done in the office upon picking up the phone and hearing, "Miss Bell? Complaints Department here. We have a customer who says . . ."

"I am sure," she said smoothly, "there must have been some mistake. I'll come up and look if I may?"

"Certainly," said Miss Pettigrew, who was used to this sort of thing, too, in her corset department and was extracting some pleasure at being on the complaining end. The flat she ushered Jane into looked exactly like Miss Pettigrew—well-furnished, austere, and old-maidish. An enormous tabby cat came to greet them and growled at Jane.

"Silence, Samba," said Miss Pettigrew. "Now, Miss Bell, you can see for yourself that my eyes have not de-

ceived me." She flung an arm dramatically in the direction of the balcony, which was identical with the one in Jane's bedroom down below.

Jane saw, with a sinking heart, five or six dark blue splotches on the paintwork, high up. She touched them with her finger. They were still wet.

"It looks," said Jane, "like ink." She looked downwards. The splotches were in a direct line with the rail of her balcony. Anyone firing from below with, say, a water-pistol at, say, a tabby cat. She turned to Miss Pettigrew, who was standing with folded arms and compressed lips and realised that all the things she would have said to an irate customer like "I'll get in touch with the department responsible" or "I'll take the matter up with the manager" were not much good at the moment.

It was, however, with the idea of making instant contact with the department responsible that she hastened downstairs. On the landing she drew up. The door of her own flat was open and from it came the sound of a male voice raised in some irritation.

"What the dickens is going on here? Where is your mother?"

With a little moan, Jane hurried in. The voice came from the kitchen. So did a rivulet of water. Appalled, she gazed at the scene. The kitchen floor was flooded. The hose she used for washing vegetables was dangling over the edge of the sink, supplying the reason.

The boys, wet and subdued, were in the middle of the chaos. Confronting them was a tall, untidy young man who seemed vaguely familiar. He whirled round when Jane appeared and much of his irritation seemed to evaporate.

"I hope you don't mind my butting in, Mrs . . . er . . . My name's Nettleworth. I live down below." He dipped a lean forefinger at the swirling water.

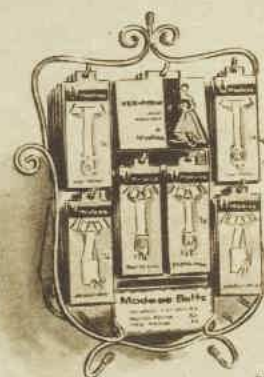
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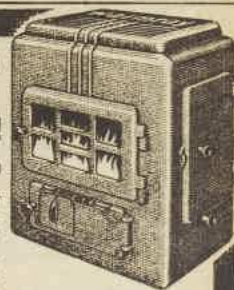
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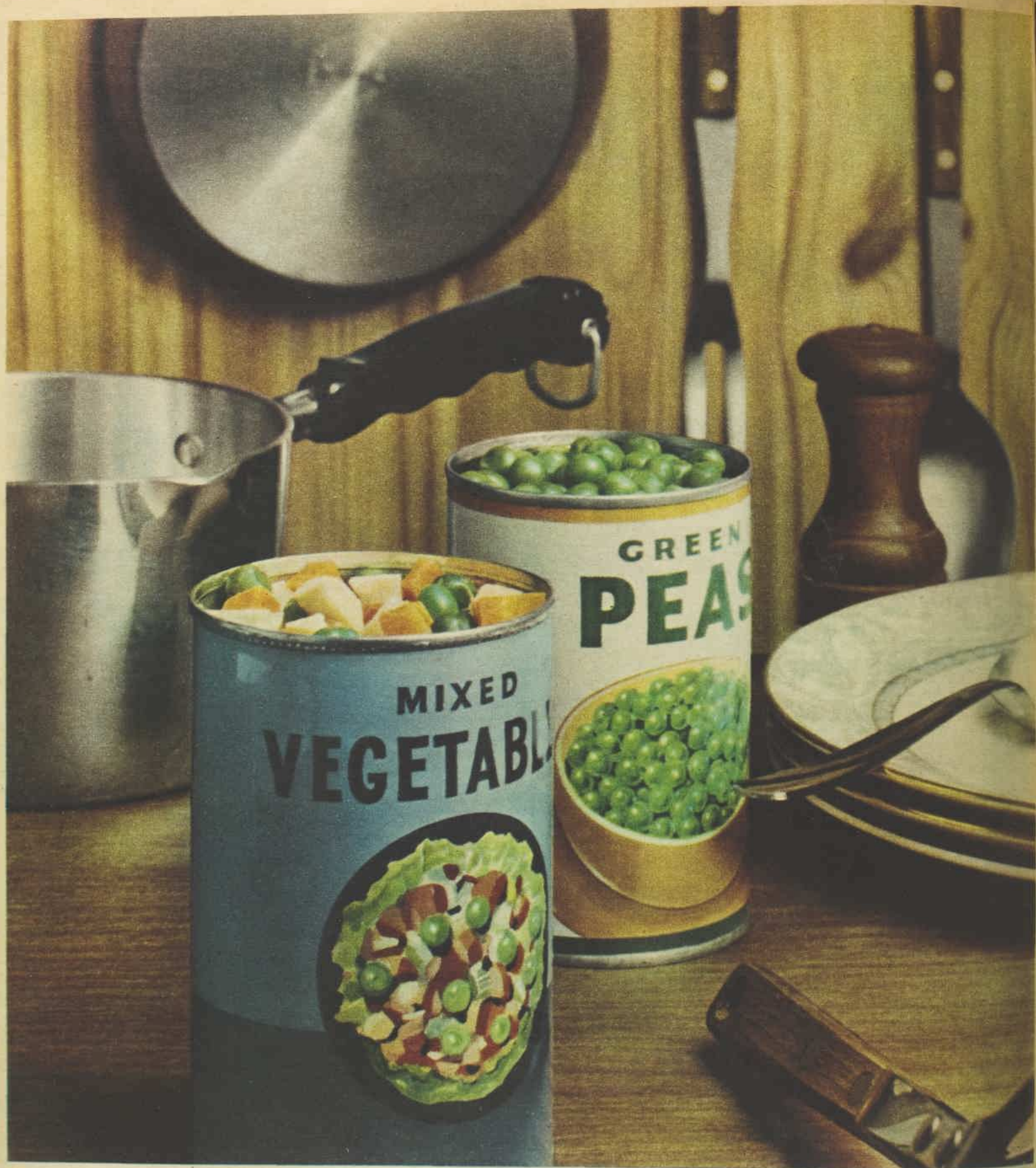


The secret of Warmray's efficiency is the patented heating tubes (shown here), which are built into the firebox. The air in the room passes through these tubes continuously, thus maintaining an even, overall warmth.

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STEVE CHANGES COURSE

Life can be wonderful
... a short story

By MAUREEN LUSON

STEVE HARRINGTON was so much absorbed in the delightful task of painting the hull of his twelve-footer, Sea-Bird, that he hadn't given the gloom and injustice of life in general a thought for at least five minutes; nor was he aware of his brother's approach until a rude foot prodded his ribs.

"Hi, you," said Ken's amused, patronising voice. "Time and Kenneth Harrington wait for no man. You've about thirty-one minutes to get home, shower, change, and present a pleasing expression to the evening ahead."

Steve did not have to look up to know that his brother's expression was not only pleasing but positively hearty—Ken found life anything but gloomy and unjust, and that wasn't surprising. Ken had been born with a whole mouthful of silver spoons, whereas they had been right out of stock when Steve came along.

It was part of the injustice of life, reflected Steve, that his senior by barely two years should have been endowed, not only

with good looks, overweening confidence and poise, but also with brains and athletic ability.

That hadn't left much for Steve himself. Steve had been fobbed off with all the family failings—reddish hair, a snub nose, fearsomely dogged chin, a fearful sense of his own inadequacy compared with his brother's brilliance, and, worst of all, small stature.

One of the failings wouldn't have been so bad—Steve's father had reddish hair, but he was six feet two tall and had been a champion swimmer, and Mrs. Harrington's frankly snub nose was accompanied by large blue eyes and so much charm that everyone imagined her to be perfectly beautiful, which she was not; the dogged chin cropped up here and there among Harrington aunts and uncles, as did the small, stocky build, but these drawbacks were invariably allayed by some talent or feature that rendered them inconspicuous.

Only Steve had the lot with absolutely no compensations. And it was only during the past year that he had become acutely, miserably, and constantly aware of the dismal fact. Since he turned sixteen, actually, and had gone to his first party... his first adult party, that is...

"You hadn't, by any chance, forgotten the party? Tonight? At the Fieldings?" Now it was Ken's voice that prodded Steve—and not in the ribs. It prodded deeply, painfully, sickeningly into his very being.

He had not forgotten the party. Not really. Only the pleasure of daubing saffron paint on Sea-Bird had overlaid the prospect of the party, had induced a temporary state of analgesia.

Now the gloom enveloped him again and the sense of injustice simmered hotly;

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"Do you mind if we sit this dance out?" Carol asked Steve.



FABULOUS NEW WAVE-CURL-SET

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without nightly pin-ups...
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Perform is the fabulous new American discovery that sets your hair *any way you want it* and holds the set for 8 carefree days! Not a perm—just holds like one! Sets your hair in any style you like—natural-looking waves, soft springy curls, the poodle style, the casual look, the shingle—it's yours with Perform! And you can change it as often as you like.

**Re-set or re-style with
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Yes—water actually reactivates this hair-set! Each morning or whenever you feel like it, re-set or re-style your hair with a water-dampened comb. It's so simple it's hard to believe until you've tried it for yourself! No wonder Perform is the sensation of America, Canada, the United Kingdom, Europe and South Africa.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

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*Dream gifts with
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**Mother will love the luxury
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... in Fleecy-Bond or
softest interlock**

She'll love the soft prettiness of Bond's nightgowns cut to generous "Tru-Size" fittings to give added comfort and warmth. And she'll love the way they stay soft and in perfect shape wash after wash.



Graceful, loose-falling nightgown has a smocked yoke trimmed with nylon. Left shoulder is highlighted with a rose applique. Opens in the front. Pink and Sky.

Attractive interlock nightgown has a button front opening. Deep yoke is appliqued with dainty lace and nylon—yoke and collar have nylon trim. Pink and Sky.

Mother will love these gay harlequin pyjamas. Pants in plain colour, highlighted with harlequin fabric flashes. Pink, White and Grey or Blue, White and Grey.

Brushed interlock gives this charming loose-falling nightgown extra warmth. Bodice is highlighted with lace applique on both shoulders. Pink and Sky.

INTERLOCK

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Headline makers

THE HAT IN DRESS FABRIC

Here's a wonderful new companion for a winter outfit—the hat in the fabric of the costume. It comes in all shapes and sizes from a snug beanie to a sombrero.



● Marc Bohan, designer at Dior, makes a beanie (above) in heavy shantung to match a two-piece suit in vivid pink. The hat, worn on the slant, sits snugly on the head. The only trim is a neat self-material side bow and a small ornament.

● Rounded pudding-basin cloche (left) from the Guy Laroche collection is made in smooth-surfaced check tweed. The hat is young, like the entire Laroche collection that aims at the young married woman and the smart junior executive.



● Maison Dior shows a towering Cleopatra turban in deep red rough-surfaced wool. The hat, designed to cover a high coil, is worn with a matching three-piece suit. The Cleopatra look is accentuated by the model's heavy dark eye make-up.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962



● Yves Saint-Laurent, now with his own salon in Paris, shows numbers of wide-brimmed cowboy hats (right) to match his tailored tweed suits. In the Saint-Laurent spring collection, a chiffon scarf tied in a soft bow was a part of every suit.



if mother likes
quality she'll love . . .

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(Price varies slightly
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'HOLIDAY HOUSE'
in pink, blue, green, maize or white.

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DS4944.—Debutante's dress in sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Bodice-top 1½yds. 36in. lace, 1½yds. 36in. lining, and 2½yds. lace edging; skirt, 7½yds. 36in. material; cummerbund, ¾yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 6/6.

HERE is an extract from a letter typical of many requesting patterns, and my reply:

"Could I have a design and pattern for a deb's frock? I want the dress to have a wide skirt and the bodice to be finished with a small sleeve. Must a deb wear gloves, and should they be long or short?"

Making a debut is a formal occasion and it is correct to wear gloves. The gloves can be wrist or above-elbow length, whichever you prefer.

I have given a choice of dress designs, illustrated here. Both dresses have bouffant skirts and little sleeves. Under the illustrations are details.

"Should I shorten a ballgown to ballerina length?"

The fashionable lengths for evening dresses are just to the knee-cap (or a shade longer) and ankle-length.

"What is the most fashionable style of suit being worn this winter?"

The suit with a slightly shaped jacket and flared skirt.

"Could you please tell me the correct shade of stockings to wear."

Broadly speaking, dark shades are best for winter and more neutral colors for summer. It is not good fashion to wear stockings darker than the costume they're worn with, and a too-bright stocking can be a real fashion blunder. The stocking color should blend gently into the color scheme of the ensemble.

"I have made myself a short, full-skirted chiffon party dress, but it looks very soft and limp. What can I do to rectify this look?"

A stiffened waist-petticoat will do the trick. There are plenty of petticoats to be bought. Bring your dress to the city—I notice you live in the suburbs—and find the best type to support the skirt.

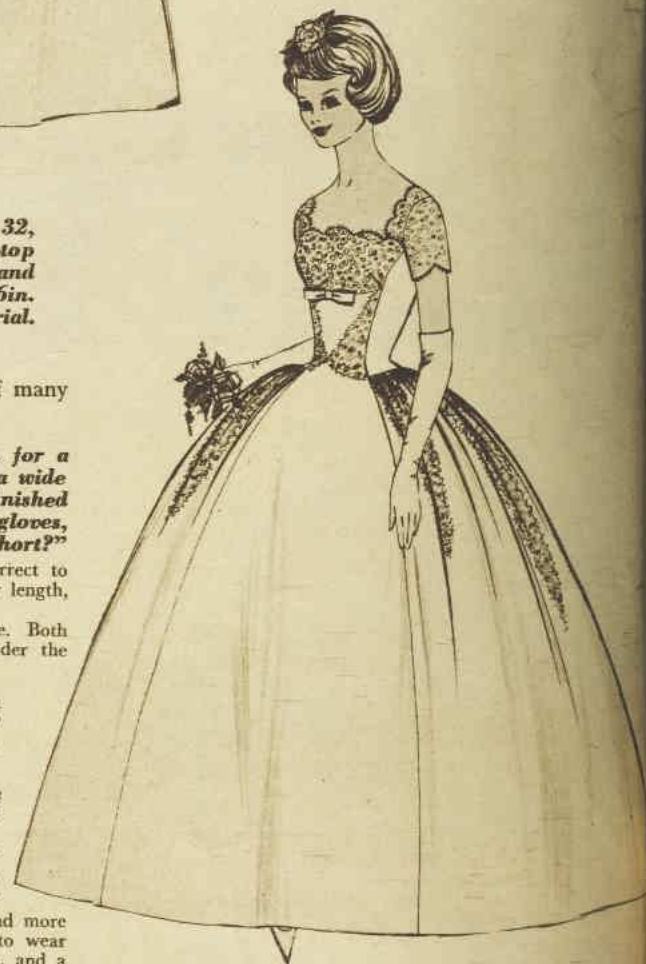
"Could you please tell me the correct clothes for the mother of the bride to wear to a 4 p.m. wedding?"

A street-length afternoon dress in a becoming color. White or black is not correct. Light beige, grey-blue, dove-grey, and rose-pink are all pretty and suitable for such an occasion. Chiffon is a good material choice. The correct accessories are a small dressy hat, small silk handbag, light court shoes, and beige doekin gloves.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The two evening dresses shown here have been specially chosen for young readers who are about to make their debut. Paper patterns for the designs are available in stock sizes.



DS7499.—Debutante's dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: 9½yds. 36in. material, 10yds. 36in. lining, and 2½yds. 36in. lace. Price 8/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"What style of maternity dress is best for a small woman? Normally I am slim and look taller than my actual height. The dress is to wear to a formal late-day party. Must I wear high-heeled shoes?"

A one-piece dress with a high waistline will make you seem taller and slimmer. This empire line is particularly pretty for maternity party wear. Shoes with medium heels are quite correct.

A woman's profile is shown in a close-up, looking down as she applies a red lipstick. The lipstick is applied in a way that creates a perfect outline and fills the lips. The background is a solid dark red color. The woman's hair is dark and styled in a short, wavy bob. Her eyes are closed, and her expression is one of concentration.

The first lipstick
to give
a perfect outline
as it colours



Fashion stick

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Helena Rubinstein

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Everybody can strike it rich in this easy Ipana Gold Rush Contest! Here's all you do! 1. Look at the portraits of the 6 popular personalities. Now pick the smile which belongs to each personality from the row of numbered "smile" photographs! FOR EXAMPLE: If you think No. 3 "smile" is Ilsa Konrads,

write the figure 3 in the square beside her name on your coupon. 2. On a separate sheet of paper write not more than 25 words why you like Ipana. 3. Complete coupon with your name and address and send together with end flap from an Ipana Toothpaste carton (Fluoride, Standard or Chlorophyll).*



Easy to WIN! Just match the stars to their golden smiles!

CONTEST RULES—VERY FEW!

1. Competitors may send as many entries as they wish—entry coupon on this page.
2. Employees (and their families) of Bristol-Myers and its advertising agents are not eligible to enter.
3. Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. Entries close on 4th May, 1962, and no entry mailed after that date will be considered.
5. Results will appear in Woman's Day dated 11th June, and The Australian Women's Weekly dated 13th June, 1962.
6. All entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Company Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.
7. All entries will be judged by a specially selected judge. Prizes will be awarded on the skill shown in matching the smiles to the faces. Excellence of the statement why you like Ipana will be taken into consideration only in the event of more than one competitor correctly matching the photographs.



To: IPANA GOLD RUSH, Box 121, P.O., CRONULLA, Sydney.

This is my solution to the Golden Smiles Puzzle.

☐ ILSA KONRADS ☐ BRIAN HENDERSON ☐ PATSY ANN NOBLE

☐ COL JOYE ☐ TANIA VERSTAK ☐ BERT NEWTON

On a separate sheet of paper write not more than 25 words why you like IPANA.

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BM449/62



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Matter of degree

AUSTRALIANS pride themselves on their lack of snobbery—but I wonder! A young married couple with two small children advertised several times for suitable accommodation without success. Then they worded the ad. differently, adding some letters after their name (to which, as an engineer, the husband is entitled) and hey presto, replies by the dozen. Does a degree make one more pleasant to live with and make one's children less destructive? Or is it hoped that a degreed tenant might provide a leg up the social scale?

£1/1/- to "Food for Thought" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Training in etiquette

THERE seem to be quite a number of careless-mannered folk among us in these days of hustle and bustle. I suggest that TV and radio stations put on short talks about etiquette. Illustrations on TV would be a great help to those unfortunate enough to have received little schooling in etiquette.

£1/1/- to "Sambo" (name supplied), Campania, Tas.

At 15 he needs a valet

MY 15-year-old son expects me to do his hair in the mornings while he sits and reads the daily paper by the fire. Though I'm usually in the middle of cutting lunches, I have to leave everything because he creates such a disturbance if he has to wait. It also takes precious time to wash my hands before and after the hairdo.

£1/1/- to "Sick of it" (name supplied), Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Budgie in mourning

HOW far does a small bird's instinct extend? Our little blue budgerigar was much loved by my husband, who used to take him out of the cage and play with him. Now my husband has died and, although I let budgie out of his cage, he refuses to go into my husband's room any more. I feel sure he knows what has happened and is lonely in consequence.

£1/1/- to "Bird Lover" (name supplied), Toowoomba, Qld.

Sweethearts by the pair

ON arriving home from his first day at school, my five-year-old brother calmly announced that he had two girl-friends. When asked wasn't one enough, he said, "Don't be silly, they're twins and you can't have one without the other!"

£1/1/- to Miss G. Robards, Singleton, N.S.W.

Long engagements

YES, Mrs. Clarke (N.S.W.), I know of an engagement for longer than 23 years. A schoolfriend, three years my senior, became engaged before I met and married my husband. Her wedding did not take place until 30 years later. A pre-wedding party was arranged for her on the day our grandson was born and my husband excitedly discussed our joy with the guests. In his innocence he didn't realise why several females seemed so interested that I—a grandmother—was younger than the bride-to-be, who had always dressed youthfully and kept her age a secret.

£1/1/- to "So Embarrassed" (name supplied), Vic.

I HAD an aunt who was engaged at 23 and at 72 was still waiting for her wedding date. Sad to say, the dear soul died unmarried. She was the sweetest woman you could ever meet and we've always thought what a wasted life—waiting for one man to make a date.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Chapman, Mt. Druitt, N.S.W.

WHEN I became engaged, a friend, after looking at my ring, said that if I wore it for as long as she had worn hers—which was five years—I'd forget to wear it. That was 20 years ago and she's still keeping company with her fiancé.

£1/1/- to "Long Engagement" (name supplied), Qld.

WHEN touring New Zealand last year, an uncle joked about his sister-in-law's 34-year-old engagement. The couple have been happily married for about three years now and no one will ever know why they waited for so long.

£1/1/- to Miss A.P., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

WHEN my husband and I were married ten years ago an uncle wouldn't come to the wedding. He disapproved because we had been "going steady" for only four months before we took the vows. He has been "going steady" for 30 years.

£1/1/- to "Happily Married" (name supplied), Roma, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

"LOOK out, there's a spider up there!"

Everybody at the table looked where I was pointing.

"April fools!" I cried.

Loud laughter. It was a most successful joke, although it has been played at our place every year for the past decade.

The jokes that go over best in the home circle are usually old ones. Take the boiled-egg joke. Instructions for it are very simple.

First eat a boiled egg. Then turn it upside down in the egg-cup and give it to someone, saying: "Here's an egg for you!"

When this is done to me, I am expected to cut the end off the egg with lip-smacking signs of anticipation. On finding the egg is empty, I have to burst into tears, sobbing, and wailing, until someone extends sympathy and comfort.

It is probably the oldest joke known to the human race. Yet it is considered more funny, after 101 performances, than any wisecrack by Bob Hope.

My advice to anyone who wants to win a domestic reputation as a wit is to stick to the corny stuff.

THE CORN IS HIGH

Never mind the more sophisticated forms of humor.

If you are good at making a special kind of face, don't hesitate to make it. A cousin of mine is considered a riot by the family because he has the unusual faculty of rotating his ears.

My late Auntie Kath used to put us into fits by sucking her lower



lip into the shape of a cherry. "Make a cherry, Auntie Kath!" we shouted whenever she arrived.

Another sure-fire way of getting a laugh is to put a grown-up's hat on a baby. Any kind of clothing mix-up is worth a go. Little girls clomp-

ping about in high-heeled shoes or boys wearing father's pyjamas are popular performers.

A stock of riddles is always an asset. My wife has a favorite one that she trots out every so often. "What goes up a chimney down but won't go down a chimney up?" Answer: An umbrella. (Scream of "Oh, no!" "That's clever!")

A standard joke at our place is hiding in someone's bed. You wait till they have got up in the morning and gone to the bathroom, then you hide among their bedclothes.

When they come back they are sure of a big surprise, like persons who visit a teddy bears' picnic. The only snag is you have to be small to play the joke, preferably under eight.

The important thing for the home comedian to remember is: don't try to retain your dignity. You must be prepared to make a goat of yourself.

That reminds me of a rather brilliant turn I sometimes perform: I am prepared to divulge the secret to readers. I cut a set of false teeth out of orange peel and put them in my mouth. Try it on your family or chums. It's a scream!

'Pon my sole



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"JUMPING-JACKS" by SAXONE

because they're all leather



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Put your trust—and your child—in

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Act now. All you have to do with Anti-Bi-San is swallow 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days. Make sure all the family take their dose (only 3 tablets for children). By doing this you've built up a shield that germs find hard to penetrate; you develop defences in your body against the common cold. And you can do this with Anti-Bi-San. So keep cold-free this winter and right through the year. Take Anti-Bi-San now—before colds get you in their grip.

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The simple art of chelsea scones



Sunshine brings you the secret of making prize Chelsea Scones. They have that richly wholesome flavour only full-cream can give. Deliciously light, golden-glazed

and fruity, they're irresistible . . . served hot and buttery, or decorated with lemon icing when cold. Why not bake a tempting batch right now—it's so easy!

***SUNSHINE**
full-cream powdered milk
gives superb flavour
and delicacy
to Chelsea Scones.
Sunshine puts full-cream
richness into
all your cooking.

SUNSHINE CHELSEA SCONES

(All spoon measures are level)

4 tablespoons Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water. Filling: 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1-2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 cup of mixed fruit.

METHOD: Sift Sunshine, flour, sugar and salt into basin. Rub in butter. Stir in water and turn onto floured board. Knead and roll into rectangle $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. thick. Brush with melted butter, and spread with brown sugar, cinnamon and fruit. Roll, damp long edge with water and close. Cut into 9 equal pieces. Brush sides with melted butter and arrange cut side up in a circle with one in centre, in buttered 8-in. tin. Glaze with milk and bake 10-15 minutes in fairly hot oven. Serve hot or decorate with lemon icing. (Icing: Mix 3 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon water until smooth.)



*Registered trademark

NE1079/62

CASSEROLE COOKERY

● Casseroles, which are so easy to keep piping hot without spoiling, are ideal dishes for autumn and winter when sharper appetites demand hearty meals. This cookery feature gives recipes for casseroles in great variety. They are grouped under seafood, meats (with basic recipes for beef, veal, lamb, pork), economy cuts, vegetables, and special-occasion treats.

Seafoods for fine flavor

ALL types of fish and shellfish make delicious and interesting casseroles when combined with sauces, pastas, and vegetables. Seafood casseroles have the advantage of not requiring as much cooking time as casseroles made of meat and poultry.

SEAFOOD CREAM PUFF

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup cooked peas and corn, 1lb. prawns (shelled and chopped, reserve 2 or 3 large ones for decoration), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 egg-whites, parsley.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over medium heat 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in milk, season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Cook until mixture boils and thickens. Add the cream, peas and corn, prawns, chopped parsley. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture. Place into greased ovenproof dish, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Garnish with reserved prawns and parsley.

PRAWN BATEAU

Six tablespoons butter or substitute, 6 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 2lb. prawns (shelled), 4 slices wholemeal bread (cubed), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup sliced stuffed olives, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup chopped parsley.

Line baking-dish or casserole with square of aluminium foil. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, stir in flour. Cook over low heat 1 to 2 minutes without browning. Remove from heat, add milk and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add all the seasonings. Stir in prawns, bread cubes, celery, olives, and onion. Add beaten eggs, pour mixture into prepared dish. Cover with foil, bake in moderately hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle with parsley to serve.

FISH WITH CHEESE SAUCE

One pound fish fillets (bream, snapper, or flounder), 1 cup dry white wine, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons very finely chopped onion, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk (or 1 cup milk and 1 cup evaporated milk or cream), 4 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup fish broth (made from fish bones and trimmings), 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 cup grated sharp-flavored cheese, 1 clove garlic, 2 cups grated potatoes.

Cut fish into 1in. pieces, sprinkle with wine, thyme, parsley, grated onion. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, blend in flour, and cook about 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and fish broth, stir over medium heat until thickened and smooth. Season with salt, cayenne pepper. Add 1 of cheese to sauce, stir until melted. Rub casserole with cut garlic clove, arrange two layers of fish mixture, potatoes, and sauce. Sprinkle with remaining cheese, bake uncovered 45 minutes.

FISH AND OLIVE BAKE

One small jar stuffed olives, 1 onion (finely chopped), 2lb. fish fillets (bream, haddock or flounder), 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 1/2 cups milk, 1/2 cup liquid from olives, 1 cup toasted almond halves, 3 to 4 medium-sized potatoes, 1 cup tasty grated cheese, snipped parsley.

Arrange in layers half the finely chopped onion, pieces of fish, and sliced olives in greased heatproof casserole. Prepare sauce: Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and season with salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate. Stir in milk and olive liquid, heat until mixture boils and thickens, stirring all the time. Sprinkle half the cheese over prepared fish in casserole, add toasted almonds, cover with remaining fish, olives, and onion, then sprinkle on remaining grated cheese. Top with half the potatoes (which have been peeled and sliced thinly), pour over half the sauce, then add remainder of potatoes and sauce. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes until potatoes are quite tender. Serve sprinkled with snipped parsley.

TUNA SUPPER DISH

One can tomato soup, 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1 cup fresh milk, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, 1 medium size can tuna, squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup crushed potato crisps, parsley.

Mix soup, evaporated milk, and fresh milk. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Stir in soup and milk. Continue stirring until boiling. Stir in flaked fish, lemon juice, peas, and potato crisps. Fill into greased casserole, cover, and bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

DEVILLED OYSTERS

Two bottles oysters (drained but reserve 1/2 cup liquid), 1/2 cup tomato ketchup, 1 tablespoon horseradish, dash tabasco sauce, 1 cup finely crushed potato crisps, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 can condensed mushroom soup, extra crushed potato crisps.

Combine ketchup, horseradish, tabasco sauce. Dip oysters, roll in finely crushed potato crisps. Sauté in melted butter or substitute; drain. Mix soup, reserved oyster liquid, and remaining ketchup mixture. Arrange in greased ovenproof casserole in layers of oysters and soup with top layer of soup. Sprinkle with remaining coarsely crushed potato crisps, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

CREAMY LOBSTER BAKE

Two cups lobster meat, 1 1/2 cups cream, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 eggs (slightly beaten), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon onion (grated), 1 1/2 teaspoons dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 cup buttered toast cubes.

Flake lobster meat with fork. In top half double-boiler heat cream. Stir in breadcrumbs and lobster. Slowly add eggs, blending well. Cook and stir until thickened. Add parsley, onion, seasonings. Pour into greased heatproof casserole, top with toast cubes. Bake in moderate oven until bubbly.



STIFFLY BEATEN EGG-WHITES folded into a flavored sauce just before baking give a delightful texture to this seafood cream casserole which is garnished with prawns.

CREOLE PRAWNS

Two pounds prawns (shelled and deveined), 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup celery (diced), 2-3rd cup chopped onion, 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper, 1 cup water, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 4 to 5 drops tabasco sauce, boiled rice.

Heat butter or substitute in saucepan, add celery, onion, green pepper. Cook until transparent, stirring occasionally. Add the water, tomato puree, parsley, salt, monosodium glutamate, tabasco sauce. Fold in prawns, then transfer to casserole and bake uncovered in oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with fluffy boiled rice.

SEAFOOD CURRY

One cup milk, 2 cups coconut milk, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 chopped onion, 2 cups shelled prawns, 2 cups cooked rice.

Warm milk and coconut milk over low heat. Blend cornflour, salt, curry powder, and ginger with little milk. Pour into warmed milk, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add prawns, lemon juice, and onion, simmer 3 minutes. Mix in rice, place in casserole. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Garnish with whole prawns and parsley.

Coconut Milk: Combine in saucepan 1 1/2 cups desiccated coconut with 2 cups milk, simmer 10 minutes, cool, and strain.

TUNA CASSEROLE

Two tablespoons chopped onion, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, 2 cups milk, 1 cup cooked diced celery, 1 tin tuna or other fish (about 12oz.), 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, 2 sliced hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce.

Parsley Scones: One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1/2 cup milk.

In all recipes in this cookery feature, level spoon measurements and the eight - liquid - ounce cup measure are used. The recipes are planned to serve a family of six.

Brown onion in butter or substitute. Add flour, salt, and pepper, mix until smooth. Add milk gradually, cook until thickened, stirring all the time. Add celery, fish, red pepper, worcestershire sauce, eggs. Fill into casserole. Make parsley scones: Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute, add parsley. Add milk, mix to soft dough. Turn on to floured board, roll to 1/2in. thickness and cut into rounds with 2in. cutter. Arrange overlapping circle of scones round edge of casserole, glaze with milk. Place in hot oven, cook 20 to 25 minutes. Serve piping hot.

CAPE COD CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds cape cod fillets, lemon juice, 2oz. butter or substitute (melted), 1/2 cup grated tasty cheese, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2 onions, 2 tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Place fillers in cold water, bring to the boil, drain. Pat dry. Remove skin and any bones. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange layer of fish in greased casserole, brush with melted butter or substitute. Cover with layer of breadcrumbs and cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Add layer of sliced onion, tomatoes, and parsley. Repeat layers, using up all ingredients. Cover, cook in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until fish is soft and flaky. Serve.

Continued overleaf

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Baked by

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Economy dishes

ECONOMICAL cuts of meat, cooked slowly in a casserole with seasonings, herbs, and vegetables, make attractive and nourishing meals. These cheaper cuts are neck and chump chops of hogget and mutton, beef stewing steaks, beef and veal shin or shank meats, and such "incidentals" as tripe.

Tougher, more sinewy cuts of meat are greatly improved in flavor and tenderness if they are made up into dishes a day or two beforehand, stored in the refrigerator, and reheated when needed.

Meal "stretchers" such as spaghetti, macaroni, rice, and potatoes help to add sufficient bulk to dishes to make them substantial for cold weather appetites.

VEAL PIEDMONT

Two pounds boneless veal (cut from veal shank) cut in 2 in. cubes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil, 2 cloves garlic (halved), 2 green peppers, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon rosemary, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice.

Brown veal cubes in heated oil with garlic. Transfer to greased casserole, remove core and seeds from peppers, cut in 1 in. strips. Discard garlic, saute pepper in oil until soft. Sprinkle with flour, cheese, and seasonings. Mix with veal in casserole. Pour on tomato juice. Cover and bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

PORK-APPLE SAVORY

Two pounds pork sausages, 3 medium onions, 2 tablespoons fat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock or water, salt, pepper, 1 rasher bacon, 1 apple (peeled and cored), 1 cup sultanas.

Brown sausages and sliced onion in fat, place in casserole. Add flour to fat, brown lightly. Stir in stock or water, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and pepper, pour over sausages and onion. Sprinkle with chopped bacon. Add layer of sliced apple, then sultanas. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

BEEF AND VEGETABLE LAYER

Two pounds minced beef, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon oil, 4 cups sliced potatoes, 1 packet frozen green beans (thawed), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small white onions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 can tomato puree, 2-3rd cup stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheddar cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons melted butter.

Heat butter or substitute in saucepan, saute beef until browned and crumbling. Rub casserole with cut clove of garlic and oil. Arrange in it a layer each of half potatoes, meat, beans, and all onions. Finish with layers of remaining beans, meat, and finally potatoes, sprinkling salt, pepper, and thyme on each layer. Mix cornflour to thin paste with a little tomato puree. Mix with remaining tomato puree and stock. Pour over potatoes. Top with a mixture of grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Drizzle butter over all. Bake uncovered in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH WITH RICE

One and a half pounds chuck steak, 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 large onions, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, 1 can concentrated tomato or mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon paprika, salt and pepper to taste, 1 red pepper, 1 small green pepper, 5 to 6 cups cooked rice.

Trim steak and cut into service-sized pieces. Brown in hot fat or oil, remove, and add the sliced onion and crushed garlic. Cook until lightly browned, then add flour and mix well. When starting to brown, stir in stock and soup. Stir until boiling, then add thyme, paprika, salt, pepper, and red and green peppers (seeded and cut into thin slices). Return meat to casserole, cook approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours until meat is tender. Serve hot on cooked rice.

CRUSTED LAMB

Two pounds sausage mince, 1 onion (chopped), 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 2 cups stock, 2 tablespoons chutney (optional), salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 3 cups toasted $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bread cubes, 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic salt.

Saute mince and onion in heated butter or substitute until meat is lightly browned. Blend in flour. Add celery, stock, chutney, salt and pepper, sage, and thyme. Cook 15 minutes. Place alternate layers of meat mixture and toasted bread cubes in greased casserole. Drizzle butter mixed with garlic salt over toast cubes. Bake uncovered in hot oven 30 minutes.

CONTINENTAL VEAL BAKE

One cup chopped onions, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 veal shanks (meat cut from bone), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons parsley (chopped), 3 eggs, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2-3rd cup sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shredded cheese, parsley.

Saute onions in melted butter or substitute. Add finely chopped meat and the 1 tablespoon flour. Cook until tender. Stir in the milk, season with salt and pepper. Simmer until thick (about 15 minutes). Stir in parsley and set aside. Beat egg-yolks with evaporated milk and vinegar, stir in flour and salt. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour half the egg mixture into greased ovenproof dish, top with half the cheese. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, remove from oven, cover with the veal mixture, then pour remaining egg mixture over the top. Sprinkle on the remaining cheese. Bake further 10 minutes or until top is golden brown. Garnish with parsley.

BOSTON BAKE

One pound veal (cut from shank), 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 clove garlic (minced), 1 can condensed tomato soup, 1 bouillon cube, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 2 bayleaves, 4 tomatoes (peeled and quartered), 2 onions (sliced), 1 packet frozen mixed vegetables (partly thawed), 2 cups seasoned sweet potatoes (cooked and mashed), 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup milk, chopped mint.

Cut veal in 1 in. strips, dredge in flour, and brown in the hot oil with garlic. Combine with soup and bouillon cube dissolved in hot water, add seasonings. Turn into greased casserole, add tomatoes, onions, and mixed vegetables. Bake covered in moderate oven 45 minutes. Meanwhile, whip sweet potatoes, butter, milk, and mint until fluffy. When veal is tender, spoon in mounds over casserole. Bake uncovered 15 minutes or until potatoes are heated through.

SAVORY LIVER AND BACON

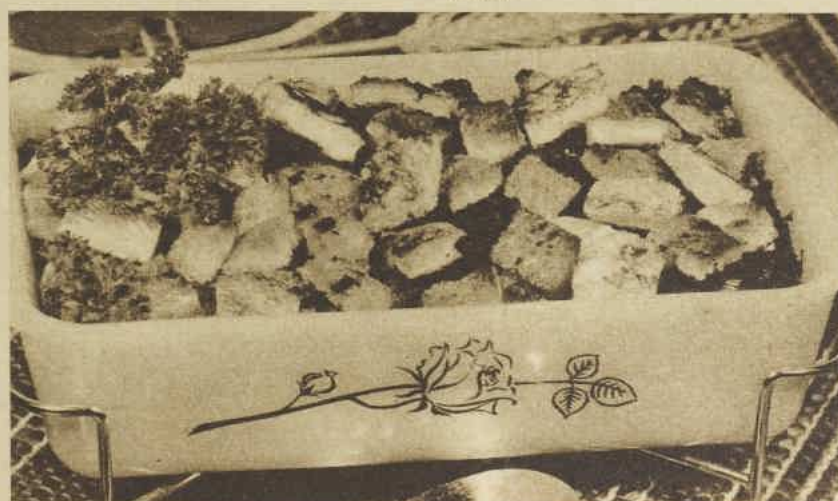
Two pounds liver, seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon fat, 3 rashers bacon, 1 carrot, 1 medium onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 bayleaf, 1 cup water.

Wash the liver, soak in salted water, remove the skin. Rinse in boiling water, slice, and roll in seasoned flour. Brown lightly in hot fat, place in casserole in layers with chopped bacon, salt, pepper, diced onion and carrot, parsley, and bayleaf. Add water, cover, bake in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until tender.

TRIPE BORDELAISE

Two pounds tripe (parboiled and cut in strips 1 in. wide and $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. long), 4 medium onions (chopped), 3 tablespoons oil, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 4 tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 2 cups tomato puree, 2 cups veal or chicken stock, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, a little bunch of herbs made of 6 sprigs of parsley and 2 bayleaves, 6 stalks celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme.

Cook onions in oil in saucepan until golden brown, add garlic, chopped tomatoes, and tomato puree or juice, and the tripe. Add the stock, seasonings, and the herbs, bring to boil, cover, and place in slow oven to cook $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. When meat is well done, remove herbs and celery. Skim off the fat. Add a little water or extra stock if sauce is too thick, correct the seasonings, add the chopped parsley, and serve with boiled potatoes.



TOASTED BREAD CUBES flavored with garlic make a delicious topping for this most economical dish, which is ideal for those who have little time to spare in detailed preparations of a meal.



SOUR CREAM AND CHEESE are added to give flavor to this economical and tasty casserole, which is made from the meat cut from two veal shanks. See recipe at left for Continental veal bake.

SUNSHINE CASSEROLE

Two pounds sausages, fat or oil for frying, 3 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 large can whole kernel corn (drained), 2 tablespoons minced parsley, 1 onion (chopped), 3 tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 cup toasted breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Fry sausages in heated fat or oil until very lightly browned. Remove, pour off all except 3 tablespoons fat or oil. Blend in flour, then gradually stir in milk. Cook and stir until thickened. Add corn, parsley, onion, and shallots. Place half of crumbs in bottom of low greased casserole, add creamed mixture, then about half the sausages, more creamed mixture, then top with remaining crumbs mixed with butter or substitute. Decorate top with remaining sausages, bake uncovered in moderate oven 30 minutes.

A mixture of sausage mince and hamburger steak rolled with floured hands into small balls could replace the sausages in this recipe if desired.

SHIN OF BEEF CURRY

Two pounds shin of beef, 1 large green apple, 2 onions, 1 tablespoon fat or oil, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 3 dessertspoons curry powder (more or less according to taste), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water.

Cut meat into small cubes, coat with mixture of curry powder and flour, brown in hot fat or oil, adding a little more fat if necessary. Stir in any remaining flour, chopped apple, salt, sugar, vinegar, and water. Continue stirring until boiling. Place all in casserole, cook with lid on in moderately slow oven about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

LAMB RIBS PIQUANT

One and a half pounds lamb rib-ends or rib chops, 1 clove garlic, 1 large onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 3 dessertspoons fat, 1 dessertspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped red pepper.

Cut rib-ends into service-sized pieces, rub with cut clove garlic. Peel and chop onion, brown lightly with celery in hot fat. Blend mustard with little tomato juice and add to onion with remaining ingredients. Place meat in greased ovenproof casserole dish, add the sauce. Cover, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot with hot mashed potatoes and peas.

FAMILY BAKE-OFF

One and a half pounds sausage mince, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint medium thickness white sauce, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked mixed vegetables (such as peas, carrots, parsnips), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese.

Combine sausage meat, finely diced onion, worcestershire sauce and tomato sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Press out to cover the base and sides of tartplate or greased shallow-sided casserole. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Combine white sauce, vegetables, parsley, and chopped onion. Season well and fill into meat-case. Cover with grated cheese, return to oven, and bake further 10 minutes.

Variations of this simple dish can be made by using mince steak or pork sausage mince as the meat and substituting sweet corn, beans, celery, tomato, or left-over medley for the vegetables given in the recipe above.

Continued overleaf

FEATURING MEAT...

● Below are basic recipes for beef, lamb, pork and veal casseroles, and also some more unusual recipes using these meats. Interesting variations of the basic recipes are in the panel opposite.

BASIC BEEF CASSEROLE

Two pounds stewing steak (such as chuck, blade, topside, or round, etc.), fat or oil, 2 sliced onions, 1 cup flour (seasoned with salt, pepper), 4 parsnips, 4 carrots, 1 swede turnip, 3 cups stock, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Cut meat into 1in. cubes, toss in seasoned flour until well coated. Reserve any extra flour. Heat oil or fat in pan, add meat, and brown all sides. Remove. Add onion slices and brown well. Add remaining flour and stock and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Prepare vegetables. Scrape carrots and parsnips, cut into quarters. Peel and chop turnip. Add to meat mixture with parsley, salt, pepper. Spoon carefully into heated casserole, cover and bake in moderately slow oven 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender.

BASIC VEAL CASSEROLE

Two pounds veal stewing steak, fat or oil, lemon juice, 2 onions, 2 bouillon cubes, 3 cups water, 4 carrots (sliced), 4 potatoes (sliced), salt, pepper, flour.

Cut veal into small pieces, sprinkle with lemon juice. Toss in seasoned flour, brown in hot fat or oil, and place into heatproof casserole in layers with prepared vegetables. Season each layer with salt, pepper, and pour over stock, made by dissolving bouillon cubes in water (or if available use meat or vegetable stock). Cover casserole, bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1½ hours or until meat is tender.

BASIC PORK CASSEROLE

Two pounds pork chops or steak, seasoned flour, fat or oil, 2 cups vegetable or light meat stock, ½ cup red currant jelly, salt, pepper, 1 cup chopped potato, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup chopped tomato.

Trim some fat from chops or steak pieces, cover in seasoned flour. Brown in hot fat or oil, place in bottom of heatproof casserole. Add prepared vegetables, season with salt, pepper, and pour over the blended stock and red currant jelly. Cover and bake in moderately slow oven until chops are tender (about 2 to 2½ hours).

BASIC LAMB CASSEROLE

Two pounds neck or chump chops (lamb, hogget, or mutton), seasoned flour, 2 chopped onions, 2 cups meat stock, 3 carrots, 3 parsnips, 2 turnips, ½ cup chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Trim chops, coat with seasoned flour, place in casserole. Scrape and slice carrots and parsnips, peel and dice turnips. Place in layers with onions over chops, seasoning well with salt, pepper. Pour over stock, cover, bake in moderately slow oven until meat is tender. Thicken if desired with blended flour or cornflour. Just before serving add chopped parsley.

STEAK NINA

Four cubed steaks, 2 tablespoons dripping, 2 medium onions (sliced), 1lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup, 2-3rds cup stock or milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard.

Brown steak in heated dripping, remove from pan, saute onion and mushroom slices until tender. Drain steak, onions, and mushrooms on absorbent paper. Combine soup, stock or milk, parsley, and seasonings. Place alternate layers of onion and mushroom slices and steaks in greased casserole. Pour little soup mixture on each layer. Bake uncovered in moderate oven 1 hour.

STEAK WITH CLARET

Two pounds round steak, 3 sheep's kidneys, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, seasoned flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, 1 cup claret, melted butter or substitute.

Cut steak into ½in.-thick slices, then cut into 2in. squares. Soak kidneys in warm salted water 15 minutes, remove skin and core, chop finely. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Cut pocket in each meat square, fill with kidney mixture. Secure with coarse thread or cocktail stick. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in egg glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Brown on all sides in hot butter or substitute; drain. Place in ovenware dish, add claret, cover, and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve with brown gravy and vegetables.

BEEF AND CABBAGE CATALON

One pound cooked sliced beef, ½lb. salami sausage, 1 red pepper, 6 black olives, 1 clove garlic, pinch marjoram or mace, salt, pepper, 1 egg, 1 small cabbage, 3 rashers bacon, 1 cup tomato juice or puree.

Chop meat, salami sausage, and red pepper into small dice. Combine, add sliced olives, crushed garlic, herbs, and seasoning. Bind with the egg. Place cabbage in boiling water for 5 minutes. Remove and cool. Open leaves, pack in layers with the meat mixture into greased heatproof casserole. Arrange bacon rashers over top, pour tomato puree over. Cover, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve accompanied by thick slices of crusty garlic bread.

BEEF PANAMA

Two pounds minced steak, 1 cup haricot beans (soaked overnight), 1oz. butter or substitute, 2 cloves crushed garlic, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup tomato puree, ½ teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon chili sauce, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup water, 1 green pepper, grated cheese, salt.

Heat shortening in pan, add steak, cook until meat changes color, stirring constantly to prevent lumps forming. Add garlic, onion, tomato puree, salt and pepper, chili sauce, paprika, nutmeg, and water. Bring to boil, simmer 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Wash soaked beans, boil in salted water until tender, drain. Add to meat mixture, mix well. Grease casserole dish, fill with meat and bean mixture. Decorate with overlapping slices of green pepper, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated and top golden-brown.

HUNGARIAN CASSEROLE

Two pounds topside steak, salt and pepper, 2 teaspoons paprika, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 medium onions (sliced), 1 large carrot (sliced), 2oz. flour, ½ pint meat or vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 medium skinned tomatoes, 2 sticks celery, 1lb. mashed potatoes, chopped parsley.

Trim and cut steak into even-sized pieces, season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Heat oil in deep pan, add onion and carrot, cook until golden. Brown steak in pan with vegetables, then sprinkle over flour, cook 5 minutes longer. Pour over stock and sauce, bring slowly to the boil, stir occasionally. Add chopped tomatoes and sliced celery. Transfer to greased casserole, cook slowly in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours. Serve with the potatoes piped round edge of casserole, sprinkle with chopped parsley.



IMAGINATION, plus a sense of adventure in trying new flavors, will often produce a casserole "fit for a king," like the Beef a la Bourguignonne shown above. The recipe is in panel at right.

OXTAIL CALAIS

Two oxtails cut in 2in. to 3in. pieces, 1 chopped carrot, 2 chopped onions, 1 bunch herbs (parsley, celery, thyme, bayleaf), 1 glass sherry, 2 glasses white wine, 10 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, 12 small onions, 12 small carrots, 3 tomatoes, 3 cups beef stock, 1½ cups small button mushrooms, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, butter, ½ cup flour.

Mix together the chopped carrot, onions, bunch of herbs, sherry, white wine, whole peppercorns, and salt. Marinate oxtail overnight in this mixture. Remove oxtail, carrot, and onions, reserve liquid and herbs. Brown oxtail pieces lightly, add the whole carrots and onions and cook until they are brown. Drain off fat, add garlic, sprinkle with flour. When flour is brown, add the liquid and herbs of the marinade and the tomatoes. Cover well with the beef stock, cook slowly, about 3 hours. Remove oxtail to heatproof casserole, add the garnishing of cooked carrots, cooked onions, and small mushrooms sautéed in butter. Strain liquid in which the oxtail cooked through fine sieve, allow fat to rise to the top, then remove it all. Correct seasonings and, if sauce is not thick enough, add little arrowroot mixed with sherry. Pour over oxtail and vegetables. Reheat all together, serve with chopped parsley.

CASSOULET

One pound dried red kidney beans, 6 cups water, 1½lb. pork sausages, 1lb. chuck steak (cubed), 2 medium onions (chopped), 2 cloves garlic (minced), ½ teaspoon crushed dried rosemary or ¼ teaspoon powdered rosemary, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, dash cayenne, ¾-cup dry red wine, 1½ cups bean liquid.

Wash beans, bring to boil with 6 cups water; boil 2 minutes. Let stand overnight. Then simmer until almost tender. Cut sausages in halves, fry in pan until browned. Remove sausage. Brown beef, onion, and garlic in fat remaining in pan; put in greased casserole. Add seasonings and wine. Cover, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Add beans, sausage, bean liquid. Cover, bake ½ hours longer.

ITALIAN PORK SPECIAL

Two pounds pork sausages (cooked), 2 cups shredded tasty cheese, 1 large can tomato soup, 1 cup chopped mushrooms, 1oz. butter, 1 teaspoon garlic salt, salt, pepper, oregano, ¼ cup grated cheese.

Cut sausages into slices, arrange in large shallow ovenproof dish (ungreased). Sprinkle cheese over meat. Melt butter in small pan, lightly saute mushrooms; drain on absorbent paper. Combine with tomato soup, garlic salt, oregano, salt and pepper; spoon over meat. Sprinkle grated cheese over top, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 9, 1962

Teenagers'

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

WEEKLY



SPECIAL FIVE-PIECE

PATTERN OFFER—page 2

LETTERS

She's funny, but not silly

FOR a long time now I have been a "life of the party girl." I felt it was a kind of duty, and that it was expected of me to liven up functions that I attended. Many invitations I received were given with this end in mind.

I have been very successful at it, winning a goodly amount of popularity among my friends of both sexes, but not—as I have lately found—respect.

My friends' parents like me, but consider me a "clown" and an "amiable idiot." This is beginning to hurt now. I am given no acknowledgement for responsibility or sense.

I clown, but I am not shallow. I read widely, and I have a fairly sound background in literary subjects. Most of my puns and comments are drawn from this, and the broadness of mind which it encourages.

Consequently I feel it is a little unjust to be "wiped" as a complete idiot, and a little ungrateful of my friends for not analysing my case more fully. — "Amiable Idiot," Castlemaine, Vic.

Closed books

WHY does the study of philosophy remain a closed book to so many young people? It can greatly enrich our lives and teach us how to use our minds. Today knowledge is available from so many channels — libraries, paperback editions of most works of philosophy, W.E.A. courses, and several university courses. — Barbara Hammond, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

OUR COVER

PATTERNS for three blouses, a pair of slacks (long or matador), and a skirt—all for 4/6, the usual price of one. Our three little girls in blue are wearing the clothes which you can easily make from this special offer by Candy Hardy. The pattern number is 7492, and you can get it by sending 4/6 to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Buy 54in. material, and for each blouse you'll need 1½yds.; for the slacks 1½yds. (long) or 1½yds. (matador); and for the skirt 1yd. Sizes available are 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, so don't forget to state your size. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Clubs from taxes

THE Government should build clubs for teenagers with the money collected by tax from teenagers. Every suburb should have at least one club to keep us occupied in sport of some kind. — M. Braun, Villawood, N.S.W.

Nursing scheme

I READ recently that New York has evolved a scheme to help teenagers. Both boys and girls over 14 are recruited from schools to work in hospitals during their leisure hours. They receive no remuneration, but are supplied with attractive uniforms and their fares to and from the hospitals. They develop a deeper sense of the true values of life and feel they are doing something very worth while. In

these times of nursing shortages and juvenile delinquency I feel that this is an excellent idea worthy of instigation in Australia. — Mollie Taylor, Bentleigh, Vic.

Terms for teens

TERMS for teenagers, under which they can open accounts at stores, is a wonderful idea. When I left school three years ago my mother decided not to charge me board if I banked £2 a week and also bought something useful on terms.

So I banked £2 a week and bought a TV set for £15/- a week. This is my own TV, which I have in my bedroom so I can watch my own choice of programmes. The family already had a TV.

Now, three years later, my TV is paid for, and with the savings from my bank account I have just paid the deposit on a small car, on which I will have to pay £13 a month—not too much for a teenager on today's high wages. Of course, being under 21 means my mother has to guarantee my accounts.

I consider hire-purchase a means of enforced saving. I am acquiring useful assets with my money, which otherwise would have been frittered away. — "Diana," Randwick, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



"You've done wonders for my empty heart, Gerald—now what can you do for my empty head?"

Young witnesses

A FEW weeks ago my friends and I witnessed an accident. We were asked by the driver of one of the cars to write out a statement stating that he was in the right (he was in the right).

All that was needed was to state that the other car was travelling at an excessive speed, but our fathers would not let us write this statement.

Do you think we should have written a statement, or were our fathers correct in not letting us become involved? — "Fifteen," Brighton, S.A.

Next week

IF a girl wants to look her best in pants she has to copy the lithe grace of her favorite cat. In our next issue famous Australian model Margo McKendry shows you how—in the most fabulous color pictures you've seen for a long time. ALSO, we have some party recipes for a cold winter's night and advice from Carolyn Earle on how to match your make-up and clothes to your hair and skin coloring.

An Australian in Heidelberg

DANCING in a student cellar, stone-walled, in the gloomy radiance of candle-light; sitting in a centuries-old locale where students from all over the world gather to drink beer and sing, or furtively attempting to carve their initials alongside those already ingrained in the dark wood of the tables, gaining immortality; or going to a jazz cellar . . . it's all part of being young in Germany.

A man usually plays the piano and is accompanied by students singing. If a particularly large group of Americans is present, he just as easily switches to something modern and appropriate, which is bound to earn the approval of the tourists. It's good for business.

But it is the atmosphere which eludes definition. The Germans say "gemutlichkeit," meaning "good fellowship, good drink, good cheer," in a rough translation. I don't think there is a similar word in English.

Steaming plates of food are served to students who happen to have a temporary supply of money, and sometimes a huge beer boot, about 1½ feet high, is ordered.

It really is a large glass shaped into the form of a

● I live in the university town of Heidelberg, Germany, and would like to give you an idea of life here, or, at least, a few aspects of it.

boot, which is passed round the table in a communal ceremony of good fellowship and much ritual.

You can meet anyone here. Swedes, Orientals, Irish, serious Germans accompanied by lighthearted Americans . . . and sometimes, not often, an Australian.

No sooner do you sit at one of the long benches than people draw you into the conversation, drink your health, and politely conceal their surprise when they learn you are that unknown quantity . . . an Australian.

"What language do you speak there?" they ask. They usually break into broad grins and mention the kangaroos.

If your boy-friend has a Porsche, and you can race through the narrow streets in seconds from place to place, then you don't have to worry about cobblestones! High heels are agony, especially at night, when you stumble on the uneven surface of roads and paths.

Heidelberg is surrounded by mountains on all sides, and through the city flows the

Neckar River, which in summer is alive with small craft and pleasure launches flying the red, black, and gold German flag, and shining white on the blue-grey water.

The hills in summer are lush green-blue, and in autumn the trees turn red and golden brown.

Above all is the magnificent ruin of the Heidelberg castle, high up on a hill, dominating the town. Thousands of tourists flock here in summer, laden with cameras and phrase books.

If you stand on the balcony of the castle you can see a tall pink stone house on the other side of the river, where the first version of the opera "The Student Prince" was performed. It was based on the story of a real prince who studied in the town.

Germans are very polite. When you buy something in a shop, the assistant always says "good day" and "auf wiedersehen" to every customer. The Germans are much more formal than we are. They shake hands on meeting friends, and again on saying goodbye.

However, in their peculiar insistence on detail, their inherent dignity, their preoccupation with the impression they are making, they can be boring.

Australian men may have less dignity and imagination, but have more down-to-earth good-heartedness, and are probably more reliable.

Perhaps Germans are somewhat more orderly and don't fling papers on the footpaths . . . but there is a feeling of restraint, because of lack of space. The "order," for which Germans are famed, is simply the result of living in an overcrowded land.

You come to appreciate Australia's space and freedom of movement, and sunshine. However there is a quaint charm to be found in Germany . . . in the forests of tall trees, and green hills, the villages and narrow cobbled streets, old women in black, children in winter stockings of red and blue, with fur caps, the crumbling ruins of castles, the festivals, . . . it is well worth a trip from New World to the Old. One finds not only the past or present, but a meeting of the two. — Helga Loewen, c/o Familie Apfel, Roterstrasse 80a, Heidelberg, Germany.

LONELY BOY

● Paul Anka, the American pop singer and composer of songs with the big beat who was earning a million dollars a year by the time he was 17, has now made the big time with relatively long-haired adults — as a film star.

THIS month and next a film about Paul's life will be shown at three film festivals in Australia — in Adelaide (May 14 to 24), Melbourne (May 24 to June 9), and Sydney (June 1 to 14).

The film, "Lonely Boy," was made by the National Film Board of Canada. It is a study of the personal isolation of a teenage singing idol and was made last year in New York and Atlantic City, where the 21-year-old Canadian-born singer was then appearing.

Only 15 when he wrote and recorded "Diana," which sold 8,000,000 copies, Paul has continued to have success after success, including the million-selling "Lonely Boy" and "Puppy Love."

As well as these hits of his own, he has written hits for other singers, including Bobby Darin, Connie Francis, and Bobby Rydell.

When Paul went to Hollywood to make "Girls' Town" he was 17 and, by law, had to have a welfare worker and a tutor with him while he was away from home.

When they left him on his 18th birthday, the poor little lonely rich boy, already a millionaire, found himself really lonely.

"Now they're gone," he said, "I find that I have nobody to talk to. My manager talks to me when we're back at the hotel, but it's only about business."

"He says that one day I'll be able to relax with people of my own age but that right now what we've got to do is sell records, write songs, and make movies."

The manager, Irvin Feld, is still with Paul and appears with him in the film to be shown at the festivals.

Interviews with Paul and Feld tell the story of the boy's rocket flight into the popularity orbit, and terrific sequences of his audiences show the screaming reaction of teenagers to his singing.

In 1960 Paul considerably improved his appearance by having his nose "bopped" by a plastic surgeon. Soon afterwards he crashed the adult entertainment world with a successful debut

By AINSLIE BAKER

at New York's sophisticated "Copacabana" nightclub.

Where does Paul Anka go next? It has been suggested that he's even more talented as a composer than as a singer and that he'll end up as a composer of Broadway musical hits.

But—more important if he isn't to remain the "lonely boy" of the film festivals' documentary — who's going into the future with him, apart from the all-work-and-no-play Mr. Feld?

So far Paul has given no indication.

What are these film festivals at which the film will be shown? From a tiny beginning ten years ago they are now a firmly established institution.

Last year the Sydney Festival was given official international recognition, placing it on a par with top festivals in overseas countries.

The first Australian festival, held at Olinda, Victoria, over a long weekend

in January, 1952, was mainly a conference of film society members.

As a result, Melbourne had a real festival with a good deal of public support the following year.

Sydney's first festival was held the year after that. Australian and overseas films were shown to several hundred subscribers over four days, but by last year the Sydney membership had to be limited to 2000, and nearly 100 films from 30 countries were shown in university and city halls and theatres over a three-week period.

The subscription to the Sydney Festival is £2/10/- and tickets can be bought at David Jones, Palings, Nicholsons, and Sheppards Book Shop.

Customs regulations do not permit the sale of tickets to a single session. But the price is not really high for the right to see 100 films. It works out at 6d. a film.

In Melbourne the cost is £3/5/- (inquiries, Film Festival office, 82-1758), and in Adelaide the subscription ranges from £1/15/- to £2/12/6 (inquiries, Film Festival office, 8-3211).



TWO STILLS from the film "Lonely Boy"—left, Paul Anka alone in the spotlight; right, surrounded by adoring fans, but still alone.

Girl all set to find gold out west

● She's only 17, but she's a self-confessed "gold-digger," and her ambition is to become the fastest woman in the world.

HER name is Glenys Beasley, she lives in Melbourne, and the first gold "loot" she is after is in the shape of highly prized medals which she hopes to snatch away from other gold-diggers in Perth later this year.

And she has every chance of success, for Glenys is one of Australia's great sprinting hopes for the Commonwealth Games in November.

Tall and attractive, Glenys (who is our page 12 pin-up this week) emerged from the Australian women's track and field championships earlier this year as the nation's best sprint prospect since Betty Cuthbert conquered all opposition at the Melbourne Olympics in 1956.

Glenys won the sprint "double," and her times of 10.5 sec. for the 100 yards and 23.7 for the 200 yards — on a track which was far from helpful — were excellent.

Victoria's pride

She was the unchallenged star of the championships held in Adelaide, and back home in Melbourne she was the pride of them all.

For though the locals had admired and adored Betty Cuthbert, Marlene Mathews, and Shirley Strickland when they carried off their swag of gold medals from the Melbourne Cricket Ground in '56

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

they were more than a little disappointed that there wasn't a Victorian girl among their ranks.

Now they're rejoicing in the fact that the State is richer in class women sprinters than they've ever been, with Glenys leading the field.

This teenager with the gold medals in her sights has been chosen to compete against the champions of other States in the Commonwealth Games Squad at trials in Melbourne on October 13 and 14.

Her many Victorian fans are convinced Glenys will breeze through like a zephyr, but the sprint star is very modest about her prospects.

"I know the trials are my first big hurdle," she said. "And though I was successful in the Australian championships I know all the girls will be a yard or two better in the trials, because so much is at stake."

"All I can say is that I hope to be a yard or THREE better — and get to the finishing-line first."

"I fully realise, however, that girls like Rhonda Bainbridge and Marilyn Black, of New South Wales, who missed the Adelaide titles because of illness, have in the past recorded times pretty close . . . too close . . . to mine."

Though Glenys is modest about her achievements and

her prospects on the track, she's certainly not modest in her ambitions.

"And my ambitions at the moment are all athletic ambitions," she said.

She first hopes to make a gold "killing" at the Perth Games, but she's already looking way past them to the 1964 Tokio Olympics.

"I know a lot of things can go wrong in this athletics game," she said. "Many stars have been dogged by bad luck and have missed out on their ambitions. I just hope I'm lucky, that's all."

No social life

"If luck stays with me, I think I might just be in the running, because I'm certainly going to work hard at it."

Glenys has already been working hard at it. In her battle to reach the top, she has given away all social activities for her education and her running.

And since she matriculated at Camberwell High School at the end of last year the emphasis has been on running, running, running, and more running.

Glenys, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Beasley, of Mount Waverley, a suburb eleven miles from Melbourne, thinks that one day she'll either do a physical education course at Melbourne University or train as a teacher of deaf children.

But that "one day" won't be this year. She's currently at home looking after her mother, who is sick, and as soon as she is on her feet again Glenys will be devoting every minute of her time and energy to getting herself stronger and swifter for the contests ahead.

Glenys — 5ft. 7½in. tall, with hazel eyes and mid-brown curly hair, which she wears short — first entered the Australian Championships when she was 14.

But her interest in becoming a champion athlete extends back much further than that. "In fact, I think I must have been born with it," she said. "My parents think I've inherited my interest and what skill I have from my grandfather, who was an English sprint champion."

There's no doubt that 1962 — the year which will give her the chance to show her heels to the swiftest girls in the British

HAVING A BALL AT THE BOWLING ALLEY



BOWLING is growing like a mushroom and may well become one of Australia's most popular indoor sports. The girls as well as the boys are taking it up and becoming more and more interested in special fashions for the sport. These London girls are modelling two of the latest outfits at Ten Pin Lanes. The dress and pants in woollen tartans are worn with Shetland sweaters.

Commonwealth — has looked like being HER year from the month it dawned.

In January, even before the national championships, she astounded the experts with her performances at the Victorian titles.

She won the senior 100 metres in 11.6sec., creating a new Victorian resident record.

Not satisfied with this, she also won the open 100-yard and the senior and junior 220-yard events, and became the girl with the most enviable record entering the Australian championships.

Betty's come-back

Glenys looks as though she's well on the way to the athletics success she dreams of, but she's not overlooking the fact that her strongest opponent in the Games trials . . . and the Games fields . . . could yet be Betty Cuthbert.

For 23-year-old Betty, THE golden girl of the Melbourne Olympics, is making a come-back after more than a year's retirement.

Betty was put out of the running for 1960 Olympic medals in Rome, where she was hit first with sickness and then with a muscle injury which forced her to withdraw from remaining events.

When she returned to Australia she decided to retire, but her love of athletics has drawn her back into the battle and she'll be fighting to recover her old devastating form for the Commonwealth Games.

Though she's famed as a sprinter, Betty is hoping that the 440-yard event, for which she holds the world record, will be included in the Games programme for women. And, of course, she's also hoping that she'll be the lass who'll win it if it is.

Betty could well hit record-breaking form again, and every sports-lover in Australia hopes she does.

But, Cuthbert or no Cuthbert, there's little doubt that come the Commonwealth Games Glenys Beasley, "The Melbourne Rocket," will be zooming into the space reserved for champions.



"If you don't want it for girls—just why do you need an allowance at all?"

HOW A COOK BECOMES A COOK

By KIRSTEN WARD

● When is a cook not a cook? When his hat is big and the checks on his pants are small. Then he's a chef.

AND that's what teenagers Jim Byrne, John Mostyn, and Alex Petunis aim to be one day.

At present they are working as apprentice cooks in the kitchen of a big Sydney hotel under the kindly and expert eye of French chef Marcelle Clay.

Their hats are small and the checks on their trousers comparatively large—but, traditionally, as their status in the kitchen grows so will the size of their hats. And gradually their trouser checks will become smaller.

John is 15 and comes from Beverly Hills. He has started his cooking career this year very well by winning the Waldorf Cup for Apprentices with his hors-d'oeuvres entry.



APPRENTICE cook Jim Byrne learns the correct way to carve a chicken from French chef Marcelle Clay. John Mostyn, on the right, watches while preparing a gravy.

"I've always liked cooking," he said. "I used to cook dinner often at home—but I haven't the time now, really."

This is because the boys work shifts on a roster system, and their hours prevent them getting home for dinner.

Sculpture in margarine

As a first-year apprentice John is working mainly with salads and cold meats. He gradually helps in the kitchen, watching and learning all the time. He has to learn the name of everything connected with cookery, and the rules of the kitchen.

Alex said, "We are also taught discipline and respect for our teacher. It is important that everything works smoothly, especially in rush hours."

Alex is 17, lives in Sydney, and—as a second-year apprentice—his work is a little more advanced. He works under the wing of one of the senior cooks, and is given a little more responsibility.

"At this stage we try to find out if a boy has any special talents," Marcelle explained. "Alex here is a sculptor."

Alex was deftly smoothing down the nose of a gallant looking pirate made of margarine, which was to be the table centrepiece at a convention held in the hotel.

"I prefer this sort of work to anything else I have to do," Alex said. "I'm glad I took this job. The vocational guidance officer recommended it."

Jim Byrne is 16 and comes from Panania. Like John, he took up cooking because he likes it. He is a first-year apprentice.

One of the first things he learnt was that an egg is more than just an egg, too.

"Last week we had a half-hour lesson on an egg," Jim said. "We had to study its cell make-up, how to test it for freshness, and every possible way of cooking and serving it."

The boys' wages, starting at £7 a week for the first six months, rise every

six months. In the last half of their fourth year they receive £17 a week.

But even with their apprenticeships finished they cannot be called chef.

They have at least three or four years' extra experience to gain in the various kitchen departments. Then the rate of their promotion depends upon their ability, experience, and employer.

The head chef of a kitchen is often the second highest paid employee in a hotel, and sometimes the highest.

But that's still a long way ahead for these three boys.

They all hope to travel when they're through (perhaps as cooks on a passenger liner) to England, and then to France for more study.



ALEX PETUNIS, a second-year apprentice, working on his margarine sculpture of a pirate.

In the meantime they must learn about such things as butchery, pastry-making, baking, roasting, preserving, and the costing and buying of food. They also study staff control, in preparation for the day they head a kitchen, responsible only to the catering manager.

Lots of study

They all like their work and feel it's a trade to be proud of.

There is a lot of study attached to it—three years at technical college, and four years altogether as an apprentice—and they have all the traditions and the reputation of an old, old art to respect.

One tradition is the varying hat and check sizes—mentioned earlier.

As well, everyone in the kitchen wears crisp white cotton coats, double breasted so that they can be buttoned one way before lunch and the other way for the evening meal for cleanliness.

Apprentices have nylon buttons, but the chef's are cotton.

Sleeves are worn long for hygiene and protection.

When working in the heat they must wear a white cotton scarf, long enough to be used to wipe the face.

A cook must never take his cap off when working.

"In fact," Marcelle said, "we don't even take it off for a king."

"You see, it's not really a hat, but part of our working outfit."

Good cooks are important in any big city. Visitors who come to Sydney from overseas, for example, expect good meals.

"And Australians, too, are becoming more and more selective about food," Marcelle Clay said. "And a cook's skill must grow with their tastes."

To prove his point, Marcelle, who is a member of the Association de Cuisine de Paris, said: "I have been cooking most of my life—and I'm still learning."



USEFUL LUXURY, a post-office-red three-button waistcoat which could be added to a young man's basic wardrobe. It's made from soft cotton doeskin and worn with a one-color shirt and plain narrow tie. £7.7.0.



CHECKED JERKIN of mohair and wool replaces last season's jumper. It is casual, comfortable, and sleeveless with a deep V-neck. £5.5.0.



BUSINESS SUIT is shadow-checked and worn with plain shirt and narrow tie. Trousers have 15in. bottoms and the coat has clover-leaf lapels. £25.10.0.



FOUR-BUTTON CARDIGAN is big fashion news. This cut-away style is worn with slim black terylene-and-wool slacks. Cardigan £7.7.0. Slacks £7.10.0.

FOR K

● *Winter is a'cumin in, and as the without being extreme, and do with shoulder-pads removed pleatless. Colors are mostly are important accessories darker and follow the straight and have button clothes, with crew socks a must*

TEN YOUNG MEN . . .

it a whole new batch of clothes that are as exciting
hint of frost in the air. Clothes for the young man are high fashion
ed for comfort and durability. The silhouette is natural,
entirely or reduced to a minimum. Trousers are narrow, cuffless, and
ued, with black and dark brown the favorite choice. Shirts and ties
es and should be chosen as carefully as the most expensive suit. Ties are
narrow. Shirts are subtly checked of white or pale blue,
own or pin-through collars. Socks are plain all the way for business
or casuals. These clothes mirror the new trend . . .

Clothes from Farmer's Young Man's Shop, Sydney.



ALL-WEATHER COAT is checked cotton, slashed to around knee-length. The line is narrow again, with two side vents for easy walking. £12.19.6.



NUMBER ONE in any basic wardrobe—the suit for “best.” In this case black terylene and wool with natural shoulder line, three-button coat, and narrow cuffless trousers. Shirt is plain color and tie a narrow 1½ in. £25.10.0.

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Drives her crazy

"I HAVE been going with a boy of 20 for 18 months. I love him very much, and I know he loves me. At the beginning of this year he changed his job to an interstate driver. I don't see him very much, but when I do he always starts about some of the girls he meets. I know he always had a keen eye on others, but as far as I know he never dated any. The other night when I saw him, I asked him if he still loved me. He said he'd have to think it over. But I can't stand this much longer. What shall I do? I can't afford to lose him, either."

"Holme," N.S.W.

You'll have to do some thinking over, too, and you must not only think, but write out 500 times, "Never ask any man if he still loves me."

Girls only ask that when they're not sure of the answer. When they ask they put themselves on the receiving end of a reply that can be unpleasant and hurtful.

You should find yourself another man while this young man is thinking things over. In any case, what's the use of him now that he spends most of his time roaring over the highways.

To be truthful, I don't think interstate drivers have a great deal of time for new girls and the preliminaries that lead to dating. But you got your answer. Whether he has other girls or not, he doesn't feel the same about you.

Work's the answer

"WE have two friends who, like us, are doing the Leaving this year. One of them is clever enough to pass with the barest minimum of study. The other one is not keeping her promise, on which she got into Fifth Year, to work well. They are 15, so are we. They are wasting time in school with a group of cheap boys and have succeeded in lowering themselves to the boys' standards. What should we do? Mind our own business and ignore them or tell them to behave?"

"Two Worried Friends," S.A.

Mind your own business, work hard, and live your own lives.

"Don't tie me down"

"FOR three years I have been going steady with a boy of 23. I am 20. We have often discussed marriage and setting a date for our engagement. I was sure he was the boy for me, but recently my feelings toward him have changed. I don't want to be tied down, but I don't want to lose him, either. The main reason is a very nice 22-year-old boy with whom I work. He often smiles and talks to me and is very shy. I'm afraid I have a secret crush on him, which will do me no good. I have no idea of his feelings toward me, and he knows I have a steady. I would like to go out with him

just once, and maybe it would make up my mind for me. But how would I go about it? I have thought seriously of breaking it off with my steady, but I'm not sure I want to lose him. Yet I feel guilty when I am with him. What shall I do?"

"Guilty," N.S.W.

He may be the boy for you, but you definitely aren't the girl for him. You should get rid of him and play the field.

If at any time later you are thinking of marrying, remember this very old, good rule: When in doubt, don't.

Boys on the corner

"EVERY night when I go to the pictures there are two or more boys on the corner who always try to get me out with them in the car. I am 16. Do you advise me to?"

"Bina," N.S.W.

No, certainly not.

Love set

"I AM one of a group of boys who play tennis every weekend. Recently my best mate brought along a girl. This girl likes him very much and he likes her. Since I played a game of tennis with her I have grown fond of her, but if I show I like her it could break up my friendship with my mate. What should I do?"

"Bob," Qld.

Ask her has she a sister or a girl-friend she could bring to play with you.

It would be a pity to break a friendship over this girl. She's only a passing crush — dozens more girls will be before you marry — but friends of the same sex are generally valuable friends for life.

Figure-conscious

"A CERTAIN boy and I have been writing to each other for about four months. In nearly each letter he puts, 'I wish I could see you soon.' We live approximately 12 miles apart. Although he says this, he never does anything about it. Do you think I should mention it to him, or just leave it up to him? I also have trouble with my figure. I'm 16 and have a 30in. bust. I'm not very proud of this fact, and I'm always very self-conscious about it."

"Crocus," S.A.

Boys often say things like "I wish I could see you soon," because they feel girls expect them to. Leave things to him. One of these days he'll eat up those miles and arrive in person.

One of the wonderful things about 1962 and bosoms is that the brassiere-makers are so good it doesn't much matter whether you are large or small. What does matter is that when you buy a brassiere (get a padded one—a couple of inches bigger, if you like) be sure to go to a store where you are fitted by an expert.

Being proud of the size of your bosom has a kind of phony ring these days when so many girls wear padded bras.

Writing's a bore

"A YEAR ago on holidays I met a boy my own age who comes from another State. I liked him very much, and this feeling was mutual. Since I only had a week's holiday I asked would he mind if I wrote to him. He welcomed the suggestion and promised to reply. I wrote; no answer came. I wrote again, and no reply. I accepted the brush-off. Now I have been to the same place, and the first day I was there I met him. He was pleased and asked all that had happened to me during the year. On asking him why he didn't reply to my letters he gave a feeble excuse. Could you tell me why he did not write and answer my letters?"

"Happy Wonderer," Qld.

He couldn't be bothered.

Honesty's best

"AFTER going on a holiday and meeting many other boys, I am no longer interested in my steady as a boy-friend. Should I tell him straight out? If so, how? Or would it be better to try to avoid him and refuse his dates?"

"Not Interested," N.S.W.

Be nice about it and tell him straight out. You told me straight out in the letter, so you know how to do it.

Don't go mouldy

"I AM still in love with a boy who for over a year has ceased to show affection toward me. He is educated, kind, and loving—everything you want in a person. He is going steady with another girl, and I see them often on group outings, when he treats me as though he had never broken my heart. I have lost interest in a lot of things,

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

but I keep hoping he will come back to me. I am 17½. Other boys don't seem to interest me. I have dates all right, but that is as far as it goes. Maybe they sense the feeling I have for this boy. I am very lonely and unhappy."

"Chic-chic," Tas.

You may be lonely and unhappy, but what a wonderful time you are having dramatising the way you feel over this great lost love. Most women have some lost love they dramatise, but the wise ones only dramatise in daydreams kept strictly to themselves.

You have carried the whole thing too far. Start getting interested again, or before long you'll be so mouldy and uninteresting that no one, male or female, will bother with you.

Personality counts

"I AM crazy about a 17-year-old boy who lives in my street. I am 16. He sometimes comes up to my place and talks to me, but as he has a terrific physique and piles of girl-friends has never asked me out. What can I do to make him take more notice of me? We have a lot in common; everything except good looks."

"Brother's Sister," Vic.

Good looks haven't a great deal to do with love, once the first impact is over. Personality is what counts and what holds a man. He'd probably take more notice of you if you took less notice of him.

TABLE MANNERS

FINAL TIPS

From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."



DON'T get up from the table until your hostess rises, and don't leave the dining-room until your elders have left.

DON'T push a plate away from you when you are finished. Leave it where it is with the silverware properly placed.

SO, NOW THAT YOU KNOW the rules, you can start breaking them. Don't forget, though, it takes a lot of social know-how to break rules. Remember that a dinner party is not a funeral, nor has your hostess invited you because she thinks you are in dire need of food. You are there to be entertaining and gay. Do your part. Don't be a gloom.



What ails your nails?

By
Carolyn
Earle

● Nails vary as much as people. There are many girls who have what are usually called "nice nails," and although they do nothing out of the ordinary to protect them they always seem to be all right. But there are other girls who have a lot of trouble with their nails, particularly in wintertime.

WHATEVER your work, winter cold can bring its own fingernail problems, even though you have nails that normally behave quite well.

Broken and splitting fingernails are a special problem of the season, and there is usually renewed interest in ways of dealing with the condition.

Rest assured that your fingernails can be improved. It is not always an easy job, nor can it be done overnight.

You can hardly help knowing that the nails, like the hair, are the mirror of general bodily health. For this reason a check on your intake of minerals, as well as vitamins and proteins, is wise.

There's a widespread idea that if you take a lot of calcium it will do something to strengthen brittle nails and, indeed, some nails do seem to respond well to the calcium treatment.

Everyone needs a bumper supply of vitamins A and B in winter. This is easy to supply in any good diet: plenty of meat, especially liver, fish, fresh green vegetables, carrots, milk, and wheatgerm.

Then, of course, some long-term attention to the nails themselves is indicated.

One practical way in which you can help any fingernail project along is to develop a consciousness of them, so that you almost automatically avoid the everyday shocks and blows that may induce them to break or split.

Exposing the hands to strong cleansing preparations may be damaging. This means using a good barrier cream, rubber gloves, and a washing-up mop when you set about any household tasks.

These are just a few small ways in which anticipation pays off in stronger fingernails.

When fingernails develop ridges which run the whole length of the nail, the condition is an uneven growth of the nail and it can usually be put down to a run-down state of health. A warm oil bath regularly two or three nights a week will help this defect, but it will take some time, as the ridges last until the nail has grown out.

This is how to give your nails an oil bath: Before your weekly manicure, first warm a little olive oil and soak the nails for about 15 minutes. Then massage oil into cuticles and wipe off surplus.

Follow this treatment by gently lifting the cuticles with a rubber hoof-stick.

For the rest, develop a night-time ritual of nail pampering. Massage cuticle cream in over the nails and cuticles every night without fail. Use large quantities of any good hand-cream that has a lanoline base. It must be lanoline. Just before you get into bed, massage it into the nails, the tips of fingers, and the cuticles.

Don't touch the cuticles with anything hard. Leave them completely alone except for massaging in a generous amount of a lanoline cream with the other hand.

NO, NO—A THOUSAND TIMES, NGO!

● To forge a phrase, Ngo news might be bad news—for boys.

I SAY this after reading what a woman named Madame Ngo (pronounced "no," yes?) has done for women in Vietnam, South-East Asia.

Madame Ngo, sister-in-law of Vietnam's President, has helped her country's women to win some powerful rights.

She has had polygamy banned — which means that two's company, three's not allowed (or that while two's company three's propriety is limited!).

And if a married man sees another woman more than twice in a year he can be fined. He can be gaoled for repeated offences.

Wives can also "freeze" the bank accounts of erring husbands.

Now don't misunderstand me. I don't want to deny married women the right to push around their husbands. Anyway, it's too ingrained a habit to change.

But I am worried about the chances of the trend spreading to single males' dating.

Imagine—a boy with more than one girl on a string could be putting his head in a noose.

And picture him saying goodnight to a second casual girl-friend after their first date.

"Thanks for a grand time," he'd say — and, if he was smart, would add, "Can I see you again—next year?"

Then there's the "freezing" of bank accounts business that also could be applied to dating.

Once the worst punishment a two-timing feller faced was a cold shoulder or an icy reception—not a lost overdraft. That would be an ill windfall that owes nobody good!

As for the final punishment for repeated eternal triangulation, surely gaoled would be a bit too tough.

Maybe, instead, there could be on-the-spot sparking fines.

But if gaoled sentences were imposed there would be habitual "criminals" who would not give up their gaggles of girls even at the price of going regularly to the jug.

You would doubtless find these fearless fellows at social functions — known as lifers of the party!

There's only one aspect of Madame Ngo's campaign of which, I'm sure, single girls would not have a bar.

I refer to the name of her outfit — the Women's Solidarity Party.

The girls I know would rather have rivals for their boys than be branded "solid."

Madame Ngo, however, has no weight problem, apparently — though she seems to have taken a rather novel reducing treatment. You see, commenting on her work, she seems to have said: "Other women pressed me." Beats dieting, eh?

To sum up . . . As I said earlier, I can't object to Madame Ngo's strict rules when applied to husbands.

In fact, I must admit they might even be handy to a wife in some other country.

If her husband is being beastly, or a gay dog, she could always take him to a Viet!

—Robin Adair

Search for perfection

8. GEORGE WASHINGTON LAMBERT (1873-1930).

GEORGE LAMBERT was probably the first Australian painter to receive general recognition in England and Europe.

His long periods abroad from 1900 onwards gave him deep insight into European traditions and culture in relation to art, but his early experiences of life in Australia between 1883 and 1900, both in the outback and in Sydney, were never forgotten.

Lambert was born in 1873 in St. Petersburg, Russia, where his father, an American engineer, was employed on railway construction. When his father died, the family moved to Esslingen, in Wurttemberg, and later (in 1881) to Somerset, England, where George attended the Kingston Grammar School.

In 1887, when Lambert was 14, his mother brought the family to a station property in New South Wales. It was probably then that Lambert developed his love of horses, which he never lost. Following this short but vitally important stay in the country came four years' work as a clerk in Sydney before he went back to the bush, where he worked as a station hand on a pastoral property.

Returning to Sydney, he entered Julian Ashton's art school as a full-time student who had already drawn for "The Bulletin."

Julian Ashton was impressed by Lambert's ability, and this was justified in 1899 when Lambert won the Wynne Prize for landscape with "Across the Blacksoil Plains," and again in 1900, when he won the Society of Artists' Travelling Scholarship, which gave him three years in Europe.

After studying in Paris, Lambert transferred to London, where he began working for newspapers and as a portrait painter.

The portrait reproduced at right, "Miss Thea Proctor, 1903," was painted when Lambert was 30. It is a study of a famous Australian artist, and shows the amazing maturity which he had already reached.

As a portrait painter Lambert was interested in conveying the character of the sitter. This was typical of English painting before and after World War I, the most prominent exponents in England being Augustus John and Sir William Orpen. Lambert's technique was sound and essentially individual. A man with infinite patience, he was rarely satisfied and strove for perfection.

In London, Lambert exhibited successfully in the Royal Academy, but with the outbreak of World War I he was appointed official war artist with the A.I.F. in Palestine. Many of his paintings and drawings from this period are now in The Australian War Memorial in Canberra.

He returned to Australia in 1921, and the following year was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, London, and in 1927 won the Archibald Prize for portraiture.

NEXT WEEK: Rupert Bunny



"MISS THEA PROCTOR, 1903," George Lambert. From the Collection of the Art Gallery of N.S.W.

TEENA BY Linda Terry



LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker

Singing cattlemen change their style

● During a visit to Sydney, in which they arranged for the release of their first LP and appeared on "Bandstand" and the "Johnny O'Keefe Show," Queensland's popular Webb brothers dropped in to say hullo.

WORTH HEARING

MOZART: Symphonies

THREE years before the end of his comparatively short life Mozart wrote his last three, and greatest, symphonies, all in the space of a few weeks. Of these, the best-known is undoubtedly the last of all, the "Jupiter" Symphony.

The symphony that Mozart wrote immediately before it (the 40th, in G Minor) was a dark, almost agonised work with revolutionary touches.

But the "Jupiter" (the nickname is not Mozart's) takes us into quite a different world. It is a poised, classical work, summing up the 18th century rather than looking into the future.

We have a near-ideal performance of this symphony on a new Coronet release, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the great Bruno Walter.

On the same disc is another "orthodox" Mozart symphony, the "Haffner" (No. 35). This was originally written for a ceremonial occasion, the granting of nobility to a dignitary of Mozart's home city, Salzburg.

It is natural, therefore, that it should have a touch of conventional pomp about it—but, as in the "Jupiter" Symphony, it is convention manipulated and enhanced by supreme genius.

— Martin Long

AS well as singing five of their own compositions on their disc, the three cattlemen - singers from Upper Widgee — Fabian, Marius, and Berard — will be singing some American folk-songs.

"We've been moving away from a pure Country and Western style for some time now," Fabian said, "but this will be the first time we've recorded numbers in the American folk style."

One of the tracks, "The Call Of The Bellbird," is a re-recording of the first number they ever put on disc — on a label that has now gone out of existence.

The boys say that when in Sydney their main trouble was to convince people that they really had been christened Fabian, Marius, and Berard.

Apart from going to Brisbane every now and again to do "Teen Time" and "Swinging School," the Webbs aren't keen on being away too long from their 5000-acre property, "Thornside," at Upper Widgee, near Gympie.

Marius is still the only bachelor of the group, and is the one who gets the fanmail, the others say.

SEEMS there's an exciting possibility that jazzman Bryce Rohde and his Quartet will be coming back from America to star in a jazz-oriented stage show from the U.S.A.

Local talent: In response to requests for a record by John Laws, the Sydney disc jockey who was rushed to hospital with polio after singing on a "Johnny O'Keefe Show" at the end of

March, Festival has issued a single of the two songs he did that night. They're the shouting, gospel-like "Shadrack" and the dramatic "Big Man In A Big House."

THERE'S always a queue waiting for a new Lonnie Lee single, and his latest, "Don't You Know" (Leedon), is no disappointment, with Lonnie in good form and a lively, different backing from saxes and trombones. Flip is a Gene Pitney composition, "Sure-Fire Bet."

NEWEST to swing into a sophisticated nightclub style is Johnny Devlin with his "Five Minutes More" (Festival 45). He sounds pretty good, though the tune could do with a bit more tune, if you know what I mean. There's a warm ballad flip, "Heaven's Plan."

Incidentally, though his new house at North Ryde isn't anywhere near finished, Johnny has already decided on a name—"Carolisa," after his wife and baby daughter.

Pops: For a change, how about flooding your living-room with the haunting music of the Pacific Islands? Lovely island standards such as "Beyond the Reef," "Now is the Hour," and "Keep Your Eyes on the Hands" are given a quality performance by the Leo Addeo orchestra on "Paradise Regained" (R.C.A. Stereo Action LP).

THERE are some pop tunes you're surprised to find yourself humming years after they've faded off the charts, and Kenny Ball's wonderful "March of the Siamese Children" (Pye 45) will surely be one of them. Another could be Perry Como's "Caterina," one of those Continental-type tunes that stick with you. (R.C.A. 45.)

SCHOOL FOR POPS



TANYA DAY, an ambitious 18-year-old pupil studying at Reg Calvert's school of pop-singing, Britain's newest and strangest school, where the only three "r's" taught are "rock, rhythm, and roll." The only qualifications required are good looks, distinct voice, and an ability to put across a song. Rewards, after graduation, could be in the £200 a week class, plus recording contracts, for the few who click with the public.

Tanya, until a few months ago, was a £7-a-week factory girl called Mary. She enjoys her pop-lessons and says, "This is what I've always wanted — to have the chance of being a top star. But it's hard work here, because there's so much more to entertaining than just getting up and singing. But the hard work is better than working in a factory."

Calvert, an ex-showman, bought a 23-roomed home, complete with swimming-pool and stables, in Rugby for the school. The stately rooms have taken on the air of recording studios, with trailing wires, microphones, and music everywhere.

DON'T be put off by the rather unpromising title of "Sound 35 MM" (Command LP). It's the Enoch Light orchestra, with some very classy arrangements of some worthwhile oldies, among them "You Do Something To Me," "Love For Sale," "Heat Wave." The sound's great.

MOVIE star James Darren is out on a cute Pye LP, "James Darren Sings For All Sizes," with American-type price-tags (Tall Teen, Petite-Teen, Junior-Teen, etc.) on the jacket. As well as his "Goodbye, Cruel World," there's "If I Could Only Tell You," "Teenage Tears," "Dream Big."

THE WEBB BROTHERS, Queensland's singing cattlemen, in Sydney recently. From left, Fabian, Berard, Marius.

IF you're one of the ever-growing band of guitar-music lovers, you should love listening to "Roman Guitar," with Tony Mottola and orchestra (Command LP). A first-generation American of Italian descent, Tony has the special warmth needed to make the most of numbers like "Sorrento," "Violetta," and "Na Voce."

WITH its pretty classical-pop melody and Nancy Sinatra's confidential teen-style delivery, "Like I Do" (Reprise 45) should be her most successful disc yet. She has a male chorus behind her on the more adult flip, "To Know Him Is To Love Him."

BRILLIANT musicianship and engineering make Esquivel and his orchestra's "Latin-esque" (R.C.A. Stereo Action) a standout among LPs of Latin-American popular music. "Adios, Mariquita Linda," "Jungle Drums," "La Raspa," etc.



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GLENYS BEASLEY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 9, 1962

BEEF, LAMB, PORK AND VEAL

LAMB A L'AVIGNONNAISE

Four pounds leg lamb, 4 large onions, 2 to 3 carrots, 1 cup red wine, salt, pepper, pinch thyme, marjoram, 1 bayleaf, 3 cloves garlic, a piece orange rind, 4oz. bacon, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy, little fat or oil, few black olives (stoned), 2oz. dried mushrooms.

Cut meat off bone, cut into pieces weighing about 3oz. each. Into each piece of meat insert small piece of bacon which has been rolled in the chopped parsley with a clove garlic. Place prepared meat into oven-proof dish with 2 onions, cut carrots, salt, pepper, herbs. Pour over red wine and brandy, leave to marinate 4 to 5 hours. Place bacon cut into squares in saucepan with the oil, heat slowly until bacon fat melts. Add remaining onions and brown, then add prepared drained meat and brown with remaining cloves of garlic and orange peel. Return to casserole with the marinade. If necessary add little extra boiling water to cover meat. Add stoned olives and soaked and drained mushrooms. Cover with lid, cook in moderately slow oven $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours or until meat is tender.

BEEF CONTINENTALE

Eight ounces noodles, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup cottage cheese, 6oz. cream cheese, 1-3rd cup thick sour cream, 1-3rd cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, salt to taste, sprinkle monosodium glutamate, extra 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1lb. bladebone or chuck steak, 2 cups tomato puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 3 drops tabasco sauce.

Cook noodles in fast-boiling water, toss in melted butter. Mix cream cheese and cottage cheese with sour cream, add onion, pepper, chives, salt, and monosodium glutamate. Melt butter, add minced beef and cook until lightly browned. Drain. Stir in tomato puree, salt, worcestershire and tabasco sauces. Pour small amount of meat mixture in bottom of greased casserole. Top with half the noodles. Cover with cheese mixture and remaining noodles. Pour meat sauce over top. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

PAPRIKA PORK

Two onions (chopped), 1 red pepper (chopped), 2 stalks celery (chopped), 3 tablespoons pork drippings, 4 cups thinly sliced potatoes, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups lin. diced cooked pork, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 can condensed cream of celery soup, 1 cup soured evaporated milk (soured with 1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon juice).

Saute onions, red pepper, and celery in drippings until tender. Combine with potato slices, sprinkle with flour and salt, arrange in large casserole. Sprinkle pork with paprika until lightly coated. Place over vegetables. Combine soup and sour evaporated milk, pour over pork. Sprinkle with paprika, bake in moderate oven 50 minutes or until browned on top and potatoes are tender.

VEAL ROLLETES

One and a half pounds thinly sliced veal steaks, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch mixed herbs, 1 small tomato, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 cup stock, 1 dessertspoon cornflour blended with a little water, 1 tablespoon chopped bacon, parsley.

Wipe steak with damp cloth, cut into pieces 3in. x 5in. Remove skin from tomato, chop roughly. Add breadcrumbs, melted butter or substitute, salt, pepper, herbs, lemon rind, and onion. Mix well, spread on to each piece of steak. Roll up; tie with coarse thread. Grease casserole lightly, arrange meat rolls in it, spoon over stock and bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Lift on to heated serving-dish, remove thread, thicken stock with blended cornflour. Top rolls with bacon which has been browned in frying-pan. Garnish with parsley, serve.

Variations to the four basic recipes

• Each of these variations to a basic recipe is suitable to use with other types of meat, thus giving more ideas for casseroles.

BEEF

Beef a la Bourguignonne: Substitute $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups red burgundy for half the stock and add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms to basic recipe.

Beef Italienne: Use olive oil in place of fat in basic recipe. Add plenty of chopped garlic and 1 small tin tomato paste blended with the stock. Red wine can be substituted for some of the stock if desired.

Beef Provencale: Use good quality stewing steak and flavor with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. streaky bacon (browned with the meat). Substitute 1 cup dry white wine and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree for $\frac{1}{2}$ the stock, cook in the usual manner for basic casserole. Six or 8 small whole white onions can also be used in place of onion slices. Add sliced black olives $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before end of cooking time.

Beef Bordelaise: Use round steak and marinate 4 hours in mixture of 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, little salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, 2 bay-leaves. Turn every $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Drain, cook in usual way, using a little of marinade mixture in place of stock. Serve with slices of gherkin and extra chopped shallots.

Steak and Kidney Casserole: In addition to the steak use 1 or 2 kidneys (soaked, skinned, and chopped), and brown well. Cut vegetables in slices, adding 1 large potato (sliced) and arrange in layers with the meat, seasoning each layer with salt, pepper. Pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ tomato puree, bake until meat is tender.

Steak Normand: Prepare steak, following basic recipe. Brown onions mixed with salt, pepper, and 1 crushed clove garlic, pinch marjoram and thyme and line casserole. Place meat in centre and pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ stock and $\frac{1}{2}$ tomato puree, 2 tablespoons vinegar, and 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce. Allow to stand 2 to 3 hours. Top with bacon strips, cover, and bake 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Eastern Style: When frying onions add 1 to 2 tablespoons curry-powder to taste, then follow exactly basic recipe, adding 1 large potato sliced with vegetables, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas, and 1 chopped apple. Stock can be made up from meat bouillon cube dissolved in hot water or by adding meat or vegetable extract to 3 cups hot water and stirring until dissolved.

VEAL

Veal Tropicale: Cut veal into service-size pieces before coating with flour. Instead of carrots and potatoes, use 4oz. bacon, 2 sliced mushrooms, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley. Arrange in layers in casserole. Substitute $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups pineapple juice and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato-puree for the stock. Serve with extra parsley and vegetables as desired.

Gascony Veal: Cut veal into lin. pieces, saute with 2 chopped rashers of bacon and 2 cloves garlic before placing into casserole. Substitute 1 cup red or white wine for 1 cup stock and add 4 tomatoes (peeled and chopped). Just before serving add 1 cup olive slices.

Sicilian Veal: Saute 1 chopped red pepper in oil with onion and add 1 to 2 cloves garlic (crushed). Layer the vegetables, seasoning with thyme, oregano or marjoram, salt, pepper. To vary the layers, use cooked macaroni or spaghetti alternately with tomatoes, eggplant, or zucchini.

Spiced Veal: Cut veal steaks into even-sized pieces, marinate 1 hour in mixture of 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar. Turn frequently. Drain, dip in seasoned flour. Use strained marinade in combination with stock and omit vegetables. Saute $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, add with few olives 5 minutes before end of cooking time.

Veal with Mushrooms: Cut veal steaks into service-size pieces, toss in flour seasoned with salt, pepper, and paprika. Use 1 can concentrated cream of mushroom soup and 1 cup sour cream for stock, add sliced mushrooms to the casserole with the other ingredients.

Veal with Rice: Cut veal into bite-size pieces, season with salt, pepper. Brush with tomato ketchup. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked rice to casserole, arrange in layers with the vegetables. Use 1 cup tomato juice in place of some of the stock. Flavor with tasty grated cheese.

LAMB

Lamb Marinade: Marinate chops 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours in 1 cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, 2 tablespoons browned sesame seeds. Turn frequently. Complete in usual way.

Virginian Lamb: Substitute vegetable stock for meat stock and use 1 cup corn, 1 cup diced celery, 2 chopped tomatoes, 1 cup peas, and 2 sliced potatoes instead of the carrots, turnips, and parsnips in basic recipe. Cook chops 1 hour in moderately slow oven, then add vegetables and bake further $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour.

Ceylonese Style: Prepare chops as in basic recipe. Saute onions with 1 clove garlic and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. green ginger before placing in casserole with prepared vegetables. To the stock add 2 teaspoons coriander seeds, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons turmeric, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chilli powder, 2 teaspoons mustard, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar. Serve with hot fluffy boiled rice.

Devilled Lamb: Use $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. leg chops instead of neck or chump, and after coating with seasoned flour, fry in hot fat or oil. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon (chopped), 1 clove garlic, and brown. Place into casserole with vege-

tables, adding 1 cup chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peas $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before end of cooking time. Stock can be flavored with lemon juice and worcestershire sauce or use $\frac{1}{2}$ tomato puree.

Fruited Lamb: Brown chops before placing in casserole, add curry-powder to fat before frying onions. Add chopped apple, 1 banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas or raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, and 1 cup chopped celery, then complete in usual way, but $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before end of cooking time add 1 cup peas or beans.

Dublin Lamb: Omit carrots and turnips from basic recipe, use 4 medium-sized potatoes (sliced). Flavor well with salt, pepper. Just before serving sprinkle with parsley.

Lamb Fricassee: Use 4 potatoes in place of carrots, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ stock for milk. Flavor well. If desired 1 cup chopped celery can be added $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before end of cooking time. Add plenty of chopped parsley.

Continued overleaf

LAMB BAKE WITH PARSLEY PUFFS

Four or five best lamb or hogget neck chops, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 tomato, 2 cups stock or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1-3rd cup milk.

Trim chops, remove loose bone. Scrape and dice carrot and parsnip, chop onion. Coat chops with seasoned flour, brown with vegetables in hot oil. Add vinegar, chopped tomato, and stock or water. Fill into large casserole, cover and cook in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove lid, add prepared parsley puffs, continue cooking without lid 20 to 25 minutes.

To prepare parsley puffs: Sift self-raising flour and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute, add lemon rind and parsley. Mix to soft dough with milk, drop into casserole a teaspoon at a time.

HERBED LAMB WITH RICE

Two pounds boned shoulder of lamb, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine or vinegar, 1 large onion, 1 teaspoon salt, water, sprig of parsley, pinch thyme, pinch marjoram, 1 cup cooked rice, 3 tablespoons finely chopped seeded raisins.

Cut meat into dice (discard excess fat), marinate 1 hour in wine or vinegar with sliced onion and salt. Place meat, onion, liquid, and herbs into greased casserole. Add water barely to cover meat, cover and cook gently $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, correct seasoning. Add rice and raisins. Stir lightly to mix. Cover again, cook gently further 35 to 40 minutes. Serve piping-hot.

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CASSEROLE
COOKERY
Continued

LAYERS of onion, tomato, and beans set in a savory egg custard make this vegetable casserole, which can be served as a luncheon dish or as an accompaniment to main dinner course.



With vegetables

EGGPLANT AND BACON SCALLOP

One medium eggplant, 6 slices bacon, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, 2 stalks celery (thinly sliced), 1 onion (chopped), 2 cups toasted bread cubes, 2 eggs, 2 cups soured, evaporated milk (soured with 1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup grated parmesan cheese.

Peel and cube eggplant, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Fry bacon until crisp, break in small pieces. Sauté celery and onion in bacon fat 5 minutes. Combine with bread cubes, eggplant, and bacon, turn into greased casserole. Beat eggs with milk, salt, pepper, and grated cheese until well mixed. Pour over all. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 30 minutes or until brown on top.

LAYERED VEGETABLE DISH

Two large onions (cut thinly), 2 large tomatoes (cut into slices), 1 lb. french beans (ends cut off and strings removed), salt, pepper, oregano, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Arrange vegetables in ovenproof dish in layers until all are used. Sprinkle each layer with a little salt, pepper, oregano. Beat eggs and add milk, season with salt and pepper, add the grated cheese. Pour over the vegetables, bake in slow oven 45 to 50 minutes until custard is set. Serve hot.

CURRIED VEGETABLES

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 small onion (finely chopped), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 teaspoons curry powder (or more or less as desired), 2 cups cooked green beans, 1 cup cooked, sliced carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated, tasty cheese.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, then stir in onion and flour, cook one minute, stirring constantly. Add milk, stir over low heat until sauce is smooth and thickened. Add seasonings. Arrange cooked vegetables in greased casserole, pour sauce over. Mix breadcrumbs with grated cheese and sprinkle over top. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 15 minutes or until lightly browned and bubbling.

SQUASH WITH PINEAPPLE

Two pounds yellow squash, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 medium can crushed pineapple (drained), 2 tablespoons pineapple juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 slices bacon.

Cut unpeeled squash in $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices. Place layer of squash in greased casserole. Sprinkle lightly with salt and cinnamon, add thin layer of pineapple. Repeat until casserole is almost full, ending with layer of squash. Pour in mixed pineapple and lemon juices, bake, covered, in slow to moderate oven 45 minutes. Remove cover, place bacon over top, and continue to bake, uncovered, 15 minutes or until bacon is crisp.

ZUCCHINI ITALIENNE

Ten small zucchinis, 3 tablespoons olive oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms, 2-3rd cup grated parmesan cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato puree, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, pinch pepper.

Slice zucchinis thinly, heat in saucepan with the olive oil, crushed clove garlic, onion, and mushrooms. Allow to cook over low heat 15 minutes. Remove from heat, add half the grated cheese. Pour in the tomato puree, salt, monosodium glutamate, and pepper. Place in greased casserole. Sprinkle with remaining cheese, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

POTATO HAM SCALLOP

Six cups sliced potatoes, 1 cup finely diced ham, 1 cup grated tasty cheese, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, parsley, 2 cups milk.

Arrange in layers in greased casserole the thinly sliced potatoes, diced ham, and grated cheese. Season each layer with salt and pepper. Scald milk, pour over vegetables. Dot generously with butter, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes until potatoes are tender. Serve garnished with parsley.

GLAZED CARROT CASSEROLE

Eight carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small whole onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 2oz. butter or substitute.

Wash, scrape, and cut carrots and beans into long thin strips. Place carrots in greased casserole, then arrange onions in the centre of casserole. Place prepared beans over onions and then pour over the honey mixed with hot water and seasoned with salt, pepper, and monosodium glutamate. Dot generously with butter and bake, covered, in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes, remove lid and cook further 20 minutes to lightly brown.

CRUSTY-TOPPED VEGETABLES

Four cups shredded cabbage, 2 rashers bacon, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 3 cups chopped tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper, 3 cups crushed corn cereal, 1 cup tasty grated cheese.

Fry cut bacon lightly, add shredded cabbage and cook until just tender. Set aside. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add chopped onion. Cook, stirring constantly, until onion is tender but not brown. Stir in flour, seasonings, and chopped tomatoes and green pepper. Cook until thickened. Place layer in base of greased casserole, spoon on half the cabbage. Cover with remaining tomato mixture and top with mixed corn cereal and cheese. Bake in moderately hot oven 25 to 30 minutes.

VARIATIONS . . . from page 49

PORK

Crusty Pork: For added variety in flavor lightly rub chops with powdered sage and use a little in the seasoned flour. Substitute 1 cup sour cream for half the stock, add 1 tablespoon worcestershire or barbecue sauce and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Use 1 cup chopped shallots with the vegetables, top casserole with a mixture of browned breadcrumbs and tasty grated cheese.

Espagnole: Rub chops with cut clove garlic before browning. Use 1 crushed clove garlic in fat or oil while frying meat and substitute 1 cup tomato juice or puree for half the stock. Add 2 sliced tomatoes and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup black olives, bake in usual way.

Pork with Prunes and Apple: Combine 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, coat chops before tossing in seasoned flour. In place of the stock simmer 10 minutes 1 cup prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cloves, 2 teaspoons apple cider in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of water. Pour over layered chops, sliced apples and vegetables. Cover, cook until tender. Apricots, pears, raisins, or other dried fruits can be used instead of prunes.

Hawaiian Casserole: Marinate chops 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soy sauce, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted coconut. Turn frequently. Drain, toss in seasoned flour, and brown well. Omit tomatoes, place chops in heatproof casserole with 1 cup pineapple chunks, potatoes, and onion. Use some of marinade mixture with the stock, bake until chops are tender.

Sweet and Sour Pork Casserole: Cut pork into serving-pieces, brown well in heated fat or oil with 1 clove crushed garlic and 1 in. crushed fresh ginger. Place into casserole. Combine 1 cup sliced onion, 1 cup tomato soup or puree, 1 cup water, 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons mustard, 1 teaspoon paprika (in place of stock and vegetables), pour over the meat. Cover, bake in usual way. One cup celery (chopped) or green and red pepper can be added if desired.

Pork Flamande: Prepare pork as in basic recipe, but instead of the usual vegetables place layers of pork, onions, and shredded cabbage in casserole. Season each layer with salt, pepper, sprinkle with vinegar.

Pork Chateaufort: Cook casserole in usual way, but make a rich brown-red sauce by substituting 1 cup tomato puree for some of the stock and browning flour for the sauce. Stir in 4 gherkins and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar.

AN221

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FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

VIENNESE SPECIALE

Two pounds finely minced veal, 2lb. sausage mince, 2 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rosemary, salt, pepper, flour, oil, 3 stalks celery, 3 carrots, 10 small whole onions, 8oz. packet broad egg noodles, 3 pints stock (or 3 bouillon cubes dissolved in 3 pints water), 1 bayleaf, 1 large can tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream, 2 tablespoons grated horseradish, chopped parsley.

Combine veal, sausage mince, the 2 onions (finely diced), rosemary, salt, and pepper. Mould into pieces the size of golfballs, using floured hands. Heat little oil in large pan, add meatballs, and cook, tossing frequently, until browned all over. Remove, set aside. In same pan fry the chopped celery and carrot and small whole onions until lightly browned. Drain off any fat, place meatballs in casserole. Pour over stock, cook in moderate oven for 25 minutes. Remove from oven, add bayleaf, egg noodles, and chopped tomatoes (with juice). Cover, cook further 25 minutes. Remove bayleaf, strain off stock (this can be served as soup with another meal). Serve meatballs and vegetables as main dish. Combine sour cream and horseradish, spoon over meatballs. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if desired.

CHICKEN GUMBO

Quarter-pound bacon, 4lb. boiling capon, seasoned flour, 1 chopped onion, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon salt, 7 cups hot water, 1 bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon brown sugar, 1 cup uncooked rice, 1 cup cream.

Cut bacon into dice, fry in its own fat until crisp. Remove, keep fat. Cut capon into service-size pieces, dredge with seasoned flour, brown well in bacon fat. Add all remaining ingredients except rice, place in casserole and bake 3 to 4 hours, adding a little extra water if necessary. About 1 hour before serving, add rice. A few minutes before serving, add the cream, mix well.

COONAMBLE CASSEROLE

Two rabbits, 4 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, salt, pepper, 3oz. butter or oil, 2 onions (chopped), 3 chopped tomatoes, 1 cup chopped shallots, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1lb. sliced mushrooms, extra salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine (or use light grape juice), extra chopped parsley.

Soak rabbit in warm salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Drain, cut into joints. Mix together the flour, oregano, salt, and pepper; toss the joints so they are well covered. Heat butter or oil in large saucepan or frying-pan, add rabbit joints and brown well. Place into greased casserole, sprinkle with the chopped onion, tomato, shallots, mushrooms, and parsley. Season with salt and pepper, pour over the wine or grape juice. Cover with lid or aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until tender. Serve hot with extra chopped parsley.

CAPON A LA RITZ

One 5 to 6lb. capon (cut in pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery and leaves, 5 cups dry bread cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced stuffed olives, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, 2 cups chicken broth.

Toss capon pieces in the flour, salt, and pepper. Fry in hot shortening until golden-brown. Arrange round sides of large casserole. Sauté onion and celery in remaining shortening until tender. Combine with bread cubes, seasonings, olives, butter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken broth. Place stuffing in centre of casserole. Pour remaining broth over capon, cover, and bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until capon is tender. Remove cover, continue to bake 15 minutes to brown.

PAELLA

Half pound prawns, 1 lobster (chopped into pieces), 1 chicken (cut into 4 pieces), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups olive oil, 1lb. diced salt pork, 3 chopped onions, 2 globe artichokes (quartered), 4 tomatoes (skinned, seeded, and cut into pieces), 1 chopped green pepper, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 1 quart chicken stock, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 red peppers (cut into pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked peas, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1lb. rice.

Put olive oil and pork into pan; heat. Add chicken; when golden-brown, remove. Add prawns and lobster to pan; sauté well, remove. Add onions to pan, cook until golden-brown; add artichokes, tomatoes, green pepper, and garlic; sauté 2 minutes, drain off oil. Place chicken and lobster in ovenproof dish with tomato mixture. Add washed and drained rice, then chicken stock, salt, and pepper. Cover, let boil quickly 20 minutes in oven. Correct seasonings, place in serving-dish so chicken and lobster are on top of rice. Add red peppers, peas, and parsley; serve immediately.

PORK AND SWEET POTATO

Two cups cubed cooked pork, 1 cup sliced apples, 1 cup cooked peas, salt, pepper, 1oz. fat or oil, 3 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock, 5 medium-size cooked sweet potatoes (sliced), 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

Place layers of pork, apples, and peas in greased casserole. Make gravy; heat the fat or oil, stir in flour, cook over low heat, stirring all the time until flour and fat brown, then stir in stock and continue stirring until gravy boils and thickens. Season with salt and pepper. Pour hot gravy over meat, etc. in casserole. Top with sliced potatoes. Dot with butter, sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes.

CAMERAINÉ

One packet dried beans, 1lb. bacon, 1 onion stuck with 4 cloves, 2 carrots, piece celery, sprig of parsley, 1 bayleaf, 6 peppercorns (tied in bag), 1 duck, 1 clove garlic (crushed), salt and pepper, melted butter, red-currant jelly, 1lb. boned breast of lamb (cut into squares), $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sherry, 1lb. boned loin of pork (cut into squares), extra butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, 3 teaspoons cornflour, 2 cups beef stock, 1lb. chipolata sausages, 1lb. salami sausage.

Place beans into basin, cover with water, and soak overnight; drain. Place in large saucepan and cover with fresh water. Add onion, carrots, celery, peppercorns, 2 rashers of the bacon, simmer gently 1 hour. Rub inside of duck with salt, pepper, and garlic. Add bayleaf and parsley. Tie securely, brush with melted butter. Roast in moderate oven 45 minutes, basting occasionally and adding 2 tablespoons cold water each time. Remove duck, spread with red-currant jelly. Brown lamb and pork in extra hot butter, remove, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, stir, and add 1oz. butter. Stir in tomato paste and cornflour, pour on stock, add remaining sherry. Season with salt and pepper, stir until mixture boils. Replace meat, cover and simmer until meat is tender. Carve duck into small portions, add to meat. Drain beans, discard vegetables. Place layers of beans, duck, sliced salami and sausages in casserole, cover with remaining bacon. Bake further 1 hour in moderate oven.

NEXT WEEK: Japanese cookery



CINNAMON sprinkled on slices of sweet potato makes an unusual topping on this casserole. See recipe on this page.

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Continuing . . . PROMISE AT DAWN

from page 39

I sat day after day in my little room, waiting for inspiration to visit me, trying to invent a pseudonym that would express our dream of artistic achievement, a pen-name grand enough to compensate for my own feeling of insecurity and helplessness at the idea of everything my mother expected from me. Now and again, my mother would pop her head discreetly through the door and lovingly watch her son in the throes of creation.

We were both getting terribly impatient to know, at last, under what name we were to become famous, and we were both so far removed from reality and so deeply immersed in our dream that the idea that I could have much better employed my time by selling newspapers in the street, running errands, or doing any other kind of work to help my mother make a living never occurred to either of us.

"How is it going?" I read out aloud to her the immortal words of my inspired labor of the day. I must say that I was never satisfied with my efforts. No name, however noble and resounding, seemed worthy of what I meant to accomplish for her sake.

"Alexandre Natal; Armand de la Torre; Terral; Vasco de la Fernaye . . ."

After each glittering parade of conquering names, we looked at each other and shook our heads. No, it won't do — it won't do at all.

"What we really need is something like 'Gabriele d'Annunzio,'" my mother said, adding, with a hint of profound admiration and respect: "He made La Duse suffer terribly."

SHE had always considered it proper that a great artist should make women suffer, and she clearly expected that I would apply myself to that task. She still belonged, and deeply so, to the old-fashioned bourgeois world, where "success with women" ranked with official honors, medals, splendid uniforms, champagne, jewels, and ambassadorial receptions as an essential attribute of a man of the world.

She was romantic in a way that today can be found only in bad literature, and she tried desperately to make me take my place in a dream of the nineteenth-century Russian girl, in a world of Viennese waltzes and gipsy music, horsemen, camellias, whispers at dawn, and tears by candlelight.

Perhaps, deep in the unconscious of this woman who had once been so beautiful and who had loved deeply a man who had abandoned her, there was a longing for emotional and physical revenge, and so she expected her son to be both triumphant and invulnerable and to inflict upon others what had been inflicted on her.

After an exhausting day, going from door to door, introducing herself to the English tourists in the luxury hotels as an impoverished member of the Russian aristocracy, reduced to selling the "last of my family jewels" — after a day of humiliating and often sterile effort, for she rarely brought off more than one sale a month — she would come into my room, light a cigarette, and sit down with a smile, facing the little boy in short trousers, who, crushed under the burden of such a love and of his own helplessness and desperate desire to protect her, spent his days in hunting for some name beautiful enough, grand enough, promising and magnificent enough to express all he wanted to give her, a name that would ring loud and clear in his mother's ear, with all the convincing echo of his future victories.

"Roland Campeador; Llain Brisar; Hubert de Longpre; Romain Cortes . . ."

But no, I could see from the expression on her face that none of them was good enough, and I was beginning to wonder whether I should ever find a name beautiful and promising enough to fit her dream and everything she wanted for me.

Years later, when for the first time I heard the name of General de Gaulle on the day of his famous call to arms over the London radio, on June 18, 1940, my first reaction was one of anger with myself for not having hit on this magnificent name fifteen years earlier during my endless search for a good pseudonym. "Charles de Gaulle" — this would certainly have pleased my mother, especially if I had written it with only one "l," like our old Gaul, mother of France. I can only say that life is paved with missed opportunities.

I had always known that my mother was once a "dramatic artist" and how proud her voice sounded whenever she uttered those words! I still have a vision of myself, at the age of five or six, sitting beside her in a sleigh, with only the tip of my nose emerging from under the heavy blanket, listening to the melancholy tinkling of the horses' bells as we were driven through snow-bound wastes from some freezing factory where my mother had been "giving Chekhov" for an audience of workers, or from some desolate barracks where she had been entertaining the gaping audience of soldiers and sailors of the Revolution with "poetry reading."

I can see myself sitting on the floor of her dressing-room in a Moscow theatre, playing with odds and ends of multi-colored stuffs which I was trying to arrange into a harmonious pattern — my earliest attempts at artistic expression.

The mysterious inside world of the theatre is among my earliest childhood memories.

I can still see the painted faces of the actors, looking strangely yellow, with black and white circles around their eyes, smiling at me; men and women in fantastic clothes and with bright red lips holding me on their knees, while my mother was in front of the footlights.

And I remember a Soviet sailor perching me on his shoulders so that I might see my mother playing the part of Rosa in "The Shipwreck of Hope," and her stage name written on the door of her dressing-room — the first Russian words that I learned to spell out for myself: Nina Borisovskaya. It would seem, therefore, that my mother was not exaggerating when she proudly talked of her "artistic past," and that her position in the small world of the Russian theatre, round about the years 1919-1920, was solidly established.

On the other hand, Ivan Mosjoukine, the great movie actor of the silent-picture era, who had known my mother in her earlier days, has always been curiously evasive on the subject of her stage career. Fixing me with his strange pale eyes, he only once referred to the subject in an elusive way, on the terrace of the Grande Bleue, where he often invited me for a cup of coffee when he was making a movie in Nice: "Your mother ought to have studied more, she should have done the conservatoire; unfortunately, circumstances prevented her from developing her talent. Besides, after you were born, young man, nothing and no one else really mattered to her . . ."

I also knew that my mother

was born somewhere in the Russian steppe, at Kursk, to be precise, the daughter of a little Jewish watchmaker, that she had been very beautiful, that she had married very young — at sixteen — and then been divorced, again married and again divorced. And all the rest, all that mattered, were a cheek against mine; a melodious voice whispering into my ear, or speaking to me of a strange faraway land called France, where all the beauty lies, murmuring mysterious tales of wonders awaiting me, singing, laughing — a completely carefree laughter, with that quality of gaiety and happiness that to this day I associate with a woman in love, even though it was only her child's head which she was pressing against her breast.

Dramatic school or no, conservatoire or no, she must have been very talented indeed, for her voice has left on me an indelible mark; in evoking France for me, she could summon to her aid all the magic art of Eastern storytellers, and a power of conviction from which I have never recovered.

She knew our language remarkably well, though she spoke it with a strong Russian accent, a trace of which, as I am told, I retain in my own voice to this day. How, where, for whom, at what period of her life she learned to speak French, she never told me. "I have been in Nice and in Paris" — that was all she would ever admit. In her freezing little dressing-room at the Moscow theatre, in the flat we shared with three other families of actors — and where a young nursemaid called Aniela looked after me — and later still in the cattle-and-goods train which took us west, my mother would kneel beside me, rubbing my numbed fingers, and talk to me about the distant land where my future lay and where all the dreams came true.

Yes, my mother had talent — and I had never recovered from it. But I was, I think, eight years old when my mother's grandiose vision of my future led to a scene the horror, comedy, and shame of which will continue to haunt me as long as I live.

We were stranded at that time in the then Polish, formerly Lithuanian, and now Russian town of Vilna, "a temporary halt," as my mother never failed to point out, on our way to France, a country where we were to make our permanent home, which was eagerly awaiting me, and where I was to "grow up, study, and become somebody." With the usual inventiveness and energy she showed whenever our survival was at stake, and without any previous experience in the field, she was busily engaged in designing women's hats in our flat, haughtily publicised through the mail and display cards as the "Grand Salon de Modes de Paris."

A clever use of false labels tricked our distinguished clientele into believing that the hats were the work of a then famous Parisian king of fashion, Paul Poiret. My mother went from house to house with her hat-boxes, a woman still young, with large green eyes and a face radiant with a mother's indomitable will, entirely beyond the reach of discouragement or doubt. I remained at home with Aniela, who had followed us from Moscow.

The hats were selling badly. Often, when my mother returned, exhausted and frozen from her rounds, the owner of the building would be waiting for her on the stairs and shout at her, threatening to throw us into the street if the rent wasn't paid.

It was always paid, though how I shall never know. All I can say is that the rent was always paid, the stove lit, tea,

bread, butter, and eggs were put before me, and my mother would kiss me, her cheeks still icy and smelling of snow, and then look at me, her eyes aglow with that bright flame of pride and triumph which I so well remember. We were then truly at the very bottom — I won't say at the bottom of the "abyss" because I have since learned that the abyss is bottomless. Often, when she had come back from her expeditions through the snow-blanketed town and had stacked her hat-boxes in a corner, my mother would sit down, light a cigarette, cross her legs, and look at me.

"What is it, Mother?"

"Nothing. Give me a kiss." I would kiss her. She held me in her arms, her eyes fixed over my shoulder on some mysterious, bright point in our future, visible only to her in the magical land where all beauty lies.

"You are going to be a French ambassador."

"Good," I would say.

"You will have a motor-car."

She had been walking the streets all day with the temperature well below freezing. "All it will take is a little patience."

THE wood was cracking in the porcelain stove. Outside, the snow gave the world a strange denseness, and a dimension of silence. Aniela, bent over her work, was sewing another forged Paul Poiret, made in Paris label into the last of the day's hats. My mother's face was completely peaceful. All traces of fatigue and anxiety had vanished. Her gaze was still lost in the land of all marvels.

She spoke to me of France as other mothers speak to their children of Snow White and Puss in Boots. Try as I may, I have never entirely succeeded in ridding myself of that image of France seen as a never-never land of shining heroes and exemplary virtues. I am probably one of the few men alive who have remained completely loyal to a nursery tale.

Unfortunately my mother was not the woman to keep to herself the consoling dream of my future greatness which dwelt within her. We had neighbors, and those neighbors did not like my mother. The comings and goings of this foreigner in the black leather coat, with her mysterious boxes, were soon reported to the Polish police, who were then extremely suspicious of Russian refugees. My mother was denounced as a receiver of stolen goods. She had no difficulty in confounding her detractors, but shame, grief, and indignation assumed, as always with her, an explosive and aggressive character.

After the police had left she spent some time crying among her hats — then she said to Aniela that "they don't know whom they are dealing with, but they'll soon find out," led me out of the flat on to the stairs. What followed was one of the most painful experiences of my life — and I have known quite a few.

She went from door to door, ringing, knocking, and ordering the tenants to "crawl out of their holes." When the first insults had been exchanged — and in the matter of insults my mother always and undeniably had the best of it — she drew me to her side, and exhibiting me with a noble theatrical gesture to the assembled company, announced with pride and vehemence: "Dirty little bourgeois bedbugs, you don't seem to realise with whom you have the honor of speaking! My son will be an Ambassador of France, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a great dramatic author, a second Ibsen, a new Gabriele d'Annunzio . . . He . . ."

She was searching for something crushingly final, for a supreme and unanswerable proof of worldly success and supreme achievement: "He will

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"Raise your eyes, Roma . . ."

I sleepily raised my eyes. She remained leaning over me for a long while. Then she would throw herself suddenly forward, put her arms around me, and press me against her bosom, shaking with sobs. I could feel her tears on my face and always ended by crying myself, out of some sort of obscure, heart-broken sympathy. I felt confusedly that there was a mystery behind those tears, that there was something strange in my eyes, and I began to stare at them in the mirror, wondering what there was in their color or shape that made my mother cry. One day I put the question to Aniela.

"Aniela, what is there in my eyes that makes my mother cry?"

Aniela showed some signs of embarrassment: she had been with us since my birth and there was very little she didn't know.

"It's their color."

"But why? Is something wrong with my eyes?"

"They make her dream," she said evasively with a sigh.

It took me several years to understand that answer. But a day came when there was

where I was initiated into the arts of riding, fencing, and pistol shooting.

At home, I was taught French, Latin, and German—English at that time did not exist in those Eastern provinces. A Mademoiselle Gladys gave me fox-trot and shimmy lessons, and I was introduced to the tango. On the days when my mother was giving a party, I was frequently awakened from my sleep, dressed, led into the showroom and asked to recite some of La Fontaine's fables. I was obedient, eager to please, completely bewildered, but instantly rewarded whenever I saw on my mother's face a smile of happiness.

With such a programme, I had no time for school; however, since the local schools taught, quite naturally, not in French but in Polish, as far as we were concerned they might as well not have existed at all. Vilna, in my mother's mind, had never been anything but a temporary stop, a resting place, on our journey to the land where all beauty lies.

One day an unexpected present reached me, apparently

completely poisoned my existence and almost cost me my life.

She was eight years old, her name was Valentine, and she was lovely. Her hair was dark, her eyes light, her figure was admirable; she was wearing a white dress and she carried a ball in her hand. She appeared before me near the woodshed, where the field nettles began, and I cannot describe the violence of the feelings this sudden vision of beauty stirred in me. Determined to win her then and there for ever, so that there would never be room in her life for another man, I immediately threw in my trump card and, leaning negligently against the woodpile, raised my eyes to the light. But Valentine refused to be impressed. Completely put out by this indifference, so unexpected after everything my mother had told me, I held out to her the three green apples I had just stolen from the orchard next door. She accepted my surrender as though it were the most ordinary thing in the world and announced:

"Janek ate his whole stamp collection for me."

Such was the beginning of my long martyrdom. In the course of the next few days I ate for Valentine several handfuls of earthworms, her father's collection of rare butterflies, a mouse, a good many decaying leaves, and, as a crowning achievement, I can say that at nine years of age—far more precociously than Casanova—I took my place among the greatest lovers of all time and accomplished a deed of amorous prowess no man, to the best of my knowledge, has ever equalled. I ate for my lady one of my rubber galoshes.

I am well aware that men are rather too apt to boast about their amorous exploits. To hear them, one would believe that their virile accomplishments know no limits, and they are always willing to indulge in statistics without sparing you a single detail.

I do not, therefore, expect anyone to believe me when I say that, for my well-beloved, after a few pounds of cherries

Valentine was kind enough to lighten my task by eating the flesh and handing me the stones—I also consumed a Japanese fan, ten yards of cotton thread, a complete paperback novel called "Nat Pinkerton," and three goldfish we stole from her music teacher's aquarium.

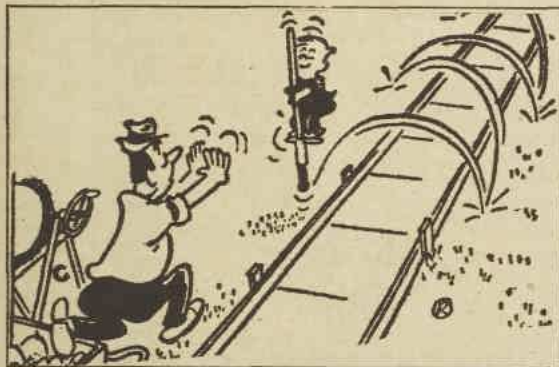
Heaven knows what women have made me swallow in the course of my life, but I have never known anybody so insatiable. After my experiences with her, there was nothing left for me to learn about love. My education was completed. I knew.

My adorable Messalina with the freckled nose was only eight, but her physical demands went beyond anything I have ever read about. She would run ahead of me in the yard, pointing out some interesting object for me to swallow—sometimes a rotting piece of lace, sometimes a couple of old corks, or just a mere handful of earth, and I eagerly acquiesced myself of my man's task—always only too willing to provide satisfaction.

Once she started to gather a bouquet of daisies—with apprehension I watched it grow bigger in her hand—but I ate the daisies, too, under her very watchful eyes—she knew already that men tend to cheat at games of that sort.

In those days children were taught nothing about the mysteries of sex, and as I swallowed one thing after another I was convinced—quite rightly as a matter of fact—that this was the way people made love.

It was in vain that I looked



nothing more left for me to know. My mother was by that time sixty and I was twenty-four, but she still kept looking into my eyes as if she were leaning over some secret source of memories, and I knew that it was not at me that she was looking and that in her sighs and tears I played no part.

She didn't have to ask me any longer: I had become a grown man, there were things she could no longer ask, and so I often deliberately raised my eyes to the sun and held them thus as long as I could, helping her to remember. I always did everything I could for her.

Nothing was omitted from the education I was receiving, the purpose of which was to make me a thorough man of the world. She herself taught me the polka and the waltz.

As soon as the last of the customers had departed, the carpets were rolled back in the brightly lit showroom and the gramophone was placed on the table. My mother settled herself in one of the recently acquired Louis XVI chairs, I bowed, clicked my heels, took her hand, and one-two-three! one-two-three! off we went on the floor.

"Keep your back straight! Mark the beat with your right foot! Raise your head, look proudly at your partner with an enchanted air!"

I raised my head proudly, looked at my partner with an enchanted air, and . . . one-two-three! one-two-three! we hopped along on the polished floor. Then I led her back to her chair, kissed her hand, and bowed. She thanked me with a gracious movement of the head and fanned herself.

Three times a week she took my hand and led me to the riding school—shooting gallery—gymnasium presided over by Lieutenant Sverdlovski,

out of the blue: a miniature bicycle exactly appropriate to my size. The origin of the mysterious gift was not revealed to me, and all my questions on the subject were left unanswered. Aniela, after staring for a long while at the bicycle, merely said, with a strong note of animosity in her voice: "It comes from very far."

There was a long whispered animated discussion between her and my mother, the purpose of which was to decide if I should be allowed to keep the present or if it should be returned to the sender. I was not allowed to join in this all-important argument. Sweating with apprehension at the thought of the marvellous machine being, perhaps, snatched from me, I did some anxious eavesdropping at the door and caught a few odd words of a mysterious dialogue: "We don't need him any longer."

It was Aniela who was speaking and my mother was crying in the corner. Aniela pressed her point: "It's a bit late in the day for him, after all these years, to remember our existence."

Then I heard my mother's voice, strangely timid and almost beseeching: "All the same, it's nice of him."

Aniela had the last word: "He might have thought about us sooner."

The only thing that interested me just then was whether I was to be allowed to keep the bicycle. Finally, my mother gave me her permission.

And, after a few customary falls and minor disasters, I could soon be seen proudly pedalling my miniature machine over the cobbles of Vilna.

I was already nine when I was sucked down, hook, line, and sinker, by a passion so violent and so absorbing that it

Since when have jamas been just to sleep in? Pillow fight, anyone? Gal can't waste all this cuteness on plain ol' sleeping. But they are cosy, aren't they? And mmmm — so sleepmaking! Have heavenly dreams in "jamas" by **Lady Pelaco**

Super soft fleecy fabric in cute striped "jamas", for only 49/11.



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CLOSE-UP of the embroidery showing how the elephant and the palm tree are worked in different colors in cross-stitch.

PLACE-MAT TO EMBROIDER

● Simple cross-stitch is used to work this pretty design. When making mats for more than one child choose contrasting color schemes or vary the color of the linen base.



PLACE-MAT which will please the under-fives is made of linen with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hems. Corners are mitred and then slip-stitched.

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A WIDE variety of color schemes can be used to embroider this child's place-mat. If you like you can choose a light-colored linen and embroidery cotton in a darker shade of the same color.

The mat shown on this page was worked on turquoise linen 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 17in. with several colors of embroidery cotton.

Using the picture top left and graph paper, mark out the pattern of the elephant and the palm tree and plants. Follow this diagram when working the cross-stitch.

A Gold Seal tapestry needle No. 23 is used to work the cross-stitch.

A suggested color scheme on turquoise linen would be as follows—of Clark's "Anchor" stranded cotton, 1 skein each 418 and 419, two shades of grey for the elephant's body, with the exception of his tusk, eye, and saddle-cloth.

Canary-yellow (490) is used for the main part of the saddle-cloth, and golden-brown (570) and amber-gold (970) for the palm trunk.

Laurel-green (575, 576, 771) is used on parts of the palm leaves, with remainder worked in muscat-green (947).

The border of the saddle-cloth is worked in flame (971) and the plants under the palm tree in moss-green (789) and laurel-green (575).

One cross-stitch worked in black forms the elephant's eye.

Begin working cross-stitch 2in. from both edges in right-hand corner. The stitch is worked over three threads each way of fabric—about 7 crosses to 1in.

Press finished embroidery well on wrong side. Turn back $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hems all round, mitre corners, and slip-stitch.

Cross-stitch can be worked from left to right or right to left. The crosses can be worked separately, i.e., one stitch is worked along the line and then the cross is completed in the next journey.

To achieve even and regular stitches, work each cross in the same way with the same stitch uppermost—either from left to right or right to left, maintaining the same direction throughout.

Cross-stitch cannot be worked by tracing a pattern on to material, as it has to be worked by the thread of the material—in this case three threads to each stitch.

CROSS-STITCH, which is one of the easiest and most popular of embroidery stitches, began in China thousands of years ago and then spread through India, Egypt, to Rome. Traditional colors are red, black, blue, yellow, and brown. Cross-stitch patterns still used in Hungary are reputed to have been brought to the country by the King of the Magyars in 895.

for the slightest flicker of esteem in her eyes. Scarcely had I finished swallowing the daisies than she casually observed: "Janek ate ten spiders for me, and then stopped only because Mother called us in for tea."

I trembled. No sooner was my back turned than she was being unfaithful to me with my best friend. But I swallowed that, too. That was what love was about, after all.

"May I kiss you?"

"Yes. But you mustn't wet my cheek. I don't like it."

I kissed her, doing my best not to wet her cheek. We were kneeling behind the nettles and I kissed her again and again, while she twiddled her hoop around her finger with an indifferent look: the story of my life.

"How many times have you kissed me?"

"Eighty-seven. May I go up to a thousand?"

"How many is a thousand?"

"I don't know. May I kiss you on the shoulder, too?"

"Yes."

I kissed her shoulder. But, no, that wasn't it. Something was missing. Something essential: but I didn't have the slightest idea what it could possibly be. My heart was beating very hard, and I kissed her nose, her hair, her neck—but no, I was still off the mark; something else was required, something else was expected from me.

I kissed her on the ear and on the neck, but some deep, obscure impulse was pushing me further, much further. I didn't know where and, finally, crazed by love and at the very peak of my erotic frenzy, I sat down and took off one of my rubber galoshes.

"I'll eat this for you, if you wish me to."

If she wished me to! Ha! Of course, she wished me to. She

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was a true little woman. As I took out my penknife and cut into the rubber, I thought I at last saw a gleam of admiration in her eyes. I asked for nothing more. She laid her hoop on the ground and watched closely.

"Are you going to eat it raw?"

"Yes."

I gulped down one morsel, then another; under her warm and at last grateful gaze I truly felt that I was becoming a man—a perfectly correct impression, for this was my first taste of things to come. I cut more deeply into the rubber, puffing and blowing a little with each mouthful, and continued with my labor of love even after a cold sweat began to appear on my forehead. My eyes were bulging, I was fighting against a growing nausea, gathering all my virile strength in an effort to give satisfaction and to remain undefeated on the field, as I've had to do so often since then with as little luck.

I was very ill. They took me to the hospital. My mother sobbed. Aniela screamed, the workroom girls ran around in panic while I was carried to the ambulance on a stretcher. I was very proud of myself.

My affair with Valentine lasted for almost a year. It brought about a complete change in me. It forced me to compete, to engage in pitched battles with my rivals; to assert and prove my virility I had to walk on my hands, steal from shops, smash windows, and fight; always fight—defending myself on all fronts. One of my torments was a Polish boy whose name I have forgotten but who courted Valentine by juggling with five apples—and there were times,

after hours and hours of desperate attempts at juggling, the apples scattered around me, when I hung my head and felt that life was not worth living.

But even today I can still keep three apples in the air at the same time, and often, on my hill at Big Sur, when the challenge of the sea and the sky's immensity sparks in me some last trace of defiance, I grab three apples, raise my head nobly, advance one foot and perform my exploit, just to show that I am still a man to be reckoned with.

My father had left us almost immediately after I was born; whenever I mentioned his name, which was seldom, my mother and Aniela exchanged a quick glance and hurriedly changed the subject. I soon came to the conclusion that there was something embarrassing and even painful about the whole business, and learned to avoid it altogether.

I knew that the man who had given me his name had a wife and children, that he travelled a great deal and had gone to America. I met him several times. He was rather stout, had beautifully kept hands and kind eyes. With me he was always slightly uneasy and a little sad, though very nice, and when he looked at me with his gentle and, it seemed to me, reproachful eyes, I would lower my own guiltily—he always gave me the impression that I had done him a bad turn.

He really entered my life only after his death, and in a way that I shall never forget. I knew that he had died dur-

ing the war in a German gas chamber, disposed of as a Jew, together with his wife and two children aged, I believe, fifteen and sixteen. It was only in 1958, however, that I learned of a particularly revolting detail connected with his tragic end.

I had come from Bolivia, where I was in charge of the French Embassy, to Paris, where I was to receive the Prix Goncourt for my novel "The Roots of Heaven." Among the many letters which I received on that occasion was one that gave me certain details about the death of the man I had known so slightly.

He did not die in the gas chamber, as I had been told. He died of fright, on his way to execution, a few yards from the entrance. My correspondent had seen it all with his own eyes: he had been acting as doorman or as receptionist—I don't know what to call him—what the official title was that went with this sort of job.

The man wrote me, thinking, no doubt, that it would please me to know that my father had escaped the gas chamber, that he had fallen stone dead of a heart attack before he could enter it.

I sat for a long time with the letter in my hand. I didn't feel anything and my head was completely empty. I put the letter in my pocket, walked out to the staircase of the publishing house where I had come to collect my mail, and I leaned against the banister for I don't know how long, in the clothes which had been made in London, with my title of Charge d'Affaires of France, my Cross of the Liberation, my rosette of the Legion of Honor, and my Prix Goncourt.

The man who died of fear

on his way to the gas chamber was little more to me than a total stranger, but on that day he truly became my father, and I want him to be known as such.

Circumstances saw to it that very soon my mother and I found ourselves in need of some magic.

I fell very ill. Hardly had scarlet fever left me when an acute inflammation of the kidneys set in and the distinguished doctors who had hastened to my bedside pronounced me lost.

I did not die, but I was very ill indeed. However, I put up a good fight, as befits a Frenchman, and I won the battle.

As soon as the fever left me I was put on a stretcher and transported, in a special compartment, to Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera. It was thought that the Mediterranean sun would considerably speed up my recovery.

But when, six weeks later, we found ourselves back in Vilna it became only too obvious that mother's Maison Nouvelle, Grand Salon de Haute Couture de Paris, was no longer something that could be sold, or kept going. My illness had ruined us.

There was not enough money to enable us to settle in Nice, and my mother refused to sell her precious silver, on which my whole future depended. We decided to go first to Warsaw—it was, after all, a step west, that is, in the right direction. My mother had friends and relatives there, and besides, there was one decisive argument in favor of this plan: "There is a French school in Warsaw," she announced, with a sniff of satisfaction.

In Warsaw we lived in a succession of furnished rooms. Someone from abroad came to my mother's rescue, sending her sums of money at irregular

intervals which just enabled us to keep alive. I went to school where every morning at the ten o'clock recess my mother arrived with chocolate in a vacuum flask and slices of bread and butter. She turned her hand to a hundred and one things in order to keep us afloat. She acted as a go-between in the precious-stones market, bought and sold furs and antiques. She also acted as scout for a real-estate firm, sold advertising space, and took on several other jobs the precise nature of which I no longer remember. What I do remember is that every morning at ten she turned up punctually with her vacuum flask of hot chocolate and her bread and butter.

Nevertheless, there again we suffered a bitter disappointment. I was unable to enter the French school. The fees were high—far and away beyond our means. So, for two years, I had to make do with the Polish school, and I can still speak and write Polish fluently.

To page 73

MUMMY!! MUMMY!!!

"Please let me have pretty curls like Judy. At school today all of the other children and teacher, too, said how nice her hair looked."

"Judy's hair used to be straight, but since her mother has started using Curlypet on it, her hair's all lovely curly and wavy."

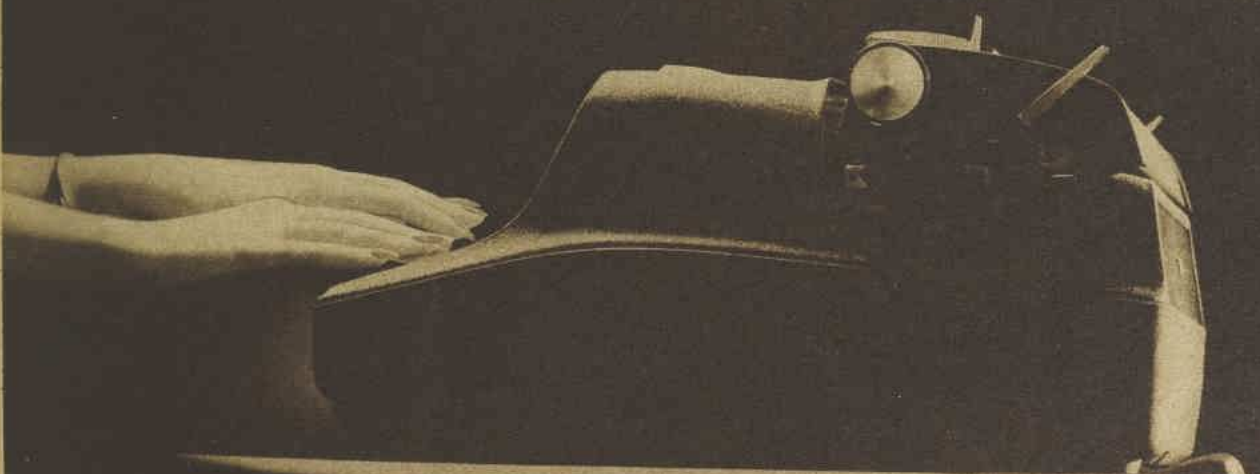
"Her hair smells beaut, too!"

"Please, Mummy, get Curlypet for my hair; I want to look like Judy."

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

If these were your hands

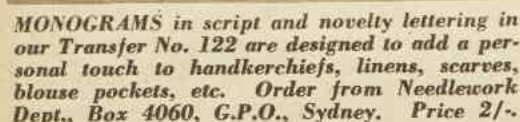


... you'd type with tireless ease and turn out more and beautiful work—because, instead of pushing the keys, you'd touch them lightly—instead of "throwing" the carriage, the tip of your little finger would signal it smoothly to return—instead of striking harder to get carbon copies, you'd turn a little dial once before starting. Doesn't your skill, too, deserve the many, many advantages of an IBM Electric Typewriter?

IBM ELECTRIC

For demonstration in your office, or colourful informative brochure, write IBM.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — MAY 9, 1962

IBM Australia Pty. Limited. In all Capital Cities and Principal Centres.



● Golden syrup and walnuts give a delicious flavor to the tartlets which win the main prize of £5 this week.

A recipe for a chicken-and-corn-flavored soup wins a consolation prize of £1.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-ounce liquid cup measure are used in the recipes.

Pastry: Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water.

Filling: One cup golden syrup, 2-3rds cup brown sugar, 2 eggs (slightly beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2-3rds cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream, walnut halves.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Add butter or substitute, rub in with tips of fingers. Mix to firm dough with the cold water. Roll out on lightly floured board, line deep patty-tins with the

pastry. Spoon in some filling, bake hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, bake further until custard sets. When cold, decorate with whipped cream and walnut halves.

Filling: Mix golden syrup in saucepan with the brown sugar. Cook gently over low heat 5 minutes. Cool slightly. Pour over slightly beaten eggs, beat continuously, add remaining ingredients.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. N. J. Saunders, 61 Queens Pde., Newport, N.S.W.

One large can sweet corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 2 teaspoons brandy or dry sherry, 1 lb. chicken, eggs, 4 slices green ginger (optional), pints water, salt.

Slice chicken into fine shreds. Place half into saucepan with chicken bones, ginger, and water. Bring to the boil, then simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Add sweet corn, monosodium glutamate, brandy or sherry. Knead remainder of chicken with cornflour into small balls and add to soup 5 minutes before serving. Add beaten egg, stir. Season with salt.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. A. Quinn, 130 Ernest St., Innisfail, Ont.

● These useful household hints were sent in by readers. Each one wins a prize of £1/1/-.

TO keep tunic pleats sharp for a long period, turn inside out, rub with soap along crease of pleat, then press — Mrs. J. Roberts, 8 Nitschke Street, Millicent, S.A.

After damping clothes before ironing place in a large plastic bag. This prevents them drying out, especially in warm weather.—Mrs. Alan Smith, 30 Hope Street, Preston, Vic.

When roasting meat, place one tea spoon of sugar in the corner of the baking-dish. It will give a much nicer brown gravy.—Mrs. U. R. Heinze, Box 150, Tanumda, S.A.

Use an apple-corer to remove weeds from the lawn. It is quick and effective and leaves the lawn unscarred.—Mrs. M. Smith, 25 Benga Ave., Dandenong West, Vic.

For a delicious flavor and good color
add one dessertspoon of marmalade to
the mixture when making rock-cakes.
Mrs. M. J. Wilson, 17 Manor Rd.
Hornshy, N.S.W.

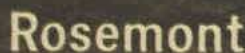
If you have run out of hair-oil, place some olive oil in a small bottle, add a few drops of eau-de-Cologne, and shake well.—A. M. Baker, 36 McNeil Street, Cottesloe, W.A.

Use an old nylon stocking to strain lumps from paint. Stretch the stocking over the top of the paint tin, cut off the foot, then invert the tin over the paint bucket.—Mrs. D. Coulter, Wyandatchem, W.A.

Before going on a picnic, add a good pinch of bicarbonate of soda to your bottle of milk, and it will keep fresh all day, although corked. — Mrs. W. McBlane, 59 First Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. Boolaroo.

To have mint sauce always on hand: Half-fill a small bowl with golden syrup and leave for a few minutes in a warm place to thin. Chop clean, dry mint leaves and fold into syrup to make a thick paste. Transfer to screw-top jars. To serve, take a small quantity and thin with vinegar.—Mrs. A. Simpson, 836 Thomas Street, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Repair tears in leather heels on women's shoes by sticking them down with colorless nail lacquer. Apply a thin, even coat to each surface, and press firmly together when "tacky."
Miss N. Stevenson, 156 West Beach Road, Marleston, S.A.



Scattered with rosebuds, this softly feminine bedspread - Rosemont - by Hollywood adds the crowning touch to traditional bedroom decor.

It's in Teton . . . soft as a rose petal and immaculately tailored as only Hollywood knows how. Note the three tiers of frills . . . the supremely elegant and rumple-proof "Turnatop" . . . and there's a practical drip-dry underskirt, too!

With this floral beauty abloom in your bedroom, you'll discover the luxury of living like the stars . . . in Hollywood!

Now on colourful display at leading stores, Rosemont is available in fashionable shades of lilac, pink and lemon.

£19/17/6 single, £24/10/- double.
American styled pinch pleated Tetron
curtains to match. 7' drop. . . £7/17/- pair.
Prices vary slightly in each State

LIVE LIKE
THE STARS IN

hollywood

HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD., 585 ELIZABETH ST., REDFERN, N.S.W.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' questions about their antique pieces. Some of them are shown on this page.

I HAVE a Wedgwood jug standing 12in. high with a pewter lid. It is a dark blue with a white design. I also have a vase and pair of figures with no markings that I can see. I would appreciate any information you could give me about them.—Mrs. H. Lynas, Wooroonook, Vic.

Your jug (shown at right) is not Wedgwood but an English Staffordshire piece about 90 years old. The mark is the standard patent mark used to denote that the jug and design were registered to prevent other

manufacturers from infringing the copyright. Your vase and figures (shown at left) were made about 1910 at one of the Burslem potteries.

My small teapot is snow-white, of very fine china, and has fluting round top and bottom. Markings are Victoria, Austria and 232. Could you tell me when it was made, please?—Mrs. H. Walker, Grafton, N.S.W.

Your teapot (not shown) was made about 1910.

● Staffordshire jug.

● Figures and vase.

I have a pink floral vase standing 14½in. high which was brought out from Ireland in 1864. It has no markings except a large white dot in the centre of the base. I also have a bronze-colored jug with a curved snake handle which also came from Ireland. It has no markings at all. Could you give me some information about the two pieces, please?—Mrs. E. Armstrong, Wagga, N.S.W.

Your glass hand-painted vase (shown below) has been produced in a manner to simulate porcelain. It is of the Vic-



● Victorian vase.

torian era. Your charming English Staffordshire copper lustre jug (not shown), painted with a floral motif in enamel colors which stand up in relief, was made about 1835.

My tobacco jar has two lids, one to press the tobacco inside the jar. It is decorated with very fine white figures with what appear to be harps. The markings on the base are the numerals 1 with 2 placed beneath. The lid has white fern leaves on the top. Could it be genuine Wedgwood?—Mrs. M. White, East Maitland, N.S.W.

Your interesting Wedgwood-type tobacco jar (not shown) was made at Staffordshire. It is difficult to attribute it to any particular factory, because many potters imitated quite successfully the art of the celebrated Wedgwood factory. Your specimen is about 90 years old.

I have a glass vase with an embossed metal base and top. I also have two small cups which are supposed to be more than 200 years old. They appear to be of a soft silver with a small fish suspended on a stem which turns round. I think they were used for coffee. Could you tell me the age of these pieces, please?—Mrs. W. Taberner, Berry, N.S.W.

Your elegant ewer-shaped blue glass vase (not shown) with French spelter bronze mounts was made about 1875-85. The silver cups are not 200 years old. Judging by the description, they were not made before 1840.



Miami



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THE STARS IN

hollywood

To grace the most modern bedroom comes Miami . . . as smart and sophisticated as next Spring's fashions.

This latest bedspread inspiration by Hollywood, Miami, is in an exclusive cotton "Llama" fabric, subtly patterned and with contrasting colour overlay. Choose from 22 different shades, vibrant or muted . . . one of which will be in perfect harmony with your bedroom setting. Only Hollywood brings you such luxurious softness, such easy care, such long, long service. That is why it pays to buy a genuine Hollywood product . . . never an imitation. See Miami . . . now on show at all leading stores.

£8/19/6 (single); £9/19/6 (double).

Prices vary slightly in each State.

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Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet,
but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

**NOW—here's the quick,
easy way to keep your
toilet bowl sparkling clean
and hygienic.**

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire toilet bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or toilet sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.

**Harpic is made specially for cleansing
all sewer and septic tank toilet bowls.**

Harpic cleans round the "S" bend—where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC

Regd.

TOILET CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning
Septic Tank
Toilet Bowls



AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Do you remember that recipe of mine which, if I'd made it, would have left me with seventy egg-yolks to use up? (It was in the issue dated April 11.)

A MELBOURNE reader has sent me this seventy-egg-yolk recipe for advokaat, with the suggestion that I make it, bottle it, and see whether we can make it last until the first family wedding!

The recipe calls for 70 egg-yolks, 70 table-spoons sugar, 4 bottles of vodka, 2 tablespoons vanilla essence, 2 teaspoons of orange or red coloring.

First you beat the egg-yolks and sugar together until the sugar is completely dissolved, then you pour in the vanilla and the vodka and add the coloring.

She writes: "You're going to end up with a lot of advokaat, but you needn't worry about it going bad. Spirits never spoil, so you can have a stock of it."

IT'S funny what an appeal zany recipes have for people who are interested in cooking.

I love them, and I've made quite a collection of them, but this next one is one of the zaniest of all time.

It's been sent to me by a Tasmanian reader, and it comes from a book called "Syllabub in the Kitchen" published a short time ago by Methuen in London. It's called Walnut Pate.

"Double mince half a pound of shelled walnuts (old fruit are best) together with one medium onion, one garlic clove, and two fingers of moist, crustless bread. Stir one full dessertspoonful of mild paprika, a nice pinch of cayenne, and one tablespoon of olive oil into one half of the walnut mince. Mix well and then wring out the oil in a strong cloth, milking off a few teaspoons with the fingers into a saucer.

"Now mix both halves of the walnut mince together, creaming well and gradually adding about one gill of the cooled water in which two kipper fillets have simmered for two minutes. Do not let the paste become slack. Lastly mix the chopped kipper fillets with half the paste, spread this in a dish, and spread the other half on top. Dab with squeezed oil from the saucer and serve."

I can't for the life of me work out how this would taste, but to get the full flavor of the recipe you should read it aloud!

For some reason that I can't explain it reminds me of those wonderful nonsense lines of Geoffrey Taylor's which go:

"You, reasoning, play but ball with a pretence;
Tattered in logic, every question beg.
I answer you according to my sense,
Friday is faster, far, than a fried egg..."

A MELBOURNE reader has sent me this quaint old recipe for Mother Eve's Pudding which she found in the 950,000th copy (72nd edition) of a book called "Enquire Within" published in London in 1885.

"If you want a good pudding, to teach you I'm willing;

Take two pennyworth of eggs, when twelve for a shilling;

And of the same fruit that Eve had once chosen,

Well pared and well chopped, at least half a dozen;

Six ounces of bread (let your maid eat the crust),

The crumbs must be grated as fine as the dust;

Six ounces of currants, from the stones you must sort,
Lest they break out your teeth and spoil all your sport;
Six ounces of sugar won't make it too sweet;
Some salt and some nutmeg will make it complete;
Three hours let it boil, without hurry or flutter,
And then serve it up, without sugar or butter."

A READER from Narrabeen, N.S.W., has sent me a copy of Frenchman Senator Couteaux's magnificent recipe for cooking a hare.

I always feel that this recipe is literature, not food! I've seen it in all sorts of different books, I once heard a half-hour radio broadcast devoted to it, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if somebody someday set it to music and sang it.

I wish there was room to give the recipe, but it goes on, page after page, taking you through every step of a seven-hour cooking programme.

The Senator used to write regular political articles for a French newspaper, and one day, instead of his regular article, he used this recipe, together with an account of how he had spent a week hunting in mountainous country for the right sort of hare to make his *Lievre a La Royale*.

The "right sort of hare" must be a male, with red fur, of fine French descent (characterised by the light nervous elegance of head and limbs), and cleanly killed so as not to have lost a drop of blood.

You'll find the whole of the recipe in Elizabeth David's "Book of Mediterranean Food" published in the Penguin series.

GETTING tired of food? Well, here's a tip from a Grafton reader for making healthy children...

TAKE:
One grassy field, one half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook, and some pebbles.

METHOD:
Mix children and dogs well together and place them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles. Sprinkle the field with flowers, spread over all a deep blue sky, and bake in a warm sun. When brown, remove and set to cool in a bathtub.

AND now, from several readers in different States, a recipe that will be good for your soul as well as for your larder...

SCRIPTURE CAKE.
4½ cups I Kings IV: 22.
1½ cups Judges V: 25.
2 cups Jeremiah VI: 20.
2 cups I Samuel XXX: 12.
1 cup Numbers XVII: 8.
½ cup Judges IV: 19.
2 tablespoons I Samuel XIV: 25.
6 Jeremiah XVII: 11.
2 teaspoons Amos IV: 5.
½ teaspoon Leviticus II: 13.
To taste, I Kings X: 10.
Follow instructions Proverbs XXIII: 14.
In case you want to make this in a hurry, we'll take pity on you. If you turn the page upside down you'll find a "crib" for the Scripture Cake recipe that might help.

(Flour, Butter, Sugar, Raisins and Figs, Salt, Spices, Beat).
Eggs, Baking-Powder, Salt, Spices, Beat).
Eggs, Butter, Sugar, Raisins and Figs, Salt, Spices, Beat).
Eggs, Butter, Sugar, Raisins and Figs, Salt, Spices, Beat).
Eggs, Butter, Sugar, Raisins and Figs, Salt, Spices, Beat).

For the world's best Mother

Judith Aden



She'll love you for making her day so beautiful. Gift her with Judith Aden this Mother's Day . . . she'll know it's more than a token of your love . . . it's the appreciation of her being your Mother. Surprise and please her . . . offer her the flattery of Judith Aden . . . your Mother deserves it!

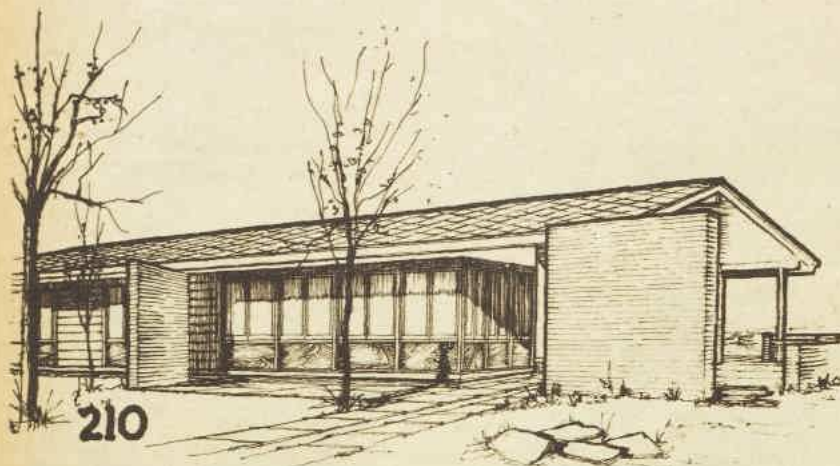


Hairset Spray	7/11
Compact Make-up	5/11
Lavender or Gardenia Talc	2/11

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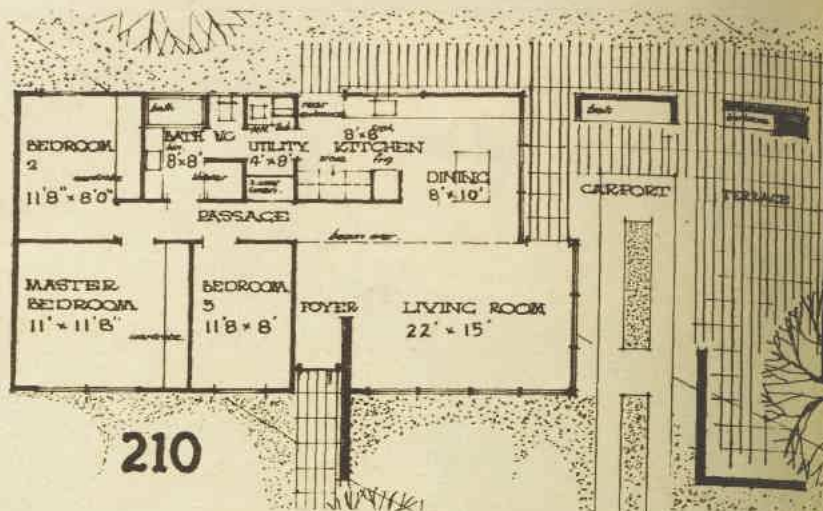
KEYED FOR OUTDOOR LIVING



210

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows rectangular design with low-pitched roof extending over part of the six-square outdoor living area. Concrete-block walls give privacy to the entrance and barbecue.

- Designed by architect John P. Ley, this contemporary home is ideal for the family that likes to spend lots of time outdoors.



210

FLOOR PLAN shows compact layout, with bathroom and toilet accessible from the kitchen, and dining-room with built-in buffet opening on to terrace. Utility room has two-way linen cupboard.

A PAVED carport and terrace with built-in barbecue gives an extra six squares of living space, and part of this area is sheltered by an overhanging roof.

This house, under construction on the Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, is of timber with a low-pitched corrugated asbestos roof. All external walls (see perspective sketch) are of concrete blocks painted white. Organised by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes, the Homes Fair opens on May 11.

The internal layout of Plan No. 210 is efficiently designed, with the accent on convenience for the housewife. The kitchen has a whole wall of storage cupboards with a built-in stove, and the bench containing the

sink extends into the dining-room to form a stained and polished timber buffet.

The compact utility room has a two-way linen cupboard opening into the passage leading to three large bedrooms. The toilet and bathroom are both accessible from the utility room and from the passageway.

Mr. Ley believes that bathrooms should be just as attractive as any other room in the house. In Plan No. 210, the bathroom floor is laid with exposed aggregate pebbles; wall tiles have been reduced to a minimum; and the new steam-proof plastic wallpaper will be used to give life and color to the room.

Wallpaper will give color or texture accents throughout the house. In the living-room there is a white-painted concrete-block wall, which extends through from outside, forming an attractive lobby.

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Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

- ☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
- ☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

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... **FAB** gets rid of grease and grime without hard rubbing

Only Fab contains Actergent... that's why Fab suds are so much richer and longer lasting. Fab's richer harder working suds make light work of the heaviest wash. Even greasy overalls and grubby playclothes come clean and bright. See how your clothes come sparkling white, brighter than ever before. When you use Fab you've said goodbye forever to that "left-over" grey look that comes from left-over soap scum which settles in your clothes. See for yourself how much easier, more satisfying your wash can be — buy Fab today!



Children's grubby playclothes come out of those long-lasting Fab suds as bright and clean as new.



Just pop those greasy grimy work overalls straight into rich Fab suds without any rubbing or scrubbing.



FAB washes cleaner, whiter, brighter than any soap powder or any detergent!



“Mummy. Why can’t I have our Wilkins Servis when I get married?”

“I’ll still be using it, dear.”

Next to your husband, this Wilkins Servis is possibly the only household possession you can expect to last a lifetime. There are over a million

‘Servis’ washing machines in use throughout the world—and NOT ONE OBSOLETE. This is because Wilkins Servis washing machines combine years ahead features with

years ahead, ever modern styling.

Wilkins Servis make only Washing Machines—it’s one reason we make them so well.

☐ IT’S NATIONAL WASHING MACHINE MONTH ☐

Supertwin features: Hi zone agitation with wide-sweep action. Keeps all the washing water active. Exclusive float-away rinsing action. Super-dry spin-dry. Supertwin has 14 lbs. capacity (while 7 lbs. washes, another 7 lbs. rinses and spin-dries). Sold all over the world . . . on superiority.

WARMEST NEWS THIS WINTER!



Pamper yourself with this new, soft wonder fabric

So luxurious, so light, and snuggle-soft to the tenderest skin. Golden Spun combines all the warmth of natural fibre with the performance of man made — washes beautifully, dries quickly, stays wrinkle free. Choose La Mode nightwear in these lovely feminine styles, and this winter live in a warm, warm world of Golden Spun. Round and V-yoke nighties, 39/11. Pyjamas, 49/11. Azalea Pink and Beau Blue. SW to OS.

**la Mode GOLDEN SPUN
UNDERWEAR, TOO!**

Long-sleeved spencer, SW to OS, 17/11.
Long-leg panties and round-neck vest.
SW to OS, 14/11. XOS, 16/11. Azalea
Pink and Carnation White.



LOOK FOR THIS
GOLDEN SPUN LABEL



Golden Spun is exclusive to La Mode in women's wear, but you can now buy Golden Spun for your menfolk in HANES Underwear, made in Australia under licence by La Mode.

Gifts for friends

● "What can I take Mary in hospital?" Most of us at some time or other face the problem of choosing a gift for a little "cheer-up" to a sick friend.

PERHAPS till now your friends have had only a brief encounter with illness—a few days in bed at home, or a short stay in hospital.

But now you're faced with the fact that one of your family, or one of your nearest and dearest friends, is in hospital for quite a spell, with a long convalescence to follow.

The usual gift of a bunch of flowers seems hardly adequate.

In thinking out a special gift, consider first the taste and habits of the patient.

Don't send fresh flowers to someone who suffers from hay fever, or has an allergy.

If the patient is female the problem is much easier, for there are always lots of presents to pamper a woman invalid.

If her tastes are very "feminine"—and what woman doesn't like dainty things?—then there are light, fragrant colognes, talcum powders; her favorite soap, a special kit of her own brand of cosmetics which is light and easily handled in bed; spicy or sweet sachets to tuck under the pillow to take away the antiseptic smell of the hospital room; a bundle of pretty hair ribbons to hold hair back neatly in place, and other countless personal gifts.

But if she's the organised type of gal who will have taken her own stock of these things with her to hospital, what then?

Flowers and fruit and books, yes; but if she has lots of friends, her room will already be a bower before your offering arrives.

Remember, when you are sending flowers to hospital

these days, that many florists will arrange a delightful spray of flowers in a papiermache vase which, when delivered, has only to have the water added.

You'll not only be popular with your friend, but the delight of the overworked nursing staff—they doubtless shudder at the arrival of each long box of gladioli, which defy arrangement in a small vase in a limited space.

For busy housewives or young mothers, time spent in hospital is unusual leisure in their usually crowded days.

What about a manicure set as a gift — one can spend hours giving oneself a manicure or pedicure, and trying out a new shade of nail polish.

Would your patient be the type who would like a baby cushion, complete with a pretty pillow-slip to tuck beneath her head or shoulders?

Or perhaps a delicately shaded fluffy rug just to pull up if she's feeling chilly, or to keep her toes warm?

One of the patients' chores in hospital, once they are over the worst of their illness, is the writing of notes to say "thank you."

Tricky gift

So what about some correspondence cards just the right size to express thanks, without tiring the patient by filling a sheet of notepaper with news.

The next suggestion—food as a hospital gift—is tricky, and thorough inquiries must be made first.

Some hospitals absolutely forbid gifts of food. However, if food is allowed as a present, and if the patient is allowed a normal diet, here are a few suggestions.

What about taking a small airtight jar filled with his or her favorite biscuits for a nibble with a cup of tea, or for supper before lights out?

Don't take too many, and don't take them in your own favorite cake-tin which must be returned.

Oysters, icy cold and complete with some thinly cut brown bread and butter, lemon, or a tiny bottle of vinegar and a "poke" of pepper and salt so that a nurse need not be asked to supply all these extras, can be a welcome change for a patient.

Appetising

The oysters can be brought in a foil plate so that no dishes have to be washed up.

These days there are wide-necked vacuum flasks which can be filled with delicious home-made soup, creamed oysters, iced strawberries, or papaw and pineapple which has been cut with fresh orange and lemon juice squeezed over.

This will remain cool and palatable, and such gourmet gifts tempt a lagging appetite.

A baby chicken, cooked in butter and allowed to cool without refrigeration, makes a welcome change for hospital lunch or the early tea served.

Take with it a few tender hearts of lettuce leaves, and extras your patient may like.

But remember, a large plate full of food when you're not on top of your form can be a horrible mistake.

If not the whole baby chicken, a freshly cut chicken sandwich, made with plenty of butter and a dab of home-made mayonnaise and well seasoned with pepper and salt, can be appetising.

Wrap such offerings in

A MOTHER'S STORY 'My home was

● Many years ago I read a book called "Woman of Many Secrets." Now, as the wife of a minister working among poor people, I find that title applies to me.

WHEN my husband accepted a call to work in an industrial area I was most upset.

All my life I had lived in an outer seaside suburb and dreaded the thought of being hemmed in on all sides by terraced houses and factories. I compared the freedom of my childhood and youth with the confined conditions in which my children would be reared, the golden sand and blue sea that had been my playground, with the narrow back alleys where they would play.

I turned to the people who would be our neighbors. I imagined myself living in constant fear of the people who would be my everyday associates.

And so I went—with all my fears and revulsion. The adjustment days were terrifying and I found myself often in tears. To add to my depression, I started housekeeping

in a place that was festooned with dust-covered cobwebs and practically falling apart. So different from the home I had known.

However, friends and parishioners came to our assistance and it wasn't long before it was renovated and we had it furnished to our liking. I gradually became accustomed to referring to it as home.

I began to widen my circle. Eventually I came to see that people needed me and I needed them. They needed the stability, security, and reassurance that could be found within our home, and I needed the love and trust that they brought with them.

It wasn't long before I discovered that my role was to make my home a place of refuge—a place to which people with varying problems could come and get a sympathetic hearing, and if possible find a way out.

They filtered in, the unmarried mothers, lads on probation, ex-convicts, people with housing, work, and domestic problems. There

in hospital

By
JOYCE BOWDEN

**(A touch of
genius
helps to
choose the
right thing)**

grease-proof paper, then foil, so they won't dry out.

If the weather's hot, a flask of pure orange juice, pineapple, or mixed juices is heaven when one is tossing on a hot hospital bed.

These days there are such pretty patterns for nightgowns — why not run up a fresh and pretty cotton sheer?

The material need not be expensive, and if it's finished by hand it will be nicer than most from the stores.

A bed jacket is another gift which is always acceptable, and is an item of clothing which is not always used by people unless they are in hospital.

And speaking of sewing, there is always the gift of a piece of sewing—already cut out and ready just to be hand-stitched, to fill in the odd hour.

This, or a piece of tapestry, embroidery, or knitting—all are delightful gifts if the patient likes doing these things and if she's well enough.

For the male patient there are numerous gifts now in the way of men's cosmetics. Your husband or favorite boy may scoff at colognes when he's up and about on two strong feet, but a cooling cologne or sooth-

• Take along a smile—it always helps.

ing talcum will be welcomed in hospital.

If he's a racing enthusiast, a hunt among the news-stands will bring forth a lot of literature on his favorite subject which he normally wouldn't have time to read.

A transistor radio is in the luxury class as far as a gift, but having one you might lend it to a friend in hospital—if it has an ear-plug and so doesn't disturb other patients.

"Goodies"

And don't forget that the period of convalescence is probably the most tedious of all.

After all the fuss and drama about being in hospital, suddenly the patient's home and supposedly well—and feeling like nothing on earth and nobody seems to care.

This is when flowers come into their own. After all, your sick friend is still not able to scrub a floor, but a little gentle

flower arrangement can break the monotony of the day.

The sudden arrival of a packet of goodies to suit the palate is a happy surprise—either luxury items like a small jar of caviare or a more homely favorite pot of home-made jam, relish, some special coffee or tea, different savory spreads and biscuits, which can be served to visitors who drop in.

All these things can be a welcome change, and it's a boon to have something a bit different on the shelf.

And, remember, if any or all of these suggestions are beyond you, that the nicest gift of all to receive in hospital is a cheerful letter giving news of interest.

If you're not good at letter-writing, there are greeting-cards which have a message for all occasions.

Don't forget the old saying: "It's the thought that counts."

a refuge for all'

was the vicious problem of drunkenness and its subsequent ills, to say little of the derelicts and the inevitable impostors. At first when I tried to help them, I feared them, then fear turned to pity and pity to love.

When the weight of other people's burdens became too much for us, my husband and I would look on the lighter side and sit together and have a good laugh. This helped us to keep things in their right perspective.

Words do not exist to describe the emotions and anguish of the persons involved.

Who could explain the turmoil of a woman whose husband is serving his sixteenth prison sentence, and who struggles bravely on in face of tremendous difficulties to rear a large family of small children? Who would understand the pain of a youth serving his first prison sentence, or the depths of despair as parents look on their dead child?

I have endeavored to make friends of women whose husbands are heavy drinkers. I would very much like to change things for them, but I can't. All I can do is to be a sympathetic listener. Much of the trouble stems from people having to live in crowded, squalid conditions where it is impossible for

them to escape to a room by themselves and cool down. Hence many of them come to our home to get a breath of fresh air, talk over their grievances and, I hope, go away feeling a little refreshed.

You may well ask where my own children fit into this complicated pattern of living. With so many people coming and going, my kiddies are exposed to all kinds and conditions of mankind. Do they show discrimination? No, they love all alike and herein is the lesson I have learned from them: that to the innocent all things are equally good. Once, outside a prison cell my little lad asked . . . "Why have they put R . . . in a cage?" I was unable to answer him because of my tears.

Are my children showing signs of delinquency? Certainly not, they are very well adjusted, and I trust that they will continue to love everyone they meet and see in them only that which is good.

• The writer wishes to be anonymous. Like other authors in our "Mother's Story" series, she receives £20.

WARMEST NEWS THIS WINTER!



HANES

GOLDEN SPUN

New wonder fabric pampers your menfolk — makes winter laundering easier for you. The fellers in your family will love the way Hanes GOLDEN SPUN underwear gives more warmth and comfort with less weight. You'll love the way Golden Spun washes easily by hand or machine, dries so quickly, stays wrinkle free. Make his winter a warm, warm world with Hanes Golden Spun underwear. Available now at all leading stores. BRIEFS, 15/11. TRUNKS, 19/11. LONG-LEG UNDERPANTS, 25/6 T-SINGLET, 23/6.



MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY LA MODE INDUSTRIES UNDER LICENCE FROM P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., U.S.A.

The washing machine man
was right—Surf doesn't
leave a trace of scum!



SURF HAS BEEN TESTED AND APPROVED BY ALL LEADING WASHING MACHINE MAKERS!

It's a fact! All leading washing machine makers unanimously approved the use of Surf in their washing machines. Because, with Surf, soap-scum just cannot form. Machine parts never suffer scum damage. The makers found, too, that Surf suds rinse away best of all. So be wise. Follow the advice of the experts and use Surf every washday. Your washing machine will work with top efficiency and, best of all, you'll have the world's cleanest wash.

SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH

RESULTS FROM MANUFACTURERS' TESTS

HOOVER

"We've tested Surf—definitely approve its use. Surf's suds are just right and rinse away most efficiently. Surf beats the soap-scum problem."



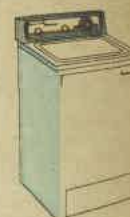
WILKINS SERVIS

"Every item in each 9-lb. load was washed wonderfully clean with Surf. Even after repeated wash-loads, Surf left the machine free of scum."



MALLEYS

"Surf washed all garments spotlessly clean. Suds rinsed away speedily, leaving the machine in perfect condition—no scum."



LIGHTBURN

"We recommend Surf. We're proud of the Automatic, and we want Lightburn owners to be as proud of its washing results. So we say, 'Use Surf!'"



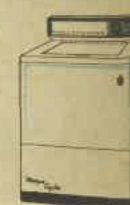
SIMPSON

"Surf was outstanding in our Two-Speed Wringer model. Clothes were wonderfully clean, even by our high standards. After tests, machine was in showroom condition."



KELVINATOR

"Surf gives an exceptionally clean wash. Surf suds last through the whole wash, yet rinse away most efficiently, leaving no scum deposit."



POPE

"We recommend Surf for our machines. In the Spin-o-matic, Surf gave wonderful results at all wash temperatures. No formation of soap-scum."



WESTINGHOUSE

"After thorough tests, we unanimously approve Surf's use. Surf's rinsing action is most effective. Rollers were as clean as a whistle."



SF.129-WWFFC

Here, I think, I should make a confession. I do not often indulge in lying, because, for me, a lie has a sickly flavor of impotence. It leaves me too far away from the mark. But when I am asked where I pursued my studies in Warsaw I always answer at the French school. It is a question of principle. My mother had done her best, and I don't see why I should deprive her of the fruit of her labors.

After some time in Warsaw we found our last penny was gone. My mother spent every day walking the streets in search of business, and came home late, looking exhausted and scared. But I was never cold or hungry, and she always kept assuring me that a terrific, lucrative deal was just around the corner — there was absolutely nothing to worry about.

I did all I could to help her. I literally surpassed myself in my efforts to fly to her rescue. I wrote poems which I recited to her — they were to bring us fame, fortune, and the adulation of applauding crowds. Each time my mother came back empty-handed from one of her expeditions, and sink down on a chair—the first marks of age were beginning to show in her face—I read aloud the immortal lines which were to bring the world to her

Continuing . . . PROMISE AT DAWN

from page 63

feet. She always listened with the greatest attention. Little by little, her face grew brighter, the traces of fatigue vanished, and she exclaimed with absolute conviction: "Lord Byron! Victor Hugo! Pushkin!"

I also went in for grecoroman wrestling in the firm hope of one day becoming a champion of the world and soon was known at school as "Gentleman Jim." I was far from being stronger than anybody else, but I excelled in striking noble and elegant poses, which have the impression of quiet power and dignity. I had style. I was almost always flooded.

M. Dieuleveut-Caulec, my teacher, gave his kind encouragement to my poetic creations. For it goes without saying that I composed neither in Russian nor in Polish. French was my language. Warsaw was no more than a temporary camping ground on the journey to my true country.

I made no attempt to conceal from my young Polish friends at school the fact that I was one of them only temporarily, that we were planning to "go home" at the first opportunity. Such artless pig-headedness on my part did not

make life at school any easier for me. During the breaks, when I wandered about the corridors with a self-important air, a little group of older boys would sometimes gather around me. They looked at me with solemn eyes. Then one of them would step forward and, addressing me in the third person, as is customary in Poland, would ask me in a tone of deep respect: "Am I right in thinking our friend has put off his journey to France?"

I invariably played into his hands: "Yes. It is not worth while arriving in the middle of the school year." I would explain.

My baiter would nod agreement, then add: "I trust he has warned them of his intention: otherwise they might be worried."

THEY nudged one another and I knew that they were making fun of me. But I was far beyond the reach of their insults. My dream was more important to me than my wounded pride and, somehow, their baiting helped to strengthen my belief and my illusions. I very calmly answered their questions.

Did I think that the school curriculum in France was more difficult than in Poland? Yes, much more difficult. Sport, too, played a great part in it. Was uniform obligatory in French schools? Yes. What was it like? It was blue with gilt buttons and a sky-blue kepi. On Sundays, one wore red trousers and a white plume in the kepi. Did one wear a sword? Only on Sundays and on the last day of the year. Did one sing the "Marseillaise" before the day's work started? Yes, naturally, one sang the "Marseillaise" every morning. Would I mind singing the "Marseillaise" for them? There and then I advanced one foot, put one hand on my heart, raised high a clenched fist, and gave a rendering of my national anthem in tones of burning enthusiasm. Yes, I played into their hands, but I wasn't taken in. I could see their grinning faces and the way they turned aside to give vent to their guffaws. But, oddly enough, I didn't care. There I stood in the middle of a group, feeling completely indifferent. Conscious that I had a great country behind me, I was impervious of their sarcasm and their gibes. This game might have gone on indefinitely had not my tormentors suddenly touched me on the raw. The routine had begun in its usual way when five or six of the older boys pressed around me with a thoughtful look on their faces: "So, our friend is still with us? We thought that he had left for France, where he is so eagerly awaited."

I was about to embark upon my usual explanations when the eldest of the group broke in upon me: "They are not very keen about admitting ex-cocottes, I suppose."

I no longer remember who the boy was and I certainly do not know where he had picked up this curious piece of information. Need I say that nothing in my mother's past justified such a slanderous statement? She may not, perhaps, have been the "great dramatic artist" of her imagination, but, still, she had played in very good Moscow theatres, and those who knew her at that time always described her to me as a proud woman whose exceptional beauty had never turned her head nor led her astray.

But so great was my surprise on this occasion that it took the appearance of cowardice. My heart suddenly sank into

a hole, my eyes filled with tears, and, for the first and last time in my life, I turned my back on my enemies.

I have never, since then, turned my back on anything or anybody, but on that black day I did, and there is no use denying it.

When my mother came home, I ran to her and blurted out the whole story. I expected her to fling her arms wide and console me as she knew so well how to do. But what actually happened was staggering. All of a sudden, every vestige of love and tenderness left her face. She did not, as I had been anticipating, let a flood of compassion and affection flow over me. She said nothing and looked at me for a long time, almost coldly. Then she took a cigarette from the table.

She went into the kitchen, which we shared with the owner of the flat, and busied herself about my supper. Her face looked as though it were made of wood, utterly indifferent, and from time to time she turned on me a pair of eyes that were almost hostile. I could not understand what had happened and was filled with a great surge of self-pity. I felt indignant, betrayed, and abandoned.

She made my bed, still without uttering a word. She did not so much as lie down all that night, and when I woke in the morning she was still sitting in the same old armchair of pale-green leather, facing the window with a cigarette between her fingers. The floor was covered with stubs. Her face was quite expressionless, and she turned her eyes away from me to the window. I believe, today, that I know what she was thinking — at least I imagine that I do. She must have been wondering whether I was worth bothering about, whether there was any meaning in her sacrifices, her efforts and her hopes, whether I was not going to turn out like men all the world over, whether I would not end by treating her as another man had once treated her.

She boiled my three eggs as usual and made my cup of chocolate. She watched me eat. At last a faint hint of tenderness showed in her eyes. She must have been reflecting that, after all, I was only twelve. When I got my books together, ready to start off for school, the same hard expression as before came back into her face.

"You'll never go back there again."

"But . . ."

"You will continue your education in France. Only . . . sit down."

I sat down.

"Listen to me, Romain."

I stared at her in amazement. I was no longer Roman-

chik-Romouchka. This was the first time she had ever not used the diminutive. This new departure made me feel extremely ill at ease.

"Listen to me carefully. The next time a thing like that happens, the next time your mother is insulted to your face, I'll expect to see you brought home on a stretcher. Do you understand?"

I sat there with my mouth open. Her face was very hard. Almost hostile. I could not believe it was my mother who was speaking. How could she say things like that? Was I not her Romouchka, her little prince, her precious treasure?

"I shall expect to see you brought back with blood on your face, do you understand?"

Her voice rose. She was almost shouting.

"Unless you realise that, it's not worth our going to France . . . Not worth going anywhere."

A PROFOUND feeling of injustice gripped me. My lips began to tremble, tears came into my eyes, my mouth opened still further. I had no time to do more. I felt a stinging slap on my cheek, then another and another. So great was my stupefaction that the tears vanished as though by enchantment. It was the first time my mother had ever raised her hand against me and, like everything she did, it wasn't done by halves. I sat motionless and petrified under her rain of blows. I didn't even cry out.

"Remember what I've said to you. From now on, you have to defend me. I don't care what they do to you with their fists, that's not what hurts most. If necessary, you'll let yourself be killed."

I again pretended not to understand, to be only twelve, to hide myself. But I understood all right. My cheeks were smarting, I was still seeing stars, but I understood and she saw that I did. It seemed to have a calming effect on her. She breathed noisily — always a sign with her of satisfaction — and poured herself out a cup of tea. She drank it always with a lump of sugar in her mouth, the way Russian peasants do.

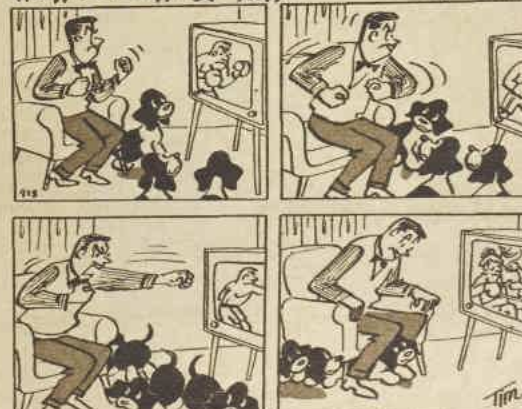
She was staring into the distance, busily seeking, scheming, calculating. Then she took her handbag and went out. She went straight to the French Consulate and energetically set about making arrangements to have us admitted as residents in a country where, as she wrote on the application which she got M. Dieuleveut-Caulec to draw up, "it is my son's intention to settle, to study and to grow into a man" — but there, I am sure, the phrase outdistanced her thoughts and she did not fully realise what it was that she was thus demanding of me.

To be continued

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



What is the most natural way to bottle-feed baby?

Baby authorities say that rubber teats remain the best of present day feeding methods if two essential features are present.

First, rubber with the tender, resilient softness of a mother's breast. Second, a teat of natural shape.

Maw's anti-colic teats from England meet both essentials. Maw's Teats are made by a "dipping" process — which gives a beautifully soft teat — nearer to nature than moulded teats. And Maw's Teats are cherry-shaped for proper feeding action.

Your chemist sells Maw's Teats in transparent containers which keep the teats scrupulously clean.

From chemists only, in four alternative hole sizes.



KIDNEY TROUBLES?

like this. Pressure and pain in kidneys, weaker bladder?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

MENTHOIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOIDS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, head back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

I suffered agony from CORNS

UNTIL a friend recommended Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS. How I wish I'd discovered them sooner. Corns never worry me now. These little tailored pads give wonderful relief and you can completely remove corns with the medicated discs provided. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions. 3/6 packets from Chemists, Stores, Shoe dealers, Scholl depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

For every foot trouble there's a Dr. Scholl's remedy.

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

Page 73

I never expected him to call me!



She need never refuse an invitation

now that her skin is free from blemishes

—since she discovered BIO-CLEAR.

Bio-Clear dries up excess oils and destroys acne-causing bacteria. Pimples quickly shrink away without a sign of after-scar. Skin toned and greaseless, Bio-Clear never shows you're using it. You will say thanks for Bio-Clear, as it quickly heals, soothes and smooths your skin. Buy a tube today. Bio-Clear is easy to apply; every girl, boy and adult, too, should keep a tube handy even for occasional breakouts. 9/11.



A product of the Helena Rubinstein Clinical Research Division.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

A pleasant surprise
for Mother's Day -

SLIPPERS

by

Betta

MAY 13 1962

"never wear out their welcome"



from
29/11

Style 397

Style 312

Style 335

In all fashionable
shades



Style 450

BETTA SHOE FACTORY PTY. LTD., 10 CAIRO STREET, ROCKDALE, N.S.W.

Striped cardigan



PRETTY - patterned stitch
worked in two colors pro-
vides an eye-catching effect
on this useful cardigan.

● Directions are given below to fit 34, 36, and 38in.
bust sizes. The cardigan is knitted in a thick wool
and has a large attractive collar.

Materials: Woolworths Flash
Wool: Size A 21oz. main, 14oz.
contrast; size B 23oz. main,
15oz. contrast; size C 24oz.
main, 15oz. contrast; 1 pr. each
Nos. 9 and 5 needles; 6 but-
tons.

Measurements: To fit loosely
A 34 (B 36, C 38) in. bust;
length from shoulder A 24 (B
24½, C 25) in.; length of sleeve
17in.

Tension: 5 sts. to lin. over
patt.

Pattern Stitch: 1st Row
(W.S.F.): Contrast p 1, * k 1
t.b.l. (through back of loop),
p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Contrast k 1 t.b.l.,
* p 1, k 1 t.b.l., rep. from *
to end.

3rd Row: Same as first.

4th Row: Same as second.

5th Row: Main p 1, * k 1
t.b.l., p 1, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: Main. * Place
needle at back of first st., k the
2nd st., then k the first st. and
slip both off tog., rep. from *
to last st., k 1.

7th Row: Main purl.

8th Row: Main. * Knit 2nd
st. from the front, then purl
the first st. and slip both off
tog., rep. from * to last st., k
1. Rep. these 8 rows for con-
tinuity of patt.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and
main, cast on 99 (B 105, C
109) sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last
st., k 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to last
st., p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times, then
the first row once.

Change to No. 5 needles and
work in patt. st. until work
measures 14in., ending with 1st
row of patt.

To Shape Raglan: Cont. in
patt., cast off 8 sts. at beg. of
next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next
row and every alt. row until
47 (B 51, C 51) sts. rem. Dec.
1 st. each end of every row
until 27 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and
main wool, cast on 47 (B 49,

C 51) sts. and work same as
for back until work measures
14in., ending with first row of
patt.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off
8 sts. at beg. of next row. Work
1 row even.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next
row and every alt. row until 21
(B 22, C 22) sts. rem.

Dec. 1 st. at raglan on next
2 (B 4, C 4) rows.

Next Row (W.S.F.): Cast
off 5 (B 4, C 4) sts. at beg.
and dec. 1 st. at end of row.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. at raglan
edge every row and at the
same time dec. 1 st. at neck
edge on next 3 rows, then every
alt. row until 1 st. remains.
End off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work same as for left front,
reversing shapings.

POCKET

Using No. 5 needles and
main, cast on 19 sts.

1st Row (W.S.F.): (K 1, p
1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: P 1, * k 1 into
loop below next st., p 1, rep.
from * to end of row.

3rd Row: * K 1 below, p
1, rep. from * to last st., k 1
below.

Rep. last 2 rows until work
measures 4in., ending with 3rd
row.

Next Row: Change to No. 9
needles. * K 1, knit into front
and back of next st., rep. from
* to last st., k 1.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) to
end of row. Rep. last row 6
times. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and
main, cast on 45 (B 47, C 51)
sts.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last
st., k 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to last
st., p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until work
measures 2½in., ending with 1st
row. Change to No. 5 needles
and work in patt. st., inc. 1 st.
each end of 3rd row, then
every 4th foll. row to 81 (B
87, C 91) sts.

Cont. even in patt. until
work measures 17in., ending in
1st row of patt.

Next Row (R.S.F.): Con-
tin. in patt., cast off 8 sts. at beg.
of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each
end of next row, then every
alt. row to 29 (B 33, C 39) sts.
Dec. 1 st. each end of every
row until 9 sts. rem. Cast off in
rib.

COLLAR

Join all raglan seams
W.S.F. and using No. 5 needle
and main, pick up and knit 1
sts. to first seam, 9 sts. across
top of left sleeve, 33 sts. across
back of neck, 9 sts. across top
of right sleeve, and 14 sts.
down right front (79 sts.).

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last
st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k into loop
below next st., rep. from * to
last st., p 1.

3rd Row: * K into loop be-
low next st., p 1, rep. from *
to last st., k into loop below.

Rep. last 2 rows until collar
measures 5in. Leave aside.

LEFT-FRONT BAND

Using No. 9 needles and
main, cast on 10 sts. and work
in k 1, p 1 rib for length of
left front. Sew band to front
edge. Place 6 markers in band
equal distances apart for but-
tons, having first one ½in. from
top and last one ½in. from
lower edge. Cont. in rib on
these band sts. for a further
5in., leave aside.

RIGHT-FRONT BAND

Work the same as left-front
band, but make buttonholes to
correspond with markers.

To Make a Buttonhole: Rib
4, cast off 2, rib 4.

Next Row: Rib 4, cast on 2,
rib 4.

Sew bands to fronts and up
sides of collar. Using No. 5
needles, right side of collar
facing, rib 8 band sts., k into
front and back of all collar sts.
then rib 8 band sts.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib across
all sts. for 7 rows. Cast off in
rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm
iron and damp cloth. Seam
sides and sleeves. Sew on but-
tons. Sl-st. pockets into place.
Press all seams.

Holiday in an Irish castle

"Now I've come to the conclusion there's only one way to live"

—sighs **DIANA WYNNE**, staff reporter

● Three o'clock in the morning. An owl boots. A soft wind moans. Boards creak in my room. The ghost walks. It must. I'm sleeping in a Tudor castle.

"DEFINITELY no ghosts here," I was told at breakfast the next morning. "It was most likely the plumbing."

Plumbing in a castle?

Mallow Castle, home of Brigadier and Mrs. Jephson, in southern Ireland, where I was spending a month's holiday, has all mod cons.

Each room has a house telephone. There is central heating, an abundance of bathrooms, a deepfreeze, and just about any electrical gadget you care to name.

But walk out of the front door and you're far back in time. A herd of white deer give you a regal stare—their ancestors were a present from Queen Elizabeth I.

A few hundred yards away are the ruins of the original Mallow Castle, seven and a half centuries old. And all around are tall trees, lawns, parklands, wheatfields, orchards, vegetable gardens, yet it's only a hop and a skip to the town shops.

Here everyone has plenty of time. No one hurries. What's the hurry, anyway?

Each shopkeeper discusses the weather at great length, but reports conflict. "It's a lovely day, thank God" . . . "Doesn't look too good" . . . "It's going to be fine later" . . . "I think we're in for a storm" . . . I learnt to agree with everyone.

When I arrived in Ireland and walked across the tarmac at Shannon Airport I didn't know quite what to expect. I'm partly Irish, anyway, so would it feel like going home? It did.

My friends Brigadier and Mrs. Jephson met me and we drove along winding roads with thatched whitewashed cottages—like pictures on a calendar.

Mallow is the centre of County Cork and the next castle but one from Blarney Castle, where the kissing-stone is.

We drove through the town—children, tourists, sheep ambling out of our way—and turned off the main street through large gates and up a long drive.

Straight ahead was a ruined castle, which King John started to build. The sun streamed through its gaping windows, 40 or so rooks were perched on its crumbling walls, and a rheumatic donkey called Sally stared steadily at us.

We turned, drove through an avenue of beech trees, and there was the present Mallow Castle—soft grey stone, coats-of-arms, high towers, long terraces, and rambling roses.

Mrs. Jephson took me to my room. My guest-suite (as big as our entire flat in Sydney) was at the end of a corridor 160ft. long. Mrs. Jephson seemed quite interested in the room herself. She didn't come this way often.

I drifted easily and happily into a routine. At eight o'clock the maid brought in tea, opened the curtains and prepared my bathroom. On the dot of 8.45 the dining-room doors were opened and we went in for breakfast.

Gleaming family silver, the morning paper on its little stand, kidneys and bacon waiting on the sideboard.

After breakfast we walked. Up mountains with breath-taking views, where we found white heather (it's lucky and rare), growing in clusters and blackberries as big as plums.

Lunch on the dot of 1.30 and then more walking. Perhaps to the river, perhaps to pick blackberries or just wander along the stone walls and watch the harvesting.

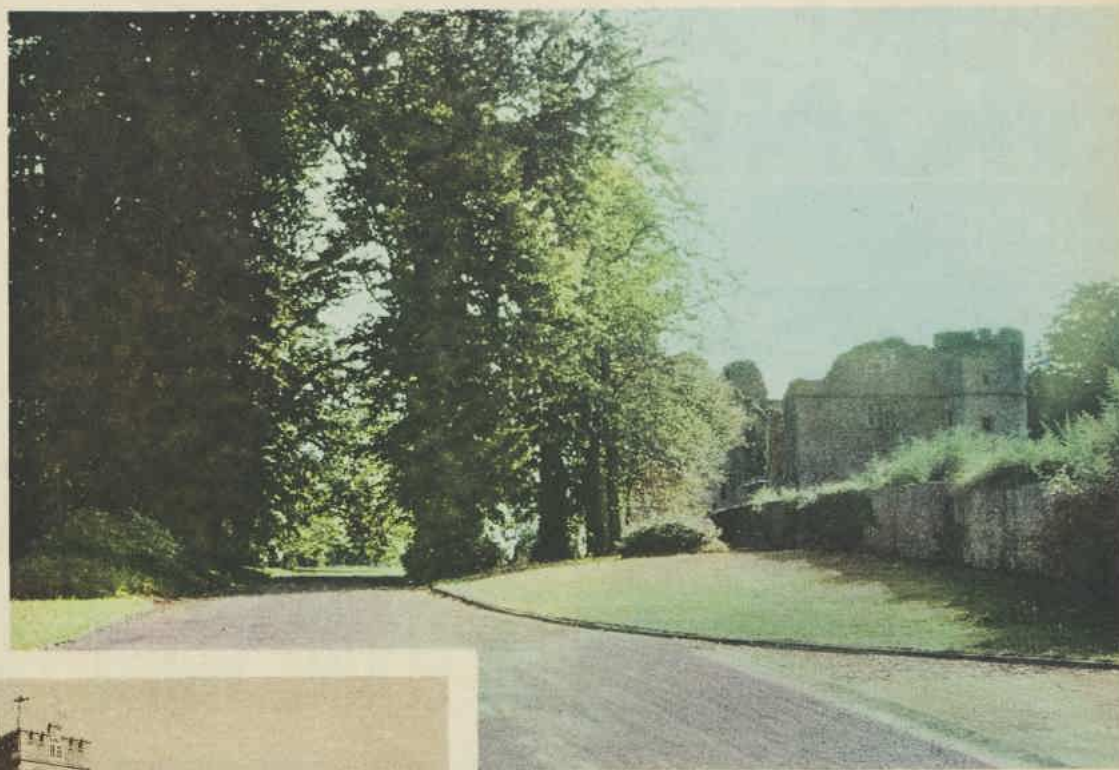
Tea was at five. A real tea like the ones I remembered as a child—fresh soda bread, scones, home-made jams.

After tea the 40 deer (or "deers," as the local children call them) gathered outside the front door and we fed them wind-fall apples.

At 7.30 we changed for dinner at eight.

There seemed to be maids everywhere when I first arrived, but you need a fleet of them to clean a castle.

Eight years ago, when the Jephsons inherited Mallow, girls used to queue up for the jobs. Now, with the new Japanese and German factories that have sprung up around Shannon, parlourmaids are precious. They prefer making transistors to



● Mallow Castle (left) and the ruins of the original castle (above) face each other across the big lawn. The present castle used to be the stables and servants' quarters, but was converted into a home after Cromwell burnt the old one.



● Brigadier Maurice Jephson and Mrs. Jephson feed the deer. Queen Elizabeth I gave two white deer to one of the Brigadier's ancestors, and these are descendants.

housework, or going off "t' England" to work in factories there.

Another thing I never got around to counting was the number of rooms. On the ground floor there are a large entrance-hall, sitting-room, dining-room, two enormous cloak-rooms, a gunroom, billiard-room, flower-room, and, in the servants' quarters, kitchen, pantry, servants' hall, and numerous passages and rooms.

Upstairs, a library, two main bedroom suites, five guest-suites, muniment-room (for the family archives and documents), ironing-room, two extra rooms in the water towers, about six maids' bedrooms, and odd attics.

On wet afternoons I just wandered round the castle and got to know the numerous ancestors who gazed out of dark oil paintings. My favorite was Sir Henry Norreys. Henry VIII had him beheaded because he thought he was having a love affair with Anne Boleyn—and he wasn't, poor man. No wonder he looked sad.

Tucked in one of the drawers in the library were a christening-cap and cuffs embroidered with the most delicate

stitches. "Queen Elizabeth the First worked that," Brigadier Jephson said. "One of my forebears was her goddaughter."

I'd always pictured her strutting round regally and planning wars against the Spaniards, but never sitting down with embroidery. It was exciting to hold the little cap and imagine.

One day we went to the local agricultural show. It was held in the pig mart and there was a fashion parade in the bull-ring—just the right shape. The castle entered some apples (which a few small boys ate before the judges came round) and got second prize for beetroot.

And then suddenly it was all over. No more suspected ghosts or leisurely teas. I'm back at work. And I've come to a conclusion: There's only one way to really live and that's in a castle.

THE FINEST ALL DAY AND EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY

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FAMILY**
with **ELAINE WHITE**

12-00

**The
EVE
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12-30



MIDDAY MOVIE



2-00

**JIMMY
HANNAN**
WOOLWORTH'S

*Say
When*



2-30

**GEORGE
FOSTER
PLAY
YOUR
HUNCH**



3-00



**WALTER
ELLIOTT
WHEEL
of FORTUNE**

3-30

**TERRY
DEAR**



CONCENTRATION

**ALL DAY AND EVERY DAY
ON CHANNEL**

9
TCN

RIBBED JACKET

● Knitted in a variation of single rib, this jacket has a looped tufted collar. The loops are worked as you knit. Directions are given below for 32 to 36 in. bust sizes.

Materials: 27 (28, 29) balls Lincoln "Buffalo" wool; 1 pr. each No. 7, 9, and 10 knitting needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from shoulder, 22½ (23, 23½) in.; sleeve seam, 16½ (17, 17) in.

Tension: 4½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 87 (91, 95) sts.

1st Row: K 2, (p 1, k 1) to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows 4 times. Change to No. 7 needles.

1st Row: K 2, (w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, k 1). Rep. to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, k 2 tog.) to last 2 sts., w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, (k 2 tog., w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise) to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Rep. the last 2 rows for patt. until work measures 14 in. or required length to underarm.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows,

then dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row 3 (4, 5) times, 73 (75, 77) sts.

Cont. in patt. without further shaping until armhole measures 7½ (8, 8½) in. on the straight.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows,

then 6 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 21 (21, 23) sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 39 (41, 43) sts. and work as for back to underarm.

To Shape Armhole (R.S.F.): 1st Row: Cast off 4 sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Patt.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., patt. to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows 2 (3, 4) times. Cont. in patt. on these 31 (32, 33) sts. without further shaping at armhole edge, but at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next and every foll. 12th row until 26 (27, 27) sts. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures same as for back.

To Shape Shoulder (R.S.F.): Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next row. Cast off 6 (7, 7) sts. at beg. of next alt. row. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 alt. rows.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 47 (51, 55) sts. and work in rib as for back for 6 in. Change to No. 7 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of 25th and every foll. 12th row until 61 (65, 69) sts. Cont. in patt. without further shaping until work measures 19½ (20, 20) in.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 8th row until 41 sts., then dec. 1 st. each end of next 4 rows. Cast off.

LEFT-FRONT BORDER

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 10 sts. and work in g-st. (k every row) for 14 in. Cast off. Place markers for 4 buttons, equal distances apart, having

1st one 1½ in. from lower edge and 4th one ½ in. from cast-off edge.

RIGHT-FRONT BORDER

Work as for left-front border, making buttonholes opposite markers thus:

1st Row (R.S.F.): K 4, cast off 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: K 3, cast on 3 sts., k 4.

RIGHT COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 7 sts.

1st Row: K t.b.l.

2nd Row: * K 1 t.b.l., insert needle into next st. without knitting it, slip 2 fingers of left hand under point of right needle, wind wool over right needle and around fingers 3 times, pull loops through st. on left needle, then slip loops to left needle and k tog. all loops t.b.l. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K t.b.l.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 4 rows for patt., inc. 1 st. at end of 3rd row of next patt., then every alt. row (k row) until 35 sts. * Cont. in patt. without further shaping until work measures 13½ (14, 14½) in., ending with 1st patt. row. Cast off in patt.*

LEFT COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 9 sts. and work in pat. as for right collar, inc. 1 st. at beg. of 3rd row of 1st patt., then every alt. row until 35 sts. Work from * to * as for right collar.

TO MAKE UP

Seam shoulders, sides, and sleeves. Sew sleeves into armholes. Sew front borders in position and sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Join centre back collar seam. Sew collar in position, commencing at edge of right-front border and finishing ½ in. from edge of left-front border. Steam-press lightly.

Another design overleaf

Hints for winter

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse

● With the approach of winter, the daily routines of babies and toddlers have to be adapted.

Heat is lost more quickly from small bodies, so there is more danger of colds, bronchitis, etc.

With the shorter and colder days, there is sometimes the danger of little children not getting sufficient outdoor exercise, fresh air, and sunshine.

In adjusting the diet more of the "fuel" foods, that is, sugars and starches, can be given, but the daily diet must include fruit and vegetables.

A free leaflet dealing with some of these winter adjustments for baby's good health can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Cornpatch Tomato Surprise..

Whole Kernel Corn Niblets are full of nourishing goodness!

4 large, firm tomatoes. 4 small eggs.
3 tbsps. evap. milk. $\frac{3}{4}$ teas. salt.
Dash cayenne.
1 teas. Worcestershire Sauce.
2 teas. chopped onion.
1 large slice bacon.
1 tbsp. fine dry bread crumbs.
Grated Cheddar Cheese.
1 to 2 cans MOUNTAIN
MAID Whole Kernel Corn Niblets.

Hollow out tomatoes; salt, and place in shallow casserole dish; break an egg into each tomato. Combine evaporated milk, seasonings, chopped onion; spoon over eggs in tomatoes. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 mins. or 'til eggs are almost set. Meanwhile, saute bacon, drain and chop. Combine with breadcrumbs. Top tomatoes with grated cheese and bacon-crumbs mixture. Spoon corn around tomatoes and dot with butter. Return to oven 'til cheese is melted and corn heated through. Serves 4.

See how many other delicious dishes you can make with Whole Kernel Corn Niblets . . . pick up a free Mountain Maid recipe folder at your local store or write to "Mountain Maid," Box 55, Rosebery, N.S.W.

Mountain Maid
WHOLE KERNEL CORN NIBLETS



Winter
handknits
concluded

Teen style

● Cardigan with a patterned border fits 28-32in. chest sizes. Directions below.

Materials: 9 (10, 11) balls Peacock Double Crepe main color; 3 (3, 3) balls Peacock Double Crepe contrast color; 2 pairs Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: Chest to fit 28 (30, 32) in. These are actual measurements. Length from top of shoulder 16½ (19, 20) in.; length of sleeve seam, 15 (16, 17) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); m, main color; c, contrast color; rep., repeat; inc., increase; dec., decrease.

Tension: 29 sts. 4in.; 42 rows 4in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and c, cast on 104 (112, 120) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles and m and work in st-st. until work measures 10½ (12½, 12½) in. or required length to armholes. Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 3 (3, 4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 4) times. When armholes measure 6 (6½, 7½) in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 (10, 8) sts. at the beginning of the next 8 (6, 8) rows. Cast off.

POCKETS (2)

Using No. 10 needles and m, cast on 26 (28, 30) sts. Work in st-st. for 2½in., ending with a k row. Leave on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and c, cast on 64 (68, 72) sts. Work in rib of p 1, k 1 for 1½in. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 41 (45, 49) m, 1c, 3m, 2c, 5m, (p 1, k 1) 6 times c.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times c, p (4m, 2c) twice, 40 (44, 48) m.

3rd Row: K 41 (45, 49) m, 2c, 3m, 1c, 5m, (p 1, k 1) 6 times c.

4th Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times c, p 6m, 1c, 1m, 2c, 42 (46, 50) m.

5th Row: K 43 (47, 51) m, 2c, 7m, (p 1, k 1) 6 times c.

6th Row: (P 1, k 1) 6 times c, p 6m, 2c, 1m, 1c, 42 (46, 50) m.

Rep. these 6 rows and when work measures 4in. insert pocket as follows:

Next Row: K 6 (7, 8) sts., cast off 26 (28, 30) sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 6 (7, 8) sts., p the 26 (28, 30) sts. of 1 pocket, p to end of row.

Continue in pattern and when work measures 10½ (12½, 12½) in. or required length to armhole, cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge of the next 3 (3, 4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 4) times. When armhole measures 4 (4½, 5) in. rib the 12 border sts. and leave on a spare needle for neckband, cast off 5 (6, 6) sts., work to end of row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next 5 (5, 5) rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 28 (30, 32) sts. When armhole measures 6 (6½, 7½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 (10, 8) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 (3, 4) times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working each row from the end to the beginning and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being ½in. from lower edge and 5 more evenly spaced about 2½ (2½, 2½) in. apart. Final buttonhole is worked on neckband.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Rib 5 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 5 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 5 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and c, cast on 50 (52, 56) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 10 needles and m and work in st-st. until each end of every 8th row until inc. to 76 (82, 88) sts. When sleeve seam measures 15 (16, 17) in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 40 (40, 40) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24, 24) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 12 needles and c, rib the 12 border sts. of right front, pick up and k about 84 (96, 98) sts. around neck, then rib the 12 border sts. of left front. Work in rib of k1, p 1 for ½ (1, 1) in., making final buttonhole when work measures ½in. Cast off in ribbing.

POCKET TOPS (2)

Using No. 12 needles and c, cast on 12 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ (3½, 4) in. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch pocket tops neatly across top of pocket opening, then stitch down pockets. Sew buttons on left front.

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8/11

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● A group of *Mammillaria*, all from Mexico. The crowns of some are encircled with haloes of tiny purple flowers. The pictures here and on the following pages were taken by staff photographer Jim Ellard at "Whiora," home of Mr. Ralph Field at Tennyson, Victoria.

CACTUS CURIOS

- Three pages showing some varieties of cactus grown in a unique nursery, with hints (page 85) on how to grow them.

ONE of Australia's most curious dollar-earners is the annual export of millions of cactus seeds to America.

The plants which produce them came originally from the Americas. Many still grow there, but they are scattered over such vast tracts of inaccessible country that American seed merchants find it simpler to buy their cactus seeds from a nursery in Australia, where 1000 different species are concentrated in a two-acre area.

The nursery is at Mr. Ralph W. Field's sheep station, "Whiora," Tennyson, on the plains of northern Victoria, where the owner and his youngest son, Robert, tend about 3000 cacti ranging in age from babies planted last year to an "old man" cactus aged 42 years.

This was grown from seed by Mr. Field's father, the late Mr. Edward Field, and was moved from its original home in Hawthorn to "Whiora" 34 years ago.

Inheriting his father's love of cacti, Mr. Field today has the greatest collection of matured cacti in Australia.

His specimens come from just about every place where cacti flourish: desert, cold mountain country, and ocean beach, from the Canadian border down through Texas and Arizona to the South American countries of Mexico, Peru, Chile, Brazil, and the Argentine.

The first imported seeds for the Fields' huge cactus family came from Germany and Belgium from such cactus authorities as Harry Blossfeld

and Richard Graessner, but later importations came from the South Americas.

One of the first of these was a collection of young plants gathered during a special expedition to South America to which Mr. Field and his father contributed.

These were shipped to Germany, then repacked for the journey to Australia. They travelled three to four months without any soil round their roots and all flourished—a good indication of how cacti survive without water or soil nourishment.

Most of the plants which made this long journey are in the cactus garden at "Whiora" today, and seeds from them have been returning to their birth countries for the past 20 years.

Seeds are also exported to Germany and Japan, and for many years Mr. Field has grown cacti for a nursery in Melbourne.

He doesn't know how many seeds he exports each year after the gathering of the annual seed crop, which lasts four months.

"All I can say is that we send millions of seeds to one firm in America alone—rather a change from the early days when my father and I first started importing and used to get 10 seeds in a packet," he said.

Now a third generation has come into the business with 18-year-old Robert gradually taking over from his father. He plans to expand the sale of young plants direct from "Whiora" as well as carrying on and increasing the seed-export side.



● *Oreocereus celsianus*, a native of the Andes Mountains snowline, is growing just as happily on the northern plains of Victoria.

GARDENING

Continued overleaf

*for
occasions
like this...*



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AT YOUR GROCERS AND CONFECTIONERS 2/4

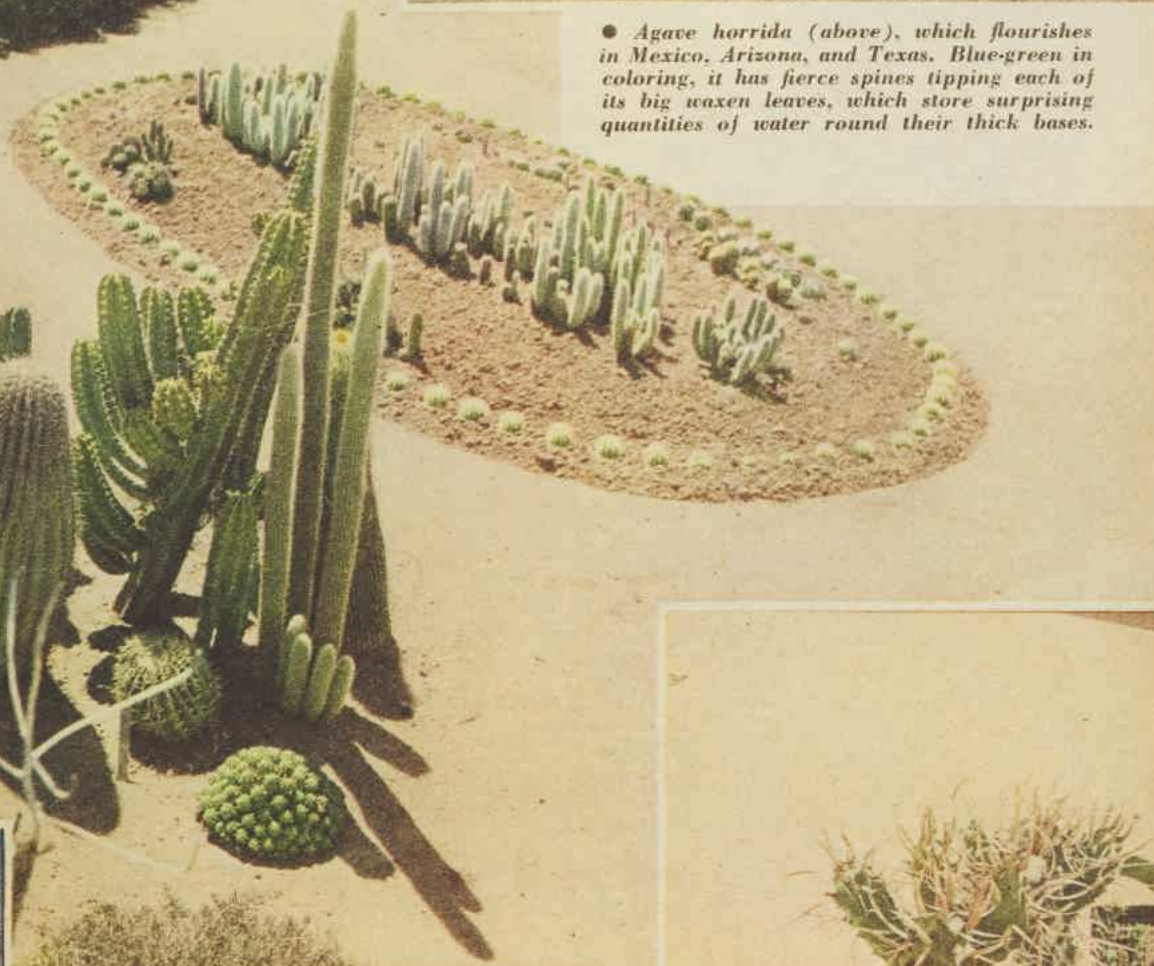
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CACTUS CURIOS (Continued)



● *Agave horrida* (above), which flourishes in Mexico, Arizona, and Texas. Blue-green in coloring, it has fierce spines tipping each of its big waxy leaves, which store surprising quantities of water round their thick bases.



● The oval bed of cacti (above) has a border of 200 baby *Echinocactus grusonii*, or Golden Balls, from Mexico. In the centre are slender grey *Cleistocactus strausii*, natives of Brazil. In the group in foreground are *Euphorbias* and *Gymnocalycium*s; behind them (left of picture) *Lemaireocereus chende* and *Pachycereus*. In background is a clump of *Opuntia microdasys*.



● *Oreocereus celsianus* (above), a native of the Andes Mountains snowline, flourishes on Mr. Field's sheep station on the Victorian plains. This "old man" cactus has long silvery-grey fur to protect it from heat or cold, and its pinky flowers (the fading color of one may be seen near the base) turn to green fruit, which ripen to rich gold.



● *Tephrocactus papyracantha* (above) is a native of Mexico. It has ribbon-like spines three inches long. In front is a clump of *Ariocarpus lissuratus*, which grows in Texas. This is commonly known as "Living Rock."

● *Ferocactus wislizenii* (left), from the dry desert of Arizona, develops into a huge barrel plant 2ft. in diameter and 5ft. high. Shaped like a cottage loaf, it has apricot-pink flowers. This one is 30 years old. In the background, at left, is a clump of *Euphorbia canariensis*.

Continued on page 85

The star... is you!



NATALIE WOOD stars in
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Hollywood stars... the mild beauty soap that
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In four pastel shades and white

Cactus Curios

(Continued)



● *Ferocactus horrida* has 4in. hooked spines clustered thickly on its spiral ribs. Now 4ft. high, this specimen was the size of a walnut when it was given to Mr. Field 31 years ago by German botanist and cactus expert Richard Graessner.



● An 18ft. Mexican *Neobuxbaumia polylophus* towers over the *Trichocereus chilosensis* and *Cephalocereus senilis* immediately in front of it. At left is a *Lobivia Formosa*, at right an *Oreocereus celsianus*. The giant has blood-red flowers.

TO GROW THEM

By RALPH FIELD

- All varieties of cactus can be grown successfully in pots as house plants, and they last for years with a minimum of attention.

THERE are hundreds of varieties, from the giant *Carnegiea gigantea*, which weighs several tons and towers up to 50ft. (not very suitable indoors!), to the small button species the size of a shilling.

Many have beautiful, exotic flowers which completely hide the body of the plant.

Hundreds of species also grow successfully in open gardens, provided the drainage is good.

For pot culture, porous soil is essential — cacti hate stagnant moisture.

A suitable soil is made up of equal parts of garden loam, sand, and leafmould (or well-decayed manure). This should be thoroughly mixed and sieved.

Place a half-inch layer of sand over the potting soil to keep the foliage from contact with organic matter.

Potting should be done in spring, summer, or early autumn — never in winter, when the plants are at rest. After potting, do not water for a week to allow any broken roots to heal.

Cacti are dormant in winter, and cannot use water, so it is safer to keep them dry.

As soon as growth recommences in spring, enough water should be given to percolate through the pot. You will notice that the growing centre of the plant "lives up" when it comes out of hibernation.

Soil should be allowed to dry out between waterings and never kept in a continuously wet condition.

Many cacti prefer a semi-shaded position. The eastern side of the house, where they

get only the morning sun, is ideal. Sunlight filtered through the sparse foliage of trees or shrubs is also congenial.

Most of the plants illustrated grow in my garden in heavy red clay loam, enriched from time to time with animal manures.

Subjected to all the vagaries of nature over 32 years — floods, summer temperatures up to 119deg. in the shade, and freezing winters with 18 deg. of frost — they are still flourishing.



● *Cactus ernestii* has a halo of tiny purple flowers which bloom with amazing speed. Two hours before this photograph was taken there was no sign of the flowers. The flowering centre can grow to a height of over 1ft.

"bring back...bring back
oh bring back my
whiteness
to me!"



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he banged the lid on to the paint tin and mumbled: "You didn't have to tell Mum and Dad about me saying I wouldn't go. Then I needn't have gone!"

His mother's big, blue eyes, pleading, compassionate: "Oh, Steve, you must go! Just because that silly Geraldine was so rude all those months ago —!"

And his father, bluff, man-to-man: "A hair of the dog, Steve. Best cure of all!"

They didn't have a clue, of course. No one did. No one in the whole universe. How could they know what it was like to be despised, disdained, brushed off, by Geraldine? Geraldine, tall, willowy, blond, wide-eyed, and sixteen and a half. Geraldine who, when he had asked her, greatly daring, to dance, had destroyed the beautiful illusion of fragility and

sweetness by the loud derision of her laughter, the ringing scorn of her words: "Oh, don't be a drip, Steve! If I danced with you we'd look as off-beat as a giraffe and a guinea-pig doing the gavotte!"

And there, amid the vociferous amusement of the several hundred—well, several anyway—kids gathered around, Steve had come to the horrid and humiliating realisation of his small stature; Geraldine, still laughing, came and stood beside him, and her blond bee-hive towered at least two feet above his carrotty scrub.

And yet, since the first moment, less than an hour before, when he had first set eyes on Geraldine, he had fallen madly in love with her.

Afterwards Ken had rallied him

Continuing . . . STEVE CHANGES COURSE

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about her. "Look, Steve, not Gerry the Giraffe—any other girl, but not the Giraffe! Forget her fast. You couldn't ever measure up to her!"

Steve hadn't listened. He knew Geraldine was unattainable. That didn't make the slightest difference. He was still in love.

He mooned. He gloomed. He became a slowly moving, moping menace. His mother and father and Ken decided he couldn't be borne with any longer. He must meet other girls—dozens of them. They would give a party. They did. And so did plenty of other people. Steve was made to attend them all. He was introduced to dozens of girls. He danced with

some of them. He sat out silently and morosely with others. None registered, even faintly, upon him. After Geraldine, all girls assumed a dreadful sameness and silliness.

And then Harry Fielding had come over one evening and announced that he was giving a party. A barbecue, he'd said, with dancing out on the patio. They were all listening to a new disc meanwhile, and someone had remarked: "I really go for that Checker and his Twist! It's good. And, talking of the Twist, d'you know Gerry Giraffe's been going to dancing school? She's quite a dancer, that kid!"

"Yeah," Harry had grinned. "She's coming to give us an exhibition!"

The group had broken up to its various ways. Steve had been left alone and stunned.

Geraldine would be at the Fielding party. Then he, Steve, wouldn't go. He wouldn't go under threats of torture or even of being forbidden the Yacht Club and Sea-Bird for a whole month.

Not even the exquisite joy of seeing the beloved again after an eternity of eight and three-quarter months would make up for the exquisite misery of seeing her surrounded by admirers of his skill at doing the new and, to Steve utterly incomprehensible dance. To see her dancing with the fortunates, he smile mocking him.

He made the mistake of confiding in Ken his intention of ducking the party. And Ken had rattled on him. Ken had told the parents.

And so, after expostulation and pleading had failed to make him change his mind, Steve had been ordered to go. "You're sixteen now, Steve. Old enough to have a modicum of sense. You have a crush. O.K. You had it. You'll go to the Fieldings. Or else!" It had been his father's parade-ground voice, and Steve knew better than to ignore it.

Now, Ken thrust the turps bottle at him. "Clean that paint off yourself and while you do that, I'll convey some good tidings."

HOPE

glimmered. Could Geraldine have got measles? Or flu? Mild, of course, but severe enough to prevent her from going to the party.

"Betsy Dean has been asked," said Ken. "For your benefit. Does that brighten the future for you?"

Steve felt his cheeks aflame. Why Betsy Dean was the merest of kids—he'd never even considered her as a girl. She was a fellow-being, very junior, who haunted the Yacht Club. She was an anonymous pair of deft hands, always ready to do any work, however hard or dirty, in connection with boats.

She was a pair of agile feet that could tread a heaving cat-walk in half a sale; two long, skinny legs that could shin up a mainmast with the speed and agility of a terrified cat taking refuge up a telegraph pole. She was a small, breathy voice that asked for the privilege of crewing aboard Sea-Bird occasionally.

Steve managed a wry grin, rammed the cork in the turps bottle, and said: "No, it doesn't brighten the future. Betsy doesn't merit any whistles even from a no-hoper like me!"

Ken grabbed him by the hair and yanked him to his feet. "Oh, snap out of it, old Gall-and-Wormwood! Creep home and shower! And be ready at six-thirty. I'm picking Laurel up at twenty to seven."

Steve wrenched himself free and massaged his head furiously. "Laurel! Is she your latest? I suppose the next'll be Azalea or Rhododendron!"

"Could be. If I feel like going bush again."

Steve trudged home trying to make up his mind whether to join the Antarctic Division or the French Foreign Legion as soon as he left school.

Under the shower he endeavored to imagine what Betsy would look like dolled up for a party. Normally she wore crumpled shorts, a baggy sweater, and peered from beneath a damp and shaggy fringe of tow-colored hair. He softened then, thinking of her small hands gripping Sea-Bird's tiller, of one bare, brown foot braced against the gunwale, while she fought to hold the twelve-footer on course in a fierce southerly gust.

Laurel was actually ready and waiting when Ken brought the sedate family car to a protesting halt at her home. She was very blond, but otherwise very different from Geraldine. She appeared to shimmer from the top of her silvery head to the tips of her high-heeled shoes; she was small and quick, and her eyes and voice darted hither and thither like a swarm of bright dragonflies.

"So this is the kid brother? Hi, Steve. Nice to know you! I've heard so much about you! And not from your big brother, either. But I don't have to tell you that, do I? Did you know Betsy's a sort of cousin of mine? No? Well, she is. Poor little Betsy—she's just the shyest!"

"I've been doing just everything I can think of to probe her out of her shell—without any success at all until the other day. Then I discovered her secret. Isn't it just the sweetest, Ken? Betsy and your kid brother! And so, of course, as soon as I dug it, I acted. I rang Harry Fielding and said, 'But you've got to ask Betsy—but got to!'"

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Continuing . . . STEVE CHANGES COURSE

from page 86

Carol Kent. Nice name. Nice girl. But surely she wasn't serious. She couldn't have meant that about the girls being crazy about him. He scowled.

"Look, I'm not as dumb as I may appear, Carol Kent. Now start talking sense."

She laughed. "Steve, you're quite something, aren't you? And now I really do believe you didn't know."

"Didn't know what?"

"Why, that every one of us has been hoping you might let up on your Nelson touch over Gerry Giraffe!"

Nelson touch? What did she mean? Nelson? Trafalgar? One-armed. Hardy. England expects —

"You must admit you've been a bit one-eyed," said Carol.

He grinned at her. "Oh, I see! Yeah!" And suddenly he realised that he hadn't given Geraldine a thought for some time. He'd been too much occupied with loathing Laurel and raging about Betsy's shaming of him. And, following swiftly on this realisation came the one that lifted away the last vestiges of gloom — Geraldine didn't matter any more. He was, at long last, out of love.

It was a magnificent feeling. He was no longer at logger-heads with the universe, or with anybody therein. He was free. He was Somebody.

So magnanimous did he feel that when another boy came to claim Carol for a dance, Steve went in

search of Betsy. Poor little Betsy. She was a nice kid. She couldn't help having Laurel for a sort of cousin.

But Betsy was nowhere to be found. Steve found another partner, a girl called Linda. Linda said she could Twist a bit, and she'd love to show him how. Steve found it easier than he had imagined.

After supper Geraldine gave her exhibition, partnered by a lanky boy with a dead-pan expression. Steve's partner whispered that he was from the dancing-school, and didn't he look the drippiest? Steve agreed happily.

He wondered what he had ever seen in Gerry. Gerry was too tall and, in her bright pink dress that had a waist somewhere round the hips,

she looked, to Steve, more like a giraffe than ever. A giraffe, of course, that had come a long way from the veldt of eight and a half months ago; a sophisticated, graceful giraffe whose eyes rested on Steve, and whose voice greeted him softly and with no derision: "Hi! Nice to see you again, Guinea-pig!"

He was able, shored up by his new aplomb, to answer: "Hi! How's it with you up aloft there?"

Much later Steve thought he saw a small figure disappear through one of the doors in the building that had once been laundries, sculleries, and coal-houses before the old home had been modernised.

Steve made his way toward it. "You'd better come out," he called, "before I come and get you!"

He pulled open the door, and there

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And so he did. Aren't you going to say "thank you, Steve?"

She climbed into the front seat, shimmering and jingling; she reached over to pat Steve's shoulder. A hard ball of rage and resentment choked him. He was dumb. He was paralysed. Laurel's voice continued to dart around him, needling him.

Of course, Gerry's just fabulous these days—but such a size! I mean, Betsy's so much more your measure, Steve! And she's really quite a pretty little thing when she bothers. You just wait till you see her this evening! By the way, Ken, did you know Gerry's going to do modelling? Of course, really there's nothing else for such a giraffe! She may be able to dance, but I mean, even you'd find her a bit much to face up to!

"Sure I would." Ken turned the car into the Fielding driveway. "But then I don't aspire so high, Sugar-Pie! Your little head's the summit where I'm concerned!"

The Fielding home was already overflowing with people—pouring music, laughter, and chatter into the still warmth of the evening.

Steve, still numbed by the awful intelligence conveyed to him by the awful Laurel, found himself being greeted by Mr. Fielding, Mrs. Fielding, Harry, and assorted younger Fieldings. Someone nudged his elbow and murmured, "Betsy's over there," and that galvanised him into awareness.

It was "the sweetest," was it? Laurel's "sort of cousin" and Ken's "kid brother"? Oh, yes, it was sweet—and funny, haha! He'd show Betsy she couldn't go around shaming him like that! He'd show Ken, Laurel, and all of them—he'd show the whole universe he wasn't going to be pushed into anything! He might have every Harrington family failing plus a few more peculiar to himself, but he'd show them!

Steve squared his shoulders, thrust out his jaw. He ignored the nudge and the murmur and stalked away in the direction of the patio.

HALF a dozen couples were whirling to a rock-n-roll record. Steve was conscious of being thankful that he could, after his fashion, rock-n-roll, and that they hadn't got around to the Twist yet.

He marched over to the radiogram beside which two girls were standing, apparently engaged in conversation, but their eyes were sliding sideways, watching for possible partners.

Steve didn't know either of them, but one cursory glance satisfied him that they were both pretty enough to merit whistles—even from anyone like Ken.

He glared at the nearest girl and shot one word at her: "Dance?" and the moment the word was ejected from him he stood appalled at his own temerity. To his enormous relief and gratification, the smaller of the two smiled at him and said: "Why, thanks. I'd like to."

He seized her hand, swung her arm as if it were a pump-handle, and then screwed her into a spin. He didn't stop pumping and screwing until the disc ended.

He faced the girl, scarlet and panting. Another disc began. And this time it was the Twist.

The girl said: "Oh, I—I can't do this thing. Do you mind if we sit it out?"

He could have kissed her. He grinned and nodded, and followed her into the garden.

It was only when they had found a bench under a magnolia tree that the realisation of his predicament dawned upon him. Here he was, sitting out a dance with a perfectly strange girl. Now he would have to talk to her. What did one say to a perfectly strange girl to whom one had said only the single word "Dance?" in one's whole life?

The girl forestalled him. She said, patting her fuzzy brown mop of hair: "You don't waste much time, do you, Steve Harrington?"

He gaped: "How'd you know who I am?"

"Why, everyone knows you're Steve Harrington," said the girl. She turned and looked directly at him with brown eyes that smiled prettily from between rows of incredibly dark lashes. "All the girls are crazy about you!"

Steve said: "Sorry, I didn't get that. I thought you said all the girls are crazy about me." He broke off and grinned. "But never mind that. I'd like to know your name."

"I did say all the girls are crazy about you, Steve. And my name's Carol."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962



another **QUICK SMART** idea from Kraft



American Hamburger Sandwich

INGREDIENTS SCONE DOUGH: 2 cups S.R. Flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk approximately

FILLING: 12oz. can Kraft Hamburger Steak & Onions

METHOD Sift flour and salt into a basin. Rub in the butter. Add sufficient milk to form into a soft dough. Turn out onto a floured board and knead lightly. Cut in half. Roll out each piece into an 8-inch square. Spread one with the Kraft Hamburger Steak and Onions. Cover with the other half. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (450°F. Gas, 475°F. Electric) for 15 minutes. Cut into squares. Makes 9 servings.

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was a strangled gasp in the darkness ahead of him. Steve made a dive and said triumphantly: "Now I've got you. Come on —"

The yielding thing in his arms became an outsize cat, kicking, and hissing something unintelligible.

Steve, annoyed now, dragged it out: "Oh, break it down kid —" he began, and then, as he got his burden into the open: "Great boxing boomers! Betsy! Betsy!"

He relinquished his hold and she slid to the ground, picked herself up, and faced him. And there, in the starlight and the faint glimmer of the fairy-lamps, he saw a small figure in a blue dress, long, skinny legs, nylon-sheathed, and a pair of eyes that glittered with tears under a rumpled but waved and shining pile of tow-colored hair. He saw, too, that she was shoeless.

Continuing . . . STEVE CHANGES COURSE

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"Betsy," he began, "I looked all over for you —" and she cut him short with a flood of angry, broken words: "Oh, yes, Steve! You did, didn't you? You pushed right past me without a word or a look. You went straight to Carol Kent and asked her to dance. You danced with every girl at the party except me. I waited as long as I could bear to, with no one asking me to dance."

"I pretended I was having a wonderful time standing there with little Johnny Fielding. I went and telephoned Dad to come and fetch me home, but there wasn't any answer. I expect Mum and Dad went out. They didn't worry about me — they knew I'd be all right because Harry

Fielding told them Steve would look after me. And see me home."

"They said when they dropped me here, 'Well, it'll be nice having Steve to look after you — Steve's so dependable!' I didn't want to come to this hateful, horrible party! I only came because of what Laurel said Ken told her. How you wanted me to come. Only you were too dumb to ask me! I wish I hadn't believed Laurel. I wish I'd stayed at home!"

Steve said: "I don't get it. Laurel told me you — you told her —" and then he came to a full stop. Explanation was a thousand miles beyond him. He just hadn't a clue. And, all

at once, Steve who hitherto had never been sorry for anyone but himself, was terribly, overwhelmingly, sorry for Betsy Dean. He wanted more than anything in the world to be able to comfort her.

He said: "What happened to your shoes?"

"They're here," Betsy held them out. "I had to take them off. I couldn't run in them. I was playing hidey with little Johnny, you see. And besides," added Betsy, "I could hardly walk in them. They hurt like crazy."

They were blue, like her dress, and the heels were high and spiky.

"Laurel made me buy them," said Betsy, "so's I'd look taller."

"They're pretty groovy things," remarked Steve. "And — Laurel would always be right, you know."

"I do know — now," Betsy said. "Can you walk without them? Home I mean," inquired Steve.

"Oh, sure I can. It's only a couple of blocks to the turning," Betsy said. "It'll ruin my stockings, but I couldn't care less about them!"

"Then come on. Let's go."

"But — Steve! Don't you want to stay? I mean, the party's not over yet!"

"It's over as far as I'm concerned," he told her.

"Can we — sort of slip away?" Betsy's voice was rough again. "I — I don't want to go in and say goodbye and so on."

"No. Of course you don't. I'll cope. I'll think up something to say. You didn't feel so good. Or something."

"Oh, thank you, Steve. Thank you a lot!" He didn't look at her because he knew the tears were running down her cheeks now.

They went round the side of the house and sneaked down the driveway behind the parked cars. They weren't noticed.

Neither of them spoke until they reached Betsy's home. She found the key under the mat.

"Good night, Steve," she whispered, "and thanks again. I'm sorry I — well, I'm sorry for what I said. It wasn't your fault. It was mine for being me."

"No," Steve's mind was clear now again. He knew what he had to say.

He squared his shoulders, thrust out his chin, and shot at her: "See here, Betsy, we've been blown miles off course. It's time we came about and tried a new tack — one that'll get us back to where we were."

She was standing in the doorway fiddling with the key, and, when she faced him, her eyes were grateful. She said, "Yes."

"I'll be down working on Sea-Bird tomorrow," said Steve, purposely off-hand. And waited.

It came, after only a second's hesitation — the small, breathy voice, asking: "Could I — help?"

THAT Sunday afternoon Laurel and Ken, on their way to the swimming beach, stopped the car and looked down into the harbor, where dozens of small craft, their red, blue, and yellow spinnakers ballooning before the south-easterly breeze, skimmed through the choppy water. Sea-Bird was not among them — she was still in the yard, drying her final coat of paint, while her skipper, and his crew of one, worked at checking her gear.

Laurel said it was the sweetest, wasn't it? And hadn't she told Ken a dozen times it would all work out in spite of the fiasco last night? Ken said she had told him, not a dozen times, but a hundred dozen, and couldn't she talk about something more interesting for a change — like herself, and going steady with him and so on. Laurel said that was more than possible, and love was just the greatest when you were in it, wasn't it? And Ken said that was the general opinion.

They would have been surprised had they been able to receive, by some telepathic medium, the thoughts of Steve and of Betsy at that precise moment.

Betsy was thinking how terrifically glad she was that last night had happened after all; for one thing, it had proved that Laurel did not know every little thing there was to know about love, in spite of all the lectures she had given Betsy; and for another it had shown Betsy how she was wasting her time having a crush on Steve. Steve didn't appreciate her at all.

Now, Bernie Carew, whose profile was dreamy and whose twelve-footer Pixie was berthed right next to Sea-Bird in the long line of moorings, wasn't particularly handy with boats. And so, next weekend, when Sea-Bird was returned to the moorings, all shipshape, Betsy would be sure to be hanging around helping Steve, who didn't need her help, and, maybe — here Betsy sighed happily — maybe Bernie's mainmast would need a patch, or his ego might need a boost. And she, Betsy, would be there.

And Steve? Steve was thinking how life wasn't so bad now that he was over that drippy interlude of being hopelessly in love. And how that girl with the brown hair — no, it wasn't lousy, it was sort of puffed out — was rather special. Different, and all that. He'd ask Carol Kent for a date one day. And she might enjoy a sail — Carol — Carol Kent. It was the kind of name he felt good thinking about.

Steve went on thinking about Carol Kent.

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taken Belle away from him. He looked again at Brewster, knowing now why the other man had shown his strength in his handshake.

"Oh, of course. How do you do, Brewster. Belle has often spoke of you."

"Oh?" Brewster looked at Belle with raised eyebrow. "She didn't give me that impression."

Well, I'm no diplomat, Adam thought, not when it comes to dealing with my wife's ex-fiances. He looked at Belle, and marvelled at her lack of composure. She was like a schoolgirl caught — no, don't start thinking like that, Nash. Still, he found himself asking, "Did Belle know you were in England?"

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"Yes. Yes." Brewster had a quick way of talking, spitting the words out like pellets. It's not an attractive voice, Adam thought smugly; and called up his Herbert Marshall voice. He looked again at Brewster's crew-cut and was glad now that his own was still long. I couldn't compete with him as the youthful athletic type. Better I should be the suave distinguished-looking man of the world.

"Yes. Yes. Belle and I met here at the hotel last week."

"Oh?" It was Adam's turn to raise an eyebrow at Belle. She licked her bottom lip uncertainly, and all at

once he realised she was afraid of his reaction. "That was something she didn't speak of."

"Adam is a great one for kidding," Belle said. "Aren't you, darling?"

"The B.B.C. are always after me," Adam said, letting Belle slide her arm into his. "I'm a one-man panel game."

Brewster nodded, not laughing; his sense of humor didn't run to cocktail patter. "You've got a wonderful girl there, Nash. You know that?"

"Yes, I know," he said, pressing Belle's arm, suddenly a little afraid.

"Is your wife over here with you?"

"I'm not married. Never have been."

Oh, oh. What did I think about Matthew's tactlessness? Diplomacy,

Nash, old boy; you must see if there's a home course. Then Sir Hugo, as smooth as any diplomat, and Gaby, beautiful enough not to need diplomacy, were washed up against them by the tide of the party. Adam, glad of their intrusion, introduced them to Brewster.

"Here on business, Mr. Brewster?" said Gaby.

"It's the only reason I travel. When I want to relax, I stay home on our beaches. I swim all the year round, every day of the year."

Stop flexing your muscles, Adam thought; and drew in his own stomach. He glanced sideways at Sir

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When Wedding Bells Chime

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"You are married to a very honest woman yourself."
"I'm an honest man, don't forget."
"You're too honest, Adam. I tell you that not as your stepmother but as an ordinary woman. A man should always keep part of himself a secret."

"And a woman?"
"Even more so." It's a lesson I've learned too late.
Then she left him, moving across the room to Sir Hugo Rupert; and Adam watched her go, marvelling at her poise past the men in the room. They all turned, smiling at her: she could stir admiration in any man. Gaby Nash was coming up to her fiftieth birthday, but no one thought of her age, and if they had they would have guessed her to be younger. She was not a tall woman, indeed she was less than medium height, but she gave the impression of being tall, and her carriage was the best on the London stage. She had large, heavily lashed dark blue eyes; a mobile, generous mouth, features that were almost perfect, and thick dark hair that was always blue-rinsed.

She still had the body of a woman in her thirties, and her legs were almost a theatrical tradition. She did not have much talent, a fact she recognised, and it was this that had always prevented her from becoming a star. Years ago, before the war, she had been offered film contracts by Hollywood, and the studios out there would undoubtedly have made a star of her. But she had said no, to the despair of her agent; he was an ignorant, foolish man who had never seen that Gaby needed an audience more than she needed fame or money.

It was that need that had brought her out of the hot-springs country of New Zealand to the cold theatre country of London, thirty years before. She had haunted agencies, never despairing, always hoping, and at last she had found a job and an audience in a crumbling repertory theatre in a small black town in the Potteries. She had been in London now for twenty-five years, never working outside it again, and she still had her audiences everywhere she went.

THIS roomful of people was no exception. She went up to Sir Hugo, the eyes of the room on her, took his hand, and held it against her cheek. The banker flushed with pleasure, like some young fan at the stage door who had just been given a star's autograph.

Adam began to make his way through the crowd toward Belle. He did not enjoy cocktail parties, especially ones in the summer in crowded hotel rooms, but he had put on his best face for this one for the sake of Belle and her parents. Matthew Harvey, when asking them to come, had shown his first sign of uncertainty.

"This is a business party more than anything else," he had said. "And, to be frank, I don't like dealing with English businessmen. They're ruthless, some of them, but they like to kid you, and themselves, too, I think, that they're really only amateurs at the game. But amateurs don't build empires."

"We've just lost one," Adam said. "That proves you're not amateurs. You knew enough when to get out. No, come to the party. And bring some friends if you want to. But I'd like to know there is one Englishman in the room on my side."

Adam hadn't known whether to be flattered for himself or insulted for his countrymen. He knew from experience that there were just as good diplomats in the city as down in Whitehall. He looked across the room now at Sir Hugo, one of the deans of the city's diplomatic corps. Adam also knew he was one of its toughest traders. Perhaps when he had asked Gaby to come along he should have suggested to her that she not bring Sir Hugo. He felt he had somehow let Matthew down.

Adam swam through the roaring martini surf of the party and came to Belle and a tall, suntanned man with a blond crew-cut. Blast, thought Adam, remembering his forgotten haircut appointment for that day. Then Belle said: "Darling, this is Jack Brewster."

Adam shook hands, aware of the other man's extra-firm grip, wondering why he should want to choose a cocktail party as the scene for a show of strength. Adam increased the pressure of his own grip, feeling ridiculous but not to be outdone. "You look as if you knew my wife?"

Belle looked flustered and uncomfortable. Adam couldn't remember when he had last seen her like this. "Darling, this is Jack Brewster. You know."

The penny fell in Adam's mind. This was the man who might have killed him seventeen years ago because he had

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Continuing . . .

THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

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Hugo and was both amused and pleased to see that the little banker seemed to be trying to stand taller and straighter.

"Are you in business with Mr. Harvey?" Sir Hugo asked.

"No. No. Real-estate development. I'm a property man. Not as big as some of your men here. But we're growing."

"Are you looking for investments over here?"

"That's the idea. Yes. Here and on the Continent. Trying to get our own back. You Englishmen have owned half Australia for over a hundred and fifty years. Time we Aussies started owning a bit of England. No offence, Sir Hugo. I like the English."

"Thank you," said Sir Hugo. "We English are not as bad as we are painted, Mr. Brewster. We are just a little difficult to understand at times, that is all. But who isn't? Don't you agree, Nash?"

"Personally, I'm as open as a book," said Adam. "So my wife is always telling me."

"When I get him home, I'll open him up like a book," Belle said, sounding confident again, as if the moment of danger had passed. "Right down the middle."

"I'm always telling Hugo he has no secrets from me," Gaby said, "but he likes to think he has. Men are vain when it comes to examination of their characters."

"Aren't women?" Sir Hugo asked.

"Some women are. But most of us, no. We're much more honest about our characters. We spend our time being vain about other things. Our looks, our children, sometimes even our men."

"Thank you," said Adam. "In that case, I forgive my wife her swollen head."

"Who said I was vain about you?" said Belle, forgetting Brewster for the moment. He stood outside the circle, a man without a woman, one who had never even begun to understand the character of the one woman he had ever loved. Then Belle was aware of him looking quizzically at her; at the same time it seemed to her that Adam was waiting for her to go on. "Of course I'm vain about you, darling. But don't let it go to your head."

ADAM pressed her arm. Brewster turned away, a slightly hurt look in his eyes, as Sir Hugo spoke to him.

"You might care to have lunch with me, Brewster. We might have an interest or two in common."

Adam moved away, taking Belle with him. Heat and smoke had thickened the atmosphere of the room; to Adam, the inside of his head seemed to have thickened, too. Talk curdled the air about them, and it seemed it was now all on the one theme. Money, money, money. A waiter went by and Adam lifted another cocktail from his tray.

"Watch it," Belle said. "You have to drive."

"I'm drinking to the bonds of Empire. The concrete abstraction that brings us all together. Including me and Brewster, the man who swims all year round."

"What's the matter with you?" Belle knew what was the matter with him; but, unlike her usual self, she was afraid to meet the problem head on.

"Nothing is the matter with me." He felt angry and was ashamed of it; he spoke

low and carefully. "But why didn't you tell me you had met Brewster the other day?"

"I don't know. I just didn't think it was important, I suppose."

"Brewster seemed to attach some importance to it."

"Did he? Then he got the wrong idea. I went out of my way to tell him how happily married I was."

"Why?"

"Isn't that what you wanted to hear? Doesn't that make you swollen-headed?"

I'm being a swine, he thought. I am making us sound like so many other married couples of our acquaintance. Bickering was becoming the lingua franca of the married couples of the world. Let me and Belle go back to our own private language. And for the life of him, for the life of his marriage, couldn't think of an intimate word, a private joke, that would re-establish the relationship they had had when they had entered this room.

"I don't see why you had to make the effort. What does it matter to him whether you are happily married or not? If I'm a wife-beater and an adulterer and a drunkard, what business is it of his?"

"You sound well on the way to being a drunkard now."

I am drunk, Adam thought. I am even conducting an argument with my wife in this cocktail talk I abhor. She is right again, as she is every time. And this only made him angry again.

"Come on, I think we had better go home," Belle said. "I'm not going to get into an argument with you in front of all these people."

"Especially Brewster, eh? Don't want to show him you're not happily married, eh?"

Belle bit her lip and her eyes flashed with a mixture of temper and tears. She took the glass from Adam's loose fingers and put it on the tray as the waiter went past. "You'd better find the bathroom and try to sober up."

He looked at her for a moment, then he turned and slowly, with almost ridiculous dignity, made his way out of the room to the bathroom. He locked the door, wishing he could wash away all his remarks of the last ten minutes; then he bathed his face in cold water, drank a glass of water, combed his hair and unlocked the bathroom door. Matthew Harvey was standing outside.

"I've been trying to get a word alone with you all evening."

Adam indicated the bathroom. "Won't you step into my office?"

Matthew laughed and came into the bathroom. In the harsh light reflected from the tiled walls he looked at Adam and stopped laughing. "Are you feeling crook?"

Crook: Now there is a good Aussie term. It describes me perfectly; sick, hollow, head aching, and a perfect wife-baiting swine into the bargain. "I'll be all right. I had one too many. And the room is hot."

"My word it is. I never realised London could be a sweat bath. Hang on a minute—" He poked his head out of the door and spoke to the passing waiter. When he came back in, Adam noticed he had got rid of his own glass. "I've ordered black coffee. That should fix you."

Adam would have preferred to have left the party at once. All at once he felt hemmed in; he wanted fresh air and escape

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I don't think we do." He sounded as if he wasn't certain that his business hadn't grown while he was away. "No, we'd want you to handle our export commitments."

"I don't know much about exports."

"You understand foreign exchange. Adam. You know the value and chances of stability of every coin in the world. In that way you would be invaluable to us. It wouldn't take you long to learn the mechanics of exporting."

"If I don't know the goods I'm selling, what does it matter if I know foreign exchange?"

"Our salesmen will sell the goods. We make so many things even I don't know their selling points. No,

Adam, I've talked this over with my partners. Before I came here and since, I've been on the phone to them twice since I met you this time. We could use you, Adam."

"Your partners aren't afraid this snacks of nepotism?"

Matthew wrinkled his brow. "I haven't heard that word in years. Is it still in use?"

"It is in this country. And so is the system it describes."

"Come into the city some day and I'll show you. Or even take a look at our Government."

"Well, it may still operate in Australia, for all I know. But not in our

organisation." He stood up. "Three thousand a year to start with. Our taxes are much less than yours. And we'll finance you with a new home. After that—well, if all goes well, there's no reason why you shouldn't be on five thousand at the end of two years."

The waiter, eight pounds a week and tips, brought the coffee; the English fort was reprieved. "How soon do you want me to make up my mind?"

"Take your time. I know it's a big decision for you. Not everyone wants to give up his country and move to another." Adam was surprised at Matthew's perception. Adam had said nothing about his reluctance to leave England, yet Matthew had

sensed it. Adam was glad to find that his father-in-law was not one of those Australians who thought Australia was the only land on earth. "You needn't give me the word one way or the other till I'm going home. Another two months."

Two months. By then a decision would be through on the Deputy Principal post. "All right, Matthew—Matt. I'll give it a lot of thought. As you say, it's a big decision. I'm flattered you asked me."

"I never flatter anyone," said Matthew, and Adam could well believe it. "I've been giving you a good hard look since I landed here. You're the man for the job."

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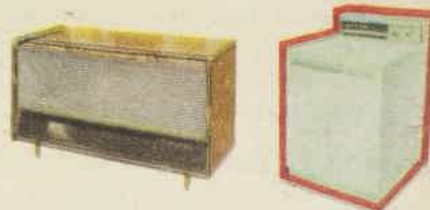
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from the continual talk. But Matthew was his father-in-law; and, besides, he liked him. Adam, Matthew said, sitting on the edge of the bath, "how would you like to come out to Australia?" He looked at the door, willing the waiter to come. "I don't know, Matthew." "Call me Matt. Matthew is only for signing letters with." He wished he could turn out the light. It bounced from the tiled walls, stabbed at him from the mirror, even needed him from the gleaming faucets. Just the place for brain-washing, to be offered the bribe to give up one's country. "I'm happy there in England—" "Are you? I thought it was a bit of a struggle to live?" "Who told you that, Belle?" "No. Not exactly. It's just a few things she has let drop. Mind you, she's not complaining, not a bit of it. It was a real kick to Aileen and me to see how happily married you two are." "I'm glad of that," Adam said, wondering if Belle had gone out of her way to impress her parents how happily married she was. "How much do you earn at the bank? Or do you mind my asking?" Matthew said. Adam did mind, but he felt too thick to tell his father-in-law so. He looked at the blank wall of the bathroom and said blankly, "Twenty-two hundred a year." "Have you ever had any offers to leave the bank?" Adam hesitated. "Yes. One or two. A couple of private companies thought they could use my experience. Export companies, that is." "Why didn't you accept them? I presume the money they offered was better than you're getting?"

WITHOUT sounding like a flag-waving, drum-beating, chauvinistic prig, how do you tell a man you like working for your country? After the war, when he thought of trying for a job with one of the charter lines, Belle had vetoed it on the grounds that she would never know where he was or when he was likely to have to leave her.

Stuck with the thought that he would have to return to the bank, he had decided to look around there for some job that would give him the feeling of doing something, of being concerned with the development of his England.

The Foreign Payments Department had looked the best bet; among other things, it gave him the feeling of being in touch with faraway places. He had been, and still was, very happy in his job. Except for the money. But then nearly everyone these days wore a white collar felt he was the only class of worker who had been by-passed by the boom.

"I like what I'm doing," he said lamely, his tongue, that was so sharp and effective in domestic argument, now a blunt and useless tool when it came to patriotic argument.

"I'm glad to hear it," Matthew said. "If you like that sort of work, that will make you even more valuable to us. Twenty-two hundred a year? How much does it cost to send the kids to school?"

"A hundred and twenty pounds a term for each of the boys. At least, that's what it will cost when John goes away to Beaumont this year. And thirty quid a term for Sarah. She's not a boarder, thank goodness."

Matthew did some quick figuring. "That's eight hundred and ten quid a year just for education alone. Doesn't leave you much, does it?"

"I have education insurance policies. We took them out when each of the children was born. That cuts the cost down to two hundred and fifty a year. Plus expenses." He grinned, a ghastly smile that was reflected by the dying man he saw in the mirror. "It's the expenses that break the overdraft's back."

"What tax do you pay?"

"Just over three hundred a year." So after tax and education you have about fifteen hundred quid left. Thirty quid a week. It's not much for a white-collar executive, is it? A man with a position to keep up, as he has to in this country. Truckdrivers make as much as that in Australia.

"Is that what you're suggesting I do? Come to Australia and be a truck-driver?" "I'm not on his side. I'm on the side of all the Englishmen out there in that room. Why doesn't one of them come to the bathroom and rescue me?"

"Not at all," Matthew for the first time sounded a little impatient. "We don't employ truckdrivers. At least,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

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	9½ - 10	B AVERAGE
	10½ - 11	C AVERAGE
LONG OR AMPLE LEGS	9½ - 10	B LONG
	10½ - 11	C LONG

SUPP-HOSE — The sheer nylon support stockings — that ease tired legs!

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THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

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They had parked the car down in St. James' Square. He and Belle walked arm in arm down St. James' Street. They had hardly spoken since they had left Brown's, but now he said, "I'm sorry, darling. I had one too many."

"You'd better give up drinking if you're going to act the way you did just now. You've never been like that before."

"I've never been jealous before."

She stopped; and her arm, still in his, brought him to a halt. "You were really jealous of Jack?"

"No. Yes. Oh, I don't know." They started walking again.

"I'm flattered you should be jealous. Every woman likes to think she has a jealous husband, even those with dangerously jealous mates. I don't like being taken for granted. At the same time I'm a little hurt you should even think I'd encourage Jack."

Adam kissed her cheek, right there in St. James' Street, a most un-English thing to do. The policeman on the corner looked at them, saw Adam's bowler hat and striped trousers, and frowned. The end of the Empire was in sight.

"Just like a woman," Adam said. "You want it both ways. Your father offered me a job in Australia."

BELLE stopped again, almost jerking his arm off. "Isn't that just like a man! Always trying to sound so damned casual about something important. What did you say? Is it a good job? How much is it worth?"

"You mean you didn't know anything about this?"

"No." Belle shook her head. "But now I come to think of it—I mean, I've had the feeling they've had something on their minds. Mum's been asking me would I like to live in Australia again. What did you say?"

"I've got two months to make up my mind."

They paused outside Lock's and looked at the old hats in the window. How English, Belle thought: one of the most famous hat-makers in the world, and they don't display any of their models later than 1860. And Adam was thinking: I could afford a Lock hat on five thousand a year. Lock hat, suit from Savile Row, shirt by Sulka, shoes by Peal: I'd be the best-dressed migrant ever to set foot in Australia.

"Will it take you that long?"

"I'm not going to rush it. Even your dad advised me not to."

They walked along Pall Mall and turned up into St. James' Square. This is where I should like to live for the rest of my life, Adam thought. They lived in the country because it was best for the children and because they could never have afforded the house they wanted in London. To have worked in the Foreign Office and to have lived in St. James' Square: Matthew could then have offered him the Prime Ministership of Australia, and he would have refused it.

The old car was parked between two new gleaming models, looking a little aggressive.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

sive and class-conscious, as it were challenging the other cars to throw it out of the square for being old and shabby. When Adam started up the motor, the exhaust growled like an angry mongrel. The houses in the square seemed to lean back like disapproving dowagers.

"Let's go to Australia," Belle said.

"Shall we go now? Drive down to Dover, and right on to Sydney?"

"It would be wonderful if we could."

"Yes," said Adam, and let in the gears, drove out of the square, and took the road in the opposite direction from Sydney, the one that led to Chalfont St. Aidan and home, the home that he knew even now he did not want to leave.

Belle nodded as Mrs. Cromwell, the help, rambled on about her husband, sipping at her own tea. The conversations I have with Mrs. Cromwell, I wonder if she discusses me, mentioning no names, of course, with other women in the village? Mrs. Cromwell came one day a week to clean the house right through; the Nashes could not afford to have her come daily. It was an arrangement that suited Mr. Cromwell; a chronic gossip, she preferred to work in five houses a week rather than in one. At three shillings and sixpence an hour, paid in cash, and with no tax deducted, with all the gossip she could carry home, she did very well.

"How many children have you, Mrs. Cromwell?"

"Three, just like you." Belle wanted to tear herself away from the gossiping garrulous woman, but she couldn't.

Mrs. Cromwell held up with her tongue as firmly as if with her strong meaty hands. Her voice followed you all over the house; several times Belle, her patience and her eardrums worn thin, had wanted to dismiss her. But good chaps were hard to get these days, and Mrs. Cromwell was what was called a treasure.

"The two oldest have just started work. Their money comes in handy." She had gone to the sink and was washing up her cup and saucer. "Mind you, it ain't the battle it used to be. I can remember right after the war, me and Sid, we struggled along on six pounds a week. We had Timmy, the eldest, and Shirley was on the way. Sometimes we used to wonder if we'd ever get our heads above water."

"It's different now. I ain't a Tory, but like Mr. Macmillan says, we ain't ever had it so good. There's Sid, getting seventeen quid a week with overtime in the factory down at Slough. And me with my bit. And now Timmy and Shirley bringing in their lot. It all goes in h.p., but I got a real nice home now, I have, something I never thought I'd have. We're saving up now for the down payment on a car."

"Is that the only saving you do?"

"Ain't much use saving for anything else, is there? My old mum, she was a great one for saving. One of the old sort she was, always had her eye out of the door for the rainy day. Saved a shilling a week, she did, and you know what we used it for? To pay for her funeral. It was a rainy day, all right, too. Teemed cats and dogs. No, spend it while you got it, I say."

She picked up her polishing

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"Looks like more rain, Mrs. Nash." He was a round, red-faced man with a cracked voice and a safe deposit full of poor jokes; and he and Adam exchanged jokes as they exchanged cheques and cash. "Rainy days are no good for us banking men. Mr. Nash would appreciate that," he said when Belle didn't smile. "Talking of Mr. Nash, I wonder if he would care to drop in and see me on Saturday morning?"

"Is it about the overdraft?" Belle said, dropping her voice, as if she were telling a joke, one in bad taste. "What else?" said Mr. Pruett, laughing at the best joke he knew. "I'll tell my husband," Belle said, and wondered how much humor Adam would see in the situation. The fillet

steak in her shopping bag suddenly became a sinful extravagance; she was glad Mr. Pruett had not been standing beside her when she had bought it. "I'm sure he'll look forward to it."

"Me, too," said Mr. Pruett, and went off laughing. Belle walked slowly out of the village and up the hill to their house. As she came in the front door the phone was ringing. She picked it up, and it was Jack Brewster.

"I wanted Sir Hugo's phone number. Sir Hugo Rupert. I thought you might have it."

"Why should I have it?" She felt

annoyed with him, springing on her at this moment. She wondered if he had to worry about an overdraft. "He's Gaby's boy-friend. Anyhow, I'm sure he's in the book."

"I never thought of looking there." He gave his flat coughing laugh. "Thought he'd be too important to be in the phone book. It was good to see you again, Belle. Could we have lunch some time? You know, talk about old times. Platonic, of course." Again the cough of laughter.

"I very rarely come up to London, Jack."

"Well, think about it. I'll be here for some time."

"Goodbye, Jack. And I hope you get on to Sir Hugo."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Yes. Fancy not

thinking to look in the book." Again the laugh. She couldn't remember whether he had laughed like that in the old days, but now she hated the sound of it. "Goodbye, Belle. It was good seeing you again."

She hung up. Mrs. Cromwell, humming, came downstairs. "Oh, was the phone ringing? I didn't hear it. I been singing, never hear a thing when I'm singing."

Thank heaven for her loud voice, Belle thought. Then Sarah came in the front door, puffing from having run too fast. "Oh, you're here! I was next door. Mrs. Sheffield said she heard the phone ringing. Who was it?"

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Page 93

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Continuing . . .

THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 93

"Someone trying to sell something," Belle said, and marvelled and was disgusted at her adeptness as a liar.

"They never leave you alone, do they?" said Mrs. Cromwell. "But they get short shrift from me. I can tell you. I soon tell them where to get off, that I do."

She went out to the kitchen, safe from salesmen who never see you alone, safe from ex-fiances, safe, and content with her husband and her h.p.

"She's a dirty old thing," Sarah muttered.

"No, she's not," Belle said. "You're only seeing her on the outside."

"That's the only way I want to know people," Sarah said. "I don't want to get involved with the inside of people."

"You will," Belle said. "Some day when you fall in love. That day you'll wonder what you ever saw on the outside of people."

Adam was surprised when Paxit asked him to lunch, and even more surprised when Paxit suggested they should go up to the West End instead of eating in the City. They went up to Kettner's in Soho, and Adam was further surprised to find that the head-waiter knew Paxit.

"What would you care to eat?" Paxit said after he had ordered drinks.

Since I'm here, Adam

thought, I may as well make the most of it. "I'll have fillet steak," he said. Then corrected himself: this was Soho, not the City, where the menu came in prosaic English: "Filet mignon."

"My favorite," said Paxit, ordering the same. "We have it three or four times a week at home."

LUCKY you, Adam thought, trying to remember when he had last tasted fillet steak at home. That was one of the things he had forgotten to count in the extra four hundred pounds a year: fillet mignon three or four times a week.

"Perhaps you're wondering why I suggested here instead of the Overseas Bankers' Club? This is my private den for private business."

"Are we on private business?"

Paxit nodded, smiling gently. "Today, in my lunch-hour, I am working for Sir Hugo."

"Is this lunch on Sir Hugo?" Adam said, and Paxit nodded.

Adam shook his head gently. "Why is Sir Hugo buying our lunch?"

"Sir Hugo is interested in someone you know."

AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting May 2.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, silver, rose.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, yellow, blk.
Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, violet, green.
Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, navy, red.
Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, green, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, orange, brn.
Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, brown, gold.
Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, blue, silver.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, white, black.
Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 23-JAN. 19
Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, black, blue.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, black, blue.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

It's not what you have but what you do with it. You may find a new use for a forgotten possession or use an original idea with dramatic effect. A few acquire a more attractive personality.

You may fear that you have offended a friend, only to find that no harm has been done. Some of you make new contacts. That knock at the door may be the person you wish to see.

Listen and observe; be on the receiving end. Avoid discussing personal affairs; gossip can hurt your plans. Don't believe all you are told, and don't make rash promises in a fit of enthusiasm.

Get out and visit friends, go to busy places. Include as many friends as possible in your programme. Turn that twosome date into a foursome for a happy occasion.

Whether in paid employment or a homemaker, it's the job that counts at present. If hunting a better post, this is an excellent time for making applications. Your skill soon makes you expert.

You are likely to have a crowded schedule; the danger lies in taking on more than you can carry out. There will be interruptions, but stick to your plans. You will be compensated for all the effort.

You can make success or failure out of developments this week. It all depends on your own attitude and how you approach people and events. Calmness and poise will pay off handsomely.

Whether you are in a sporting team or a family enterprise, harmony is essential. Help your beloved's career through social channels, entertaining, or a special effort. He'll be grateful.

Stick to routine; don't venture into off-beat social circles or mix with strangers. Be content with your usual amusements, spare-time activities. This will save you money and perhaps heartbreak.

Your fairy godmother may remember you when you least expect it. That longed-for invitation comes, that job you hoped for lies within your grasp. Your romance may blossom into a proposal.

If a teenager, parents may grant a request they formerly refused. If slightly older, in love, opposition to your romance may be withdrawn. This is an excellent time to obtain favors from authority.

Short trips are likely at the weekend. Should they take you to sporting fixtures, the visiting team should be successful. If good fortune comes, probably through a casual encounter, follow it up.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 9, 1962

"Gaby? If he wants me to use my influence with my stepmother for him—"

"I gather he has enough influence of his own there. No offence," said Paxit so gently that the sarcasm only nicked Adam. "No, it is not your stepmother. It is Mr. Brewster from Sydney."

"Brewster? I don't know him."

"Sir Hugo is under the impression he is a close friend of yours."

"He was—" Then Adam stopped. He felt he didn't want to tell Paxit that Brewster was his wife's ex-fiance. He wondered if other men were as sensitive as he about the men in their wives' past lives. "He knows my wife's family back in Sydney, that's all. I met him for the first time a few evenings ago. The same evening Sir Hugo met him."

"There's evidently been some misunderstanding then," Paxit said and looked sorry that he had invited Adam to lunch.

"Has Brewster been using my name as a reference?" Adam smoothed down his hair: he had had it cut this morning, but not crew-style.

"No, I don't think so. Not exactly. Since he's no friend of yours—" You may say that again, Adam thought, "perhaps I can speak frankly. Mr. Brewster is a little out of his depth, I think. He has done some business over here, but he is not—how do our American friends say it?—not in Sir Hugo's league. And he is grasping at straws to give himself a background that, so far, isn't deservedly his."

"How do you fit into this, Eric?"

"When I join Sir Hugo in a few weeks' time I shall be handling the project into which Mr. Brewster is, shall we say, trying to push himself. Australians have a tendency to push, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Adam gently. "I'm learning, he thought: I'll make a wonderful Deputy Principal. 'I'm married to one.'"

Paxit smiled gently. "Your point, Adam, I retire wounded. I apologise. I was generalising, something one should never do." Unruffled, he went on: "Sir Hugo could use Mr. Brewster and his resources. But naturally he wanted to check."

Their steaks arrived and Adam said, "Should I enjoy it or toy with it?"

"Enjoy it," said Paxit. "Sir Hugo's expense account can stand a disappointment or two." He ate for a while, then said,

"Why did you recommend against International Finance's application to transfer money to Italy?"

Enjoy your steak, he says. Then asks me a question like that. "Does Sir Hugo know I recommended against it?"

"No. Nor does he know that I supported your recommendation. Let us hope he never finds out."

So there is a chink in your armor, Adam thought. And if ever Sir Hugo learns of it, you'll be dead. "Sir Hugo has been sending a lot of money out of the country lately. I don't know where it's going, but it didn't seem to me that the projects and investments International Finance nominated were likely targets for the amounts he named. Up till lately International has been a very minor interest of Sir Hugo's. Then all at once a lot of money began to be channelled through it."

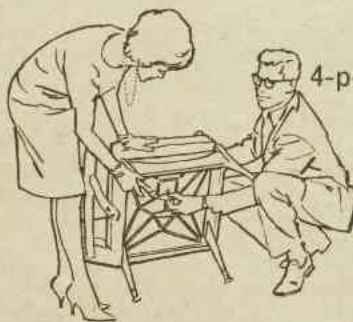
"He was not very happy when the Treasury said no to his application. Fortunately, he



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thinks someone down there turned down his application. He would have a heart attack if he knew he was buying lunch for the two men who recommended the rejection."

"Will you be working for International when you join him?"

"That's to be my pigeon," Paxit smiled, wiping his lips with the blue-checked napkin. "I hope when the next application comes in you'll be a more obliging Deputy Principal than I was."

The filet mignon turned sour in Adam's mouth, the taste of a bribe. "You think I'll get your job?"

"I shall be surprised if you don't. You have twice as much imagination as Victor, and the job needs imagination."

"Paxit went on eating, a man of imagination. There was no conceit about him. He knew his capabilities and he accepted them."

"What if I have too much imagination? That's not a good thing in a banking man."

Paxit looked sideways at him, his pale blue eyes cold and sharp for a moment. Then he smiled gently. "That is the one thing you have to watch, Adam. You do have too much imagination. You'll get the job, I'm sure of that. But too much imagination could lose it for you."

What words of encouragement have you for Buller, the man with no imagination?

Will he be safer than I, safer on four hundred a year less, safe, because no matter what he recommends on International's next application he can always pass the buck to me, the man with too much imagination?

"How's your steak?"

"Excellent," Adam said, no longer tasting it. "My compliments to the chef. And to Sir Hugo."

"He'll be disappointed to learn you don't know Brewster."

"Yes," said Adam, glad that Brewster was still a stranger to him, and hoped that he would always remain one.

"We must keep in touch when I leave the bank."

"Oh, I'm sure we shall," said Adam, and smiled gently, as Paxit once more gave him the sharp, sideways look. Then Paxit smiled, and they sat there, smiling at each other, two men who thought they understood each other.

It was Saturday morning and the three of them were working on the car. Adam was cleaning the spark-plugs and wondering when he would have to buy new ones; Matt was washing down the engine with grease-remover; and John was applying a new coat of seal to the leather hood. Three men happy in the one job. Adam sighed, wishing he could have given them something really worthwhile to work on. His dreams of cars

had several grades of possibility. When he was wide awake, and not dreaming, realised that the certainty was, of course, still the old car.

He had always been something of a dreamer, and lately he had recognised the shadow of himself in John. Matt and Sarah no doubt had their dreams; he hoped so, because he felt that children should have dreams. Sometimes he would discover John sitting alone somewhere, in his eyes faraway look of the boy who saw more than the world round him; and he remembered himself, shut off from the world in a cocoon of imagination.

At John's age he had dreamed being an explorer; he was going follow in Burton's path to Mecca.

Anyhow, he had never seen Mecca and he never would. It had joined the super cars in the impossible dream. Belle and Sarah came in the car, loaded with their shopping from the village. "Will the car be ready to go, a pick up Mum and Dad?" Belle said.

Adam nodded. "What's for lunch?"

"Fillet steak," said Belle, and Adam raised his eyes in the direction from which manna was supposed to fall. They were fast catching up on the Paxit even without the extra four hundred a year: fillet steak twice this week. "We I didn't feel we could ask Mum and Dad to sit down to sausages. Not a first meal I've cooked them in seventeen years. Don't you like fillet steak?"

"Love it," said Adam. "But it's going to put an end to my means."

Belle and Sarah went into the house and Matt said, "Dad, do you always understand Mum?"

"Understand her?"

"Yes, you know. Do you sometimes feel you're not getting through to her that you're sort of speaking a different language?"

"What's this all about?"

"He's not getting through to Susan Burton," said John. "There was no stick on his handkerchief this morning."

"All right, Private Eye," Matt said blushing and burying his head under the bonnet of the car. "Forget it, Dad. It's harder to have a private talk round this house than it is at school."

"I was only trying to help," said John.

"What do you know about girls?"

Matt demanded, surfacing again from the innards of the car. "Stay out of this, sonny. There's time enough yet for you to be involved with them."

"Are you involved?" Adam said, trying to remember at what age he had first become involved with girls.

MATT was running the hose over the engine, washing off the grease-remover. "No, not exactly. Be Susan, well, she's a bit of a numbskull. A real featherbrain. Perhaps I'm getting worked up about nothing. Some of us were talking about the H-bomb last night, and Susan, well, she just wasn't interested. All she reads is Tanfield Diary in the 'Daily Mail,' and that's the world to her. Just gossip about people who don't matter."

"Don't let your mother hear you. You're talking about the people she loves."

"Oh, it's different with Mum. Her life is half over. She can afford to relax and look at frivolous things. But it's different with us young people."

"Last night, did any of your friends these young people, did they blame the H-bomb, the state of the world, on the older people? The ones whose lives are half over?"

"Some of them did," Matt's head was buried under the bonnet.

"Did you?" he said, aware that for the first time in his life he was standing before his son for judgment.

Matt straightened up. He went across and turned off the hose, then came back. "No, Dad. I think it's stupid to blame the way things are going on a whole generation. Just the same as I think it's stupid for older people to condemn our generation just because of a few teddy-boys and some beatniks."

Adam looked at his son with a mixture of affection and admiration. Was I as fair-minded as that when I was a teen? Did I blame my father and his generation for Hitler and Mussolini, for the Depression, and for what had just begun in Abyssinia? Or was I like Susan Burton, a numbskull, a featherbrain?

"Dad," Matt said, "why don't we move to Australia?"

"Why? Because of Susan Burton?"

"No, I'd just like to, that's all. John and I, we've been talking. He'd like to go, wouldn't you?"

"You bet," said John, uninvolved with girls or H-bombs, involved only with simple things like climate and sports.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

Continuing . . .

THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

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and the wide-eyed wonder at faraway places. "Why don't we go, Dad? Mum told us about the job Grandpa has offered you. Come on, Dad, it'd be fun."

"Is that how you look at it?" Adam said to Matt. "That it would be fun."

"Well, I'm practically an Australian. Mum's one."

"What other reasons have you got for wanting to go out there?"

Matt hesitated. Then he began to wind the hose into a coil. "When the next war comes, Dad, I'd like to be as far away as possible from it. I'm sorry, Dad. That mustn't sound too good from a hero's son."

"I wasn't a hero," Adam said with unaccountable heat; for some reason he couldn't name he suddenly felt ashamed of his war record. "I just happened to be in the right place at the right time. It was just a question of survival. Be a hero and live or be a coward and die. That was all it was. Don't think you have to use my medals as a yardstick, Matt. That goes for you, too." He nodded at John perched on his ladder.

"The boys at school think you must have been awfully brave," John said. "They know about your gongs. Oh, I didn't tell them," he added hastily as if it were a crime to boast about one's father. "One of the boys read about you somewhere."

"I'm glad you think the way you do, Dad," Matt said. "You never talk about your gongs, but I didn't know how you really felt about them. It's not that I'm scared," he said, rolling up the hose like

a giant snake at his feet. "But what's the point of stopping to fight a war where you can be wiped out in a moment just like that? At least in Australia you wouldn't be in the way of the first bomb. They mightn't drop any at all out there."

"Take the job, Dad," John said, rocking the ladder. "Let's go to Australia."

"Are you afraid of the bomb, too?"

John shook his head. "I don't think about it. All I want is to go swimming. Be a sport, Dad. Say yes to Grandpa."

BE a sport. Save one son from annihilation and take the other swimming. And be paid three thousand a year for it, plus a house and the promise of promotion. "I'll think about it."

"What is there to think about, Dad?" John leaned forward on his ladder, a Hyde Park orator amazed at the denseness of his audience. "Golly, Mum says we'll never have another chance like this! What is there to think about?"

There is this to think about: I am in my own country, where I was born, where I grew up, and which I love. I am in a job which interests me and which I like. I am in a job which requires service to a code of ethics, something about which I feel strongly; and jobs are becoming fewer and fewer that require service to a code of ethics or any ethical consideration at all. I'm all right, Jack, is the new national anthem; but while I'm at the bank I don't have to stand up and join in the chorus. I am forty-one years old, almost, and, as Matt says, my life is half over. I am set in my ways, in this English way of living that, for all its faults, I love.

"What is there to think about, Dad?" Matt said.

Adam shook his head. "You'll only know when you reach my age, Matt."

Nothing much, he thought, but it's forty years of England to me. But I can't tell that to

my sons. Damn the English stiff upper lip and our fear of sentiment! We are the most sentimental people on earth, but we hide our sentiment under the name of tradition. So all I can say is: "I like it here."

"We like it, too, Dad," John said, more than ever the Hyde Park orator: he pounded his stepladder rostrum. "But that doesn't say we wouldn't like Australia more. Think of the climate, think of the swimming, think —"

"I'll vote for you," said Matt, suddenly grinning. He recognised there was something his father wanted to say to them and couldn't. So he changed the mood and the topic, ironically clapping his young brother as he said. "Now are you finished painting that hood?"

Adam turned away, mistaking Matt's gesture for one of youthful resignation to a parent's stupidity. He would try to talk to Matt later, alone; John's simple outlook was a handicap to both of them. But why couldn't he talk frankly and bluntly to both his sons?

Belle came to the door of the house now. "Time to pick up Mum and Dad. And guess who's coming? Gaby. She's just called. She's coming down for the dance tonight. She wants us to find her a partner."

"What's the matter with Sir Hugo?"

"He's away on the Continent or somewhere. Could you imagine him at a cricket club dance?"

"I can't imagine Gaby at a cricket club dance," Adam said, remembering his step-mother's aversion to any sort of sport.

"Do you think Gaby would let me be her escort?" Matt said. "Or is she only interested in old coves?"

"We'll see," Adam said to Matt. "But she's pretty frivolous-minded, too. Don't talk to her about the H-bomb."

"I'll miss her if we go to Australia," John said, climbing down from his ladder. "She's my favorite grown-up woman."

"Mine, too," said Matt.

"And mine," said Adam.

"After your mother, of course."

"I think Mum understands you," Matt said. "I mean, she

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HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key

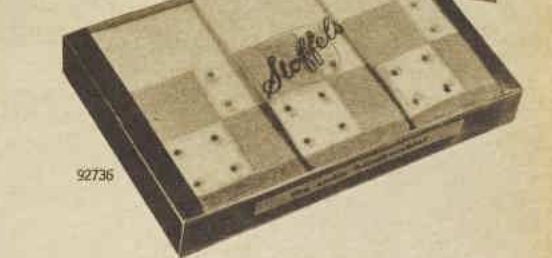
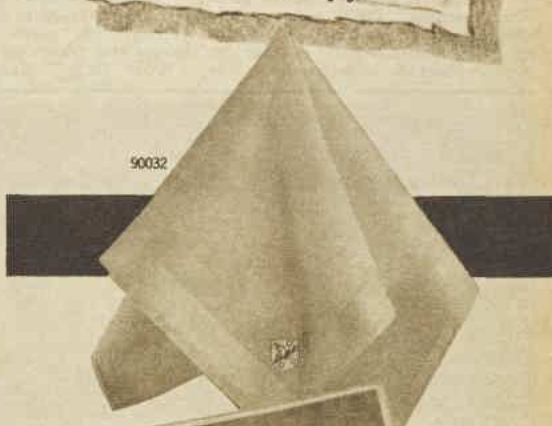


"You're coming through, man!"

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)



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never gets annoyed at your corny jokes, does she? She seems to understand you like being—well, young, I suppose. You don't want to grow old, do you, Dad?"

"Not if I can help it," Adam said. "I don't think I want my life to be even half over."

"Then let's go to Australia," John said, not letting up, the pioneer who was twelve years old, who still had his dreams. "I read it somewhere. It's a country for young men. If you're not old, Dad, then let's go there."

"I think cricket is the dullest game ever invented," Gaby said. "Only Englishmen could have dreamed it up. They designed it so that no woman would understand it, so

women stay away and the men are left to themselves. A club of flannelled fools stuck out in the middle of a field, where no woman is ever admitted."

"Women can come into the pavilion for tea," Matt said.

"Darling, how exciting," John said.

"And women play cricket," John said.

"I was at a dance the other night with a girl from Roedean," Matt said. "She was their fast bowler."

"How absolutely ghastly!" cried Gaby, and turned to Sarah. "Darling,

I hope you aren't wasting your beauty and talents on fast bowling?"

"No, Gaby," Sarah smiled as

femininely as possible, hoping that some day she would grow into a woman as beautiful as Gaby. She wouldn't waste her time at cricket matches.

She would be an actress like Gaby. She knew she would be good, too; look how well she had registered pleasure and excitement when her grandmother had arrived with a copy of "Heidi Grows Up." Why didn't grandparents grow up?

Gaby knew a girl's real age. She had brought a bracelet, one with real old coins on it, absolutely divine, and it dangled now from Sarah's wrist.

Gaby had arrived just after lunch in the little red car given her by Sir Hugo. She had been driven down

by Bateman, the chauffeur, who hadn't gone with Sir Hugo to the Continent. He had jumped out of the tiny car, run round and opened the door, and Gaby had alighted with all the grace and ceremony of a queen arriving in some pantomime carriage.

"I wish 'Vogue' could see me now," she had said. "This is the height of chic. A chauffeur-driven baby car. Thank you, Bateman. You lent a lovely dignity to the car."

Bateman had looked blank for a moment. Then he had saluted Sarah as she had stood beside Gaby in the drive, and Sarah had smiled and inclined her head with what she had hoped was a perfect imitation of Gaby. Then Bateman had driven off,

and Sarah had begun the long wait for the day when she, too, would arrive somewhere for a weekend in a chauffeur-driven car.

"I loathe cricket," Sarah said now. "Me, too," said Belle, amused at her daughter's recently acquired elegance of manner. At fourteen and a half she herself had been a hoyden, always on the beach, dressing up with reluctance, only graceful in her movements when she had been in the water. "But I'm married to an ex-fast bowler, so what can I do? I'm longing for the day when he's an ex-cricketer."

"I don't know a thing about it," Aileen Harvey adjusted her sunglasses. She had noticed the gem-encrusted sunglasses that Gaby wore now; they were chic. Late she would pluck up courage and ask Gaby where she had bought them; she would be just the thing to wear at the Spring Meeting at Randwick.

She liked Gaby very much, but she was afraid of her. Gaby was a woman of the world, and women (and men, for that matter) of the world always frightened her. Aileen was a woman of the suburbs, and she knew she would never be anything else. She was not ashamed of the fact, but sometimes she wished for the poise and confidence that women of the world had. She had been amazed to find that Belle had those qualities, but she couldn't bring herself to believe that Belle was a woman of the world. She clung desperately to the hope that some of the old Belle remained, the Belle of Coogee beach and the suburbs. If that Belle had gone, then all her family had gone. Including her husband.

"I've always been a surfer myself," said Matthew Harvey, wishing for a beer but otherwise enjoying the peaceful beauty of the afternoon. He hadn't relaxed like this in years, and he was amazed to find that he still could. Then, with the naive pride that he had never been able to overcome, the dropping of names into almost any topic, he said, "I know Arthur Morris quite well, but we never talk cricket."

"Arthur Morris? That name is familiar. Why, yes, I met him at a party once a few years ago. An Australian." Gaby puckered her beautiful brows. "Does he play cricket?"

THE two boys hooted with laughter at Gaby's ignorance, and everyone else joined in. The mood on all of them was a happy one; it looked like being a good weekend. They were all sitting in deck-chairs on the lawn outside the pavilion of the Chalfont St. Aidan Cricket Club.

Out on the field itself, in the club of flannelled fools, Adam and Derek Crippen were at the wicket. Adam had just come in and was about to face the bowler for the first time. The bowler was a young giant, proud of his strength and energy, and imbued with a hatred of batsmen, especially middle-aged ones who didn't know when it was time to give the game away.

He was a fast bowler, much too fast for a Roedean or any other girls' school team, and quite possibly much too fast for the middle-aged batsman who had just come in.

He walked back to begin his run-up, going so far that Adam wondered if he had given up in disgust at the target presented to him and was going home. I shouldn't be here, Adam thought. Each Saturday, when I get out here to the wicket, the bowlers look bigger and faster than ever. The eyes are going and so are the reflexes. It is no consolation to me to know that there are other middle-aged fools like me all over the world, including Derek at the other end.

Ten yards or so inside the boundary the bowler had at last turned. He tossed his head, stamped his feet, then came charging in, arms swinging, bent on mayhem.

Adam had a moment of premonition. He saw the bowling arm come over, the blurred swing of the executioner, but he didn't see the ball coming toward him. He played forward by instinct, prodding his bat toward where he thought the ball should pitch. He missed by six inches or more. The ball whistled down, bit into the slightly damp turf, and stood up to thump him brutally under the heart.

Adam went down as if he had been shot and pole-axed at the same time. He gasped desperately for breath, and huge dots danced before his eyes. Then the pain struck and he rolled in agony on the ground.

The other men clustered around him, solicitous and concerned; but he hated them all, especially the young giant. He wanted to be sick, but couldn't be.

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Continuing . . . THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE

from page 98

"That's comforting," Adam got up wanting to scream, but managing to smile instead. "I'll get a cup of tea. I think I need it."

"I'll get it," Belle said; and a few moments later she had taken two cups of tea to the end of the pavilion verandah and he had joined her there. He sat down on the seat beside her, still feeling the pain in his ribs.

"You did the right thing," she said.

"What right thing?" He sipped the hot tea, the balm for the soul of the disgraced English hero.

"Walking away like that. Oh, darling, you're too old! When you fell

down out there, after he'd hit you, I wanted to be sick."

"So did I."

"I wanted to rush out there and hit that bowler with your bat, run a stump through him, kill him for what he'd done to you."

"I'm glad you didn't. How did you know I had walked away?"

"I borrowed a pair of fieldglasses from an old man sitting near me."

He took her hand in his. "Darling, I know I'm too old. But don't tell anyone else. Let's keep it our secret."

She squeezed his hand, blinking

back her tears. "I'll never give you away, old man. I'm just glad you realised in time. No woman likes to think of her husband being old, but it's better than his being dead."

"I thought I was dead for a moment out there."

Her hand pressed hard into his. "Don't say that! How are your ribs?"

"There'll be no hugging for a week at least."

"I think I'll go out and run a stump through that bowler, anyway. Let me see." Adam opened the front of his shirt, and an ugly black and purple bruise was exposed. Belle's nails bit into Adam's hand. "Oh, darling! Oh, you stupid, stupid man!"

"I'm all right," he said, pressing her hand, keeping his voice low, trying to stop her from bursting out crying. "I told you. I walked away at the right time. There's nothing more to worry about."

"Oh, darling." Her nails were still clutching at him, wanted to gather him in her arms, hold him to her, love him, no matter how much it hurt his ribs. "Grow as old as you like. But don't ever, ever get hurt like that again!"

To be continued

The novel "The Country of Marriage" is published by William Collins.



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He lay there on the ground, pain-filled and wanting to die; or, anyway, to retire from cricket and be his age. But one couldn't retire in the middle of a cricket match. It wouldn't be cricket. As if he cared.

Derek was bending over him. "Would you like to sit it out for a while? Take a rest and come back later."

Adam struggled up. "I'll be all right," he gasped, one cricket-booted foot in the grave.

The young giant patted him on the shoulder. "That's the spirit, old man," he said, and he seemed to put needless emphasis on the old. He was grinning widely, completely void of sympathy; you knew he would go home that evening and put another notch in the handle of his cricket bat. "Well, no point in standing around. Shall we get on with it?"

And he began his long walk back to the fence again, licking his lips, wondering if he could land the ball in the same spot again and make it stand up like that last one. That had been a beauty. The old cove at the other end hadn't stood a chance against it.

The old cove at the other end was drawing on his batting gloves again, wondering if he shouldn't have brought a helmet and a breastplate. His ribs ached as if someone had gone through them with a lance; but he also ached inside, and that worried him.

For an instant after the ball had hit him he had thought he had had a heart attack; and even now he did not feel that all the damage had been external. There was a pain running down his arm and he was still having trouble getting his breath. His palms were wet with sweat inside his gloves, and he all at once shivered, as if with a chill. He was a bigger fool now than he had been five minutes ago. He should retire now; get out while he was still alive.

BUT it was too late. The bowler had already turned and begun his run in. Be a hero and live or be a coward and die. He had told that to his sons only this morning. And now here on a cricket field he was ridiculously trying to disprove what he had preached this morning. He was being a hero, staying at the wicket, holding the fort—for what? To prove he was young? To stay alive?

The bowler's arm came over, the ball seemed to scream down — and Adam walked away, making no attempt to play the ball, letting it hit his wicket in a crash of timber that was the loudest sound he had ever heard in his life. He heard a yell of triumph from the bowler, and then Derek called his name. But he didn't look back, just kept walking.

He walked off the field, out of cricket forever, saying goodbye with a sick, sour taste in his mouth to the youth that had left him long before he had realised its going. The pain inside him was not a heart attack. It was the pain of knowing that he was no longer young. Life might begin at forty, but not in the way he wanted it.

Belle and Gaby were the closest to him, and yet for a while they hesitated to speak, sensing how he felt.

He sat down in a deckchair, aware of the stabbing pain of his ribs, and began to take off his pads. The next batsman passed him, going out to face the fast bowler, but Adam had no pity for him, only envy; he was young, just twenty.

"What happened, Dad?" John said.

"Did you lose sight of the ball?" He nodded, grateful to his son for voicing the excuse. "I should have waited a little longer. It was too soon after the thump he gave me."

"It was a corker," Matt said, blind and cruel as only the young can be. "We could hear it from here. I was sure it had gone right through you."

"It must have hurt, Daddy," Sarah said, and he nodded, glad of her sympathy.

"I always said it was a stupid game," Gaby said. "Fancy letting yourself get hit like that and calling it fun."

"I don't understand the game at all," Aileen said. "Can you sue the bowler or something if he cripples you?"

Matt and John hooted again with laughter. "I'll murder them, Adam thought. I'll bash them with this cricket bat that I should have used out there at the wicket."

"Arthur Morris was telling me once he got hit by Tyson," Matthew said. "He didn't like it, either."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

Mayberry, whose Christian names were known only to the Board of Directors and the Key Personnel Files and who was called M.J. or simply Mayberry, grinned. He looked through the glass partition of his office where the top of Paula's head was visible.

"Don't blame Paula. You boys are all the same. All you have to do is fly them. We are responsible for enticing them out of men's brains, on to the drawing-board, into detailed specifications, and then into production. Nobody likes working behind electrified fences, but we're designing for the military now." He looked at his watch. "It's lunchtime. Buy Paula a hot pie and coffee."

"Paula would as soon go hungry as break bread with me," Tom informed him. "Hot pie and coffee, my foot!" Mayberry shrugged.

"You can't really blame her. You rush a girl off her feet, provide speculation of the whole blossom type for the whole plant, and then climb

back into your little pressure cockpit and escape into the wild blue yonder—symbolically speaking."

"A man can change his mind."

"So can a woman. Maybe she's changed hers. You're what the insurance boys call a bad risk—in more ways than one."

"For those kind words I thank you, M.J., sir. I might remind you I am a respectable widower with a six-year-old son."

"You don't need to remind me. You've been weeping inside yourself ever since Liz died. You fought like a pair of tiger cubs, then when she died you made believe it was a marriage constructed in heaven. A psychologist probably has a word for it."

"You're not doing too badly yourself," Tom said tightly. "What is the penalty for punching a chief designer on the nose?"

"Haven't you noticed? I'm wearing glasses. The trouble with you and Liz was that you

Continuing . . . JAMESON'S LUCK

from page 37

were both too young in the head for marriage."

"A man in my profession has to live ten years ahead of everyone else," Tom reminded him. "So I was only twenty-two. I might remind you that Paula, who seems to be the object of your concern, is just now at the same tender age."

"I'd like that," Paula said.

"Thanks."

After Tom had been checked out of the building he picked up his car from the parking area. As the guards swung wide the main gates for him one of them said: "We watched

After Liz had gone he had thrown those ships around hard and fast, inviting death to become his master instead of his companion, but death had ignored the invitation and the legend of "Jameson's luck" had grown.

"You sick, Dad?"

He opened his eyes. His son

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

"Paula is grown-up," Mayberry said. "Some people are grown-up even when they're young, because of circumstances or because they're just that way. You threw your marriage around as if it were an aeroplane you were testing, as if you had to see how much stress it could take before it nose-dived to earth."

"Liz's death just stopped the inevitable crash. Now I'll remove my glasses and you can prove how much easier it would be for me if I minded my own business."

"Forget it," Tom said. "We're friends, or we used to be. I'm sorry if Paula is—well—hurt."

"I wouldn't know about that," Mayberry said truthfully. "With Paula it's hard to tell. The trouble is, Tom, you've lost your nerve. It's like pilot fatigue, only in your case it applies to the business of living."

"I have returned your Most Secret folder," Tom said. "I thank you for your advice, because I know it is well meant. I have to inform you that I do not intend to remarry, either now or in the future, because I am good enough at my profession to know that a pilot with fatigue who persists in taking up a ship hasn't an earthly. I should like 'Jameson's luck' to hold a little longer."

He paused at the door of Mayberry's office and, knowing Paula was listening, said:

"It's lunchtime, M.J. Why don't you buy Paula a hot pie and coffee?"

When Tom had gone Paula gathered up the letters for signing and put them on Mayberry's desk. Her face was serene, but Mayberry saw the shine in her eyes and suddenly wished Tom had accepted his invitation to punch his nose. It would have been a pleasure to return the token.

"Don't mind him," he said to Paula. "He's all dried up inside. Dehydrated. He can meet any number of women, but if it's any comfort to you it's only when he starts to care that he starts to run."

"It's all right—really," Paula said, so that he knew it wasn't all right. "He must have loved her very much."

"He can't even remember what she looked like," Mayberry said bluntly, "and that's why he's afraid. He's trying to hold on to something which, unfortunately, never existed."

He saw the shock and surprise on her face but was glad he had said what had to be said.

"As Tom has just pointed out, it's lunchtime. Can I buy you a hot pie and coffee?" Paula smiled, and it was pleasant to see.

you up there, Mr. Jameson. It was pretty to see."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it."

Anytime, he thought. Anytime at all you'll be watching and it won't be so pretty to see.

He didn't say it, because he knew if he did say it the guard would accept it gracefully, with the generosity of the earthbound who were always ready to excuse the skybound.

By necessity and inclination he was reckless in the air, but he usually drove a car with meticulous care. Now he swung the steering-wheel hard. Gravel spurted from protesting tyres as he raced the car away from the plant. The guards looked at each other and shrugged.

"They're all the same," said the elder of the two. "Who can blame 'em? They go faster than you or I could blow a bugle, and when they come down they're expected to act ordinary . . ."

His house was a neat bungalow set in a street of neat bungalows, each separated from the other by a low hedge. The bungalows, along with schools, shops, and churches, had been erected for the use of personnel by the aeroplane company. A little township, almost military in character, dedicated to the conquest of the air, but fettered to the flat, dry land, had mushroomed around the plant and its field.

He parked the car outside the house and sat with his hands on the wheel, listening to the ragged whisper of palm leaves.

He closed his eyes, willing himself to see the image of Liz.

He did not see Liz, but he remembered things he thought he had forgotten. He remembered being married after a rushed courtship. Life was brief and, because of its brevity, doubly sweet. The whole world was in a hurry. Marriage, along with everything else, was conducted like a six-lane highway. There wasn't time to savor, only to sample.

He remembered Liz and himself, married three months, fighting with the bitterness peculiar to those who, having married in haste, were repenting at leisure.

He remembered Liz, not her face but her eyes, narrowed and frightened. "I won't have a baby," Liz had said. "I won't, I won't!"

"You will," he had said, not because he wanted the baby any more than she did but because death had been his companion for a long time and thus he respected life.

Liz had borne the baby and died, while he, convinced his life was destined to be brief, had lived on.

was peering into the car. He did not seem unduly worried, only curious.

"No," he said to him. "Just tired."

"We heard you up there this morning," said his son. "Boy! Aaaa-eee-ooo!" He moved his hands in time to the sound, simulating the noise and motion of the jet which raced the wind and put the birds to shame.

Tom joined his son on the pavement.

"How long do you reckon it will be before you die?" asked his son.

"What put that into your head, Pete?"

Pete fell into step beside him.

"It's always in my head. The bigger kids reckon you're on borrowed time. What's borrowed time?"

"Borrowed time is like anything else borrowed," he said carefully. "It's something belonging to somebody else, but they let us use it as a sort of favor."

"Don't you have to give it back?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "Some day, I suppose, you have to give it back."

He looked down at the neatly shorn head of his son and a love greater than he had ever felt for poor, selfish Liz swept over him.

"Forget about the bigger kids," he said to his son. "They don't know everything. How about swimming?"

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"Gee, Dad, I'm meeting
Paula at the pool. You could
come, too, if you want to."
He glanced at his father's still
face. "It's all right, isn't it?"
Meeting Paula, I mean. The
pool's only five blocks away
and she'll bring me home. I
mean just because you and her
don't, won't? He floun-
dered, his face reddening with
the effort of projection into an
adult world.

"Of course it's all right," he
assured his son. "Paula and I
are friends, and even if we
weren't you and she could still
be friends."

"That wouldn't be much
fun," said his son. He kicked
at an imaginary stone. "I
thought you and Paula were
— well, sort of mushy, if you
know what I mean."

"I know what you mean,"
Tom said, feeling an urge to
dust the pants of various "big-
ger kids." "I thought little
boys didn't like stepmothers."

"Gee, Paula wouldn't be a
stepmother. She'd be—well,
just Paula."

When Pete had gone to meet
Paula he wandered through the
empty house, finally coming to
rest on the back porch, where
he stood looking up at the clear
sky. The sky looked back at
him, giving no answer to the
riddle of when he would have
to repay his loan of time or,
sudden and most frightening
thought, who would look out

Continuing . . . JAMESON'S LUCK

from page 100

for Pete when the mortgagee
finally closed.

It was only then that the
fear, so real as to be bordering
on terror, hit him. He who had
never been physically afraid
was afraid then. He was
afraid of dying, and afraid for
Pete, and afraid because he
had lost Paula, but most of all
he was afraid that "Jameson's
luck" was finally running out.

He knew then that "Jame-
son's luck" was a myth, born
of the skill of someone who

pretend there was no hurt to
hide.

"His swimming is improv-
ing," Paula said, indicating
Pete at the far end of the pool.
"He has more confidence."

"Yes," he said, remembering
her voice had not always held
this impersonal, withdrawn
quality. Once they had talked
together and laughed together,
generally at the same things.

"Paula," he said.

"Not yet. Perhaps he won't
be surprised. He says I've lost
my nerve."

"For flying?"

"No. For living."

He saw it in her eyes, the
concern shown only by those
who love. "I've never been
afraid before," he said to her,
"but now I am. 'Jameson's
luck' is running out."

"Promise me something,"
she said. "Promise me you
won't give it up yet, not be-
cause of superstition."

RIVETS



did a job superlatively well,
because fear had never in-
truded.

Now the skill would deteri-
orate because fear had moved
in, the fear of a man who
suddenly realises he has every-
thing for which to live and
nothing for which to die.

He went back into the house
to change before he joined
Paula and his son at the pool.

Paula greeted him with dig-
nity. She did not comment
on his coming or make an
excuse for leaving. It occurred
to him that dignity in a
woman was a rare quality
these days. He knew, too, that
it had not been Paula who
had slammed his office door
that morning. Paula was grown-
up. She would hide her hurt
and look him in the eye and

She turned to look at him.
"Yes?"

"I'm going to quit testing.
I thought you'd like to know."

She still looked at him, but
she did not say anything. If
he expected glad approval he
was disappointed. She had,
he remembered, never urged
him to forsake his profession.
Liz had never urged it, either,
but he had entertained no illu-
sion as to her reason.

Liz had basked in the glamor
of being the young and lovely
wife of a man whose life was
destined to be brief. Paula had
accepted him for what he was,
even though with each flight
a little piece of her must have
stilled itself, waiting in appre-
hension until he landed.

"Does M.J. know?" Paula
asked.

"It is not superstition," he
said fiercely, because he knew
it was, but he was powerless
to deny it.

"Oh, yes it is," Paula said,
equally as fiercely. "If you let
this tie you to the ground now,
you'll never be really free
again, and that will be worse
than being afraid. You're
claiming that because you
didn't want to live death ig-
nored you, but now, when you
want to live, death will move
in just to spite you."

"You have to go up the
and prove it's superstition
otherwise everything, born
born and living and dy-
hasn't any pattern or po-
pose. It's not your nerve
living you've lost. It's your
nerve for dying."

He looked down to the po-
where Pete was diving at
surfacing and then up to the
sky, which was a long way
away, but because of men his
himself and of women his
Paula was coming nearer.

He said:

"One night soon, can we
out together, as we used to?"
"Not tonight," Paula said
swiftly, so that he knew the
positions were reversed and she
having once been hurt, was now
the one afraid.

"No, not tonight," he agreed.
The hurrying and the rushing
were over. There was time
now to savor as well as sample.
There was a job to be done
and a loan to be paid; trust
to be regained and a super-
stition disproved. "Tonight
have to sleep. I have an early
call at the field."

"I'll be listening for you,"
she said. "I always do."
He looked at Paula, for
whom it would have been as
easy to encourage his super-
stition, but who, because she
loved him, preferred to see
him free in danger than safe in
fear.

"You're giving me another
chance," he said. "Why?"
Paula smiled, and it was
pleasant to see. She said: "I
suppose you could call it
'Jameson's luck'."

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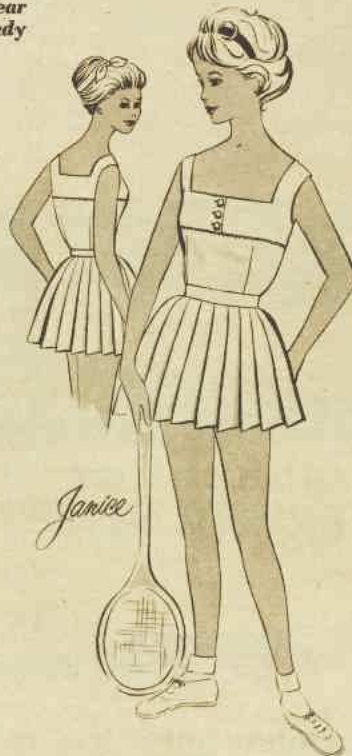
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962

Continuing . . . THE DEPARTMENT RESPONSIBLE

from page 41

True to his word, he arrived almost as Mr. Marsh's car drew up outside, so that there was no time for any more conversation other than to say there were sandwiches in the refrigerator and coffee on the stove. He put a large bundle of papers on the table and saw her to the door. "The boys and I will get along fine. Have fun," she had the feeling that there was a hint of mockery behind the words. But with Mr. Marsh waiting outside she did not have time to think about it at the moment. Mr. Marsh's car was long and low and he took her to a restaurant which up till now she had only read about.

Tonight he looked even more like an advertisement for an exclusive tailor than ever. He was a perfect

host, kind and attentive and interesting. From Jane's point of view it should have been a perfect evening. But for some reason her mind kept wandering back to the flat, wondering what the boys were doing, were they in bed, how George was coping. It shied a little from George, but came back curiously, tentatively. What had he said? That she was wasted?

"You are wasted, my dear," said Mr. Marsh, sipping his wine. "With your brain I can see a great future for you in our organisation."

"Oh," said Jane. "Who knows," said Mr. Marsh deliberately, "but that some day per-

haps a feminine addition to the board might not be a good idea. Woman's viewpoint, and so on."

Jane had a sudden flash mentally of the only woman she had seen who sat on boards, and there was certainly nothing feminine about them.

"I'm not sure," she said unsteadily, "that I would be the right type." "Let me be the judge of that. An efficient woman is a rarity. A woman with singleness of purpose such as yours is a rarity. And when that woman is also beautiful . . ." He raised his glass.

"Haden't we," said Jane; "haden't we better get on with the Manufacturers' Report?"

But somehow Mr. Marsh seemed to have forgotten the points he

wanted to talk over. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten the report altogether. Jane pressed her hand to her forehead.

"I'm afraid I suddenly have the most splitting headache. If you don't mind, Mr. Marsh, I think I had better go home."

For once it did seem to Jane like going home, knowing there was someone there, lights, warmth, another human being to say hello.

"Hello," said George, stretching his long arms from their cramped position over the table. "Had a good time?"

"Yes, thank you," said Jane. "You didn't," he contradicted. "It's

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FROM THE BIBLE

• "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep for thou, Lord, only make me dwell in safety." — Psalms 4: 8.

David the shepherd boy was later in his life the outcast pursued by his enemies. Even in his times of hiding in the wilderness under fear of death, he knew the peace of God.

"Is that you, Jane? Much as I hate to drag you away from your holiday, there are one or two points in that Manufacturers' Report I would like to talk over with you."

"I've been working on it this morning."

"Naughty girl. On your holiday!" said Mr. Marsh pleasantly. "Well, in that case the least I can do is to take you out to dinner tonight and we can have a chat then. How about seven-thirty? Good."

He had rung off before Jane had time to collect her scattered wits sufficiently to tell him that she could not go out and leave David and Mark.

"Oh, dear," said Jane. Mr. Nettlesworth was putting on his coat preparatory to departure and looking interested. So naturally Jane explained.

"Then, Cinderella, behold your fairy godfather." He made a mock bow. "It'll be just as easy for me to come up here and work. I'll sit on these ruffians and woe betide them if they play any tricks on me." He leered ferociously at the boys, who doubled up with delighted hysterics.

"Oh, but I couldn't . . ." began Jane, then wondered why she could not.

"It's terribly kind . . ." she began again. "Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Nettlesworth briskly.

"I go to the movies, too, you know. Handsome boss invites beautiful secretary to dinner to discuss Manufacturers' Report." He broke off suddenly. "On the whole, though, I would prefer to think he was old and bald with a wife and a large family."

"Well, it's nothing like that at all," said Jane heatedly. "This is purely business."

"What a monumental waste," said Mr. Nettlesworth sadly. "Of someone like you. You're not the sort of person one can visualise spending her life typing manufacturers' reports."

"The name is George," Jane began. "The name is George. See you later." And he was gone, leaving Jane staring at the door and blushing for no good reason at all.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 9, 1962



Clean
fresh
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modern living —
new **PANELYTE**
Misti Pattern

. . . resists stains, scratches, scuffs, heat and impact!

Throughout the world, trend-setting decorators are swinging to cool, quiet patterns that always blend with a room, never dominate it. Panelyte's new Mistigreen, Mistiwhite and Mistibeige are wonderfully right for this beautiful new mood in decor. Wonderfully right, too, for modern everyday use, because Panelyte beauty is sealed in under layers of the toughest plastic known! A Panelyte surface resists stains, heat, scuffs, scratches and impact. A damp cloth is all you need to make it look good as new — even after years of hard service. **WANT TO INSTALL IT YOURSELF?** Your Panelyte agent will cut a sheet to the exact size you want. Our free leaflet gives the "how to" details in easy step-by-step instructions. Post the coupon for your copy today.



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Please send by return mail Panelyte Do-It-Yourself folder showing full range of patterns and colours.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

AT LAST A TOOTHPASTE GUARANTEES WHITER-LOOKING TEETH

New Pepsodent with stain-removing Lindent 'A' gives you whiter-looking teeth in 12 days!

Read how you can benefit from the dental discovery that's bringing whiter-looking teeth to thousands:

What makes teeth dull?

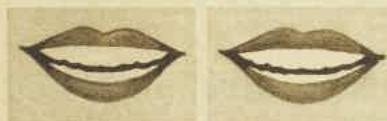
Everyone can't start out with sparkling white teeth. Natural teeth vary in shades of whiteness. Yet, in 8 cases out of 10, the natural whiteness is clouded. That's because film builds up on teeth daily. Dentists call it mucin plaque. It settles on everyone's teeth like dust settling on a building.

Stains from food, smoking

Unless the film of mucin plaque is shifted thoroughly from teeth, it gets stained. Smoking stains it, so do some foods and drinks (beetroot, meats, tea and coffee). The trouble is that this stained film builds up so gradually you get to thinking you're seeing the natural colour of your teeth. New Pepsodent with the dental discovery Lindent 'A' is the only toothpaste that gets rid of film. People who've tried New Pepsodent are often amazed to discover just how white their teeth really are!

Proof your teeth can be whiter

If you've ever had your teeth cleaned by a dentist, you know your teeth can look so much whiter. Dentists use a special paste which cleans off all the stained film that builds up over months. For a week or two after, people notice how much whiter your teeth look, and remark upon it — just as they will when you start using New Pepsodent with Lindent 'A'. This amazing toothpaste



BEFORE

AFTER

polishes away film to get teeth white and, most important, when used regularly keep them white.



How Lindent 'A' works

Lindent 'A', a remarkable enamel polish, was developed quite recently by scientists working to improve toothpaste. This gentle, but amazingly effective polish works two ways. First, it dissolves the stained film of mucin plaque, removing the major cause of tooth dullness. Second, it polishes the enamel to give teeth a shine and sparkle. *And it's true that when teeth shine they reflect the light better and give the appearance of even greater whiteness.*

Only New Pepsodent has Lindent 'A'

New Pepsodent is the only toothpaste formulated with this remarkable dental polish. Only Pepsodent will give the cleaning and whitening results which will delight you. You'll see an improvement from the first time you use Pepsodent. The toothpaste itself is different. It has an immediate and lasting foaming action — you can feel it's doing some good!

You'll have whiter teeth in 12 days

After a few days of regular brushing with New Pepsodent you'll notice your teeth looking whiter. In twelve days you'll be amazed with the sparkling whiteness of your teeth — polished to a shining whiteness you wouldn't have believed. There's a bonus in New Pepsodent, too — it has a new, fresh, minty flavour which makes your whole mouth feel cleaner, gives you a wonderful "face-the-world" feeling every day.

IMPORTANT No toothpaste can ever guarantee that your teeth will stay free of decay, so it's wise to see your dentist twice a year. But New Pepsodent with polishing discovery Lindent 'A' is guaranteed to give you whiter teeth if used regularly.

FREE 12-DAY TRIAL TUBE OF NEW PEPSODENT

Cut out this coupon or write to this address for a free trial tube. In 12 days you'll see the difference in much whiter teeth and a clean, fresh mouth.

To: PEPSODENT TRIAL OFFER
Box 7061, G.P.O.
SYDNEY

Please send 12 day trial tube of New Pepsodent to:

Name

Address

State

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Available at Chemists
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SHE'S HAIR RAISING!

... which is only natural, as all babies grow hair. Like every other mother, you are anxious to know if your darling will have curly or straight hair.

Curly-hair children are much admired, so give your baby lovely curls with Curlypet. Curlypet is a fragrant lotion that makes baby's hair grow soft and curly.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, and will not harm baby's tender scalp.

Give baby curls with Curlypet.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

Curlypet

All the family will love **only Everybody's**

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 486, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 5348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7575.—Smart suit with contrast trim, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, ¼yds. grosgrain ribbon. Price 4/-.
F5645.—Long nightgown with pretty cropped bodysuit, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1-3rd yds. 36in. material, 6yds. ½in. lace edging, 2½yds. 1in. ribbon. Price 4/9.
F7576.—Slacks and top for the mother-to-be, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires ¼yds. corduroy. Price 4/-.
F7061.—Kilt and double-breasted jacket, sizes eight to 14 years. Requires: Jacket 1½ to 1½yds. 54in. material, 1½ to 1½yds. 36in. lining; skirt, 1½ to 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.
F4790.—Baby's layette, infant's size. Requires: Pilchers, ½yd. 36in. material; slip, ½yd. 36in. material; nightdress, 1½yds. 36in. material; matinee jacket, ½yd. 36in. material; frock, 1½yd. 36in. material; coat, 1½yd. 36in. material; bonnet, ½yd. 36in.; bib, ½yd. 36in. Price 4/9.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 645.—AFRONS
Coverall apron available cut out ready to make in cheek pingham. Colors are red, blue, green, lemon, and pink, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 10/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 11/6. Postage 2/- extra.

No. 646.—TEA-TOWELS
Tea-towels featuring individual embroidery motif available cut out and clearly traced to embroider in multi-striped linen tea-towelings. Price 6/9 each, plus 9d. postage, or 18/6 plus 2/- postage for set of three.

No. 647.—GIRL'S PINAFORE
Small girl's pinafore available cut out ready to make in melange. Colors include caramel, green, and grey. Sizes four and six years, 17/6; eight and ten years, 19/6. Postage 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Famed maker of models keeps fit with All-Bran

Mr. A. H. White, Parsonage Rd., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

Mr. Alfred H. White, renowned maker of model ships and cathedrals, says: "I have never suffered from irregularity since eating All-Bran. I enjoy it very much. All-Bran is certainly a good product—keeps me fit at all times."



Invite "Mother Nature" to Breakfast

All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp, appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK—Nature's way of keeping us fit, regular and cheerful.

That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast—for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity—if you let her. No purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"Bulk" is the answer

With so many modern foods over-cooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least one food every day which is rich in "bulk." That one is All-Bran—made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.

All-Bran is a food—not a medicine. It is not habit-

forming, and builds your strength and vitality as it relieves your irregularity.

See then why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food—instead of the use of purgatives, which may drain energy away.

Begin this pleasant test tomorrow

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you should see your doctor.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.



2

Two Scales in one

The new Salter "Duet" does the work of 2 scales—it incorporates fine sub-divisions (1 lb. x ¼ oz.) for really accurate diet and recipe weighing, and a large capacity (10 lb.) for jam making, fruit preserving and many other uses. Price £5. 7. 6. Available from your local store.

SALTER

Duet

ALL PURPOSE KITCHEN SCALE
READ THE WEIGHT — DON'T CALCULATE

Geo. Salter and Co. (A'asia) Pty. Ltd.
Distributed by Edwin Wood Pty. Ltd.
Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth.



Continuing . . . THE DEPARTMENT RESPONSIBLE

only ten o'clock and you didn't come in as if you had had a good time."

"Well, I did," she said childishly. "In fact, I was practically offered a directorship."

"Congratulations." He was gathering together his things, and Jane noticed that he had on a dark suit tonight, instead of the disreputable sports coat he had worn in the morning. It needed pressing, though. She wondered who did his laundry and his mending. "I hope you get it."

His tone was formal, almost depressed. "I apologise for my remarks this morning. I can see that you are a most unusually efficient and dedicated career woman. And why not? You'll probably be just as happy as if

you married some ordinary bloke and had two nice kids like David and Mark. Incidentally, our evening was a great success. They beat me hollow at snakes and ladders and I floored them at ludo."

"Good," said Jane in a small voice. "And thank you for coming."

"Not at all." He went out quickly, shutting the door as he went.

Jane heard him clattering down the stairs, heard his door shut below. The flat seemed suddenly empty.

Her eyes fell on a pile of manuscripts in a tattered folder on the table. He had forgotten them. They must be some of the documents he was translating. For a second she

from page 103

thought of running downstairs with them now. But some new instinct bade her wait. In the morning, when she was fresh, around the time she was making coffee, she could casually drop in with them. After all, that would be only neighborly.

In the morning she awoke with a feeling that something nice had happened in her life. For a second, as she drowsed, she could not quite put her finger on it. The office . . . Mr. Marsh . . . her pulse gave a jump, but it was not the right kind. Then she remembered George. There was no doubting the thump it gave this time. Very peculiar, considering

the way he had talked to her last night.

Now that she was fully awake she realised that there was an uncanny silence in the flat. For the last two mornings she had been awakened by a couple of Wild West gunmen chasing across her bedroom. Dressing quickly, she went into the living-room.

"Hello, Aunt Jane," said David, a shade too quickly. "We're just making darts because we didn't want to wake you up." He held up a paper dart for her undoubted approval and envy, while Mark reached for another sheet from their pile of ammunition. "We're not doing anything wrong, really we're not. Just shooting them out of the window."

"David!" Jane's voice rose in horror. "What have you got there? Where you get those papers?"

"Off the table," said David carelessly. "They're just old bits of paper."

"They're Mr. Nettlesworth's manuscripts. They're priceless." She fell her knees and shuffled them into a heap. "How many have you used?"

David looked at Mark. Mark looked at David. They pondered deeply. "Er," said David at last. "Six," said Mark. "Come on," said Jane. "We'll find them."

She grabbed their hands and they downstairs, treading softly past George's door.

"There's one," yelled Mark and in to dive under a stationary truck. He hauled him back and dived here David was tugging her arm. "The another one, up on those railings." Citing that one was a shade more difficult and she snagged a long run in her nylons. There was another one in someone's front garden and another one in middle of the road.

Breathless and slightly dishevelled Jane counted up to five.

"Oh, we forgot the one in the tree," said Mark.

And the tree in question was leaning over the wall at the end of the road.

"I'll climb it," said David eagerly.

"No," said Jane. "Not while I've a some hope of handing you back to your mother in one piece. I suppose you think I can't climb trees?"

"Yes," said the boys.

As trees go, it did not look so difficult. By getting on to the wall and then catching hold of the lower bough and swinging her feet up . . . she could see the dart . . . if she just reached over . . .

"Aunt Jane," shouted Mark. "You all right, Aunt Jane?"

There was yawning space below and the bark was cutting into the paint.

SWAN SONG

Please book me a seat at the ballet,

I'm mad about seeing "Swan Lake."

I'm fond of the Dance of the Cygnets,

For those cute little steps that they take.

Though I've never thought much of the story,

I'm most of the time quite immune

To its triteness because of the music,

Especially the Cygnets' tune.

—Jan Healy.

of her hand. In one second she must let go. She could not hold on any longer. She sent up a quick prayer and she her eyes.

Then there was a strong arm around her waist, holding her, and a voice in her ear. "It's all right. Hang on to me."

And she hung on to George with all her might.

"Well," said George, when they reached the safety of the pavement.

"This is a somewhat unusual form of early-morning exercise. For a budding company director, that is. It's a good job David here had the presence of mind to nip round and fetch me."

"Oh," said Jane.

"He said something about a paper dart," pursued George. "It's still up the tree," said Jane unhappily.

"I have the rest of them here." She pulled the mucky pieces of paper out of her pocket. "I don't think they're damaged much, really." George took one and looked at it curiously, straightening out. "Why, this is one of those old exam papers."

"Exam papers," Jane faltered. "But thought they were those priceless manuscripts. You left them on the table as the boys were making darts out of them and shooting them out of the window."

"I . . ." Her voice trailed away as she realised the extent of her stupidity. She never even looked at them," she whispered.

"I left them last night," said George gently, "so that I could come back to them this morning. I was going to suggest that maybe you and I could take the boys into the country in my car."

"Good-o," shouted the boys.

"That is," said George, grinning, "you're not going to be too busy with that typewriter."

"You forget," said Jane happily, "I'm on holiday."

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Available in 2 oz. and 4 oz. jars, 6 oz. and 8 oz. re-usable glasses, and 16 oz. and 32 oz. family-size jars.

Made by Kraft

KR265 R



Enjoy zesty Vegemite in these delicious, nutty flavoured scones. Take 2 cups (8 oz.) S.R. flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 oz. butter; approx. ½ cup milk and 1 dessertspoon Vegemite. Sift flour and salt together; rub in butter. Dissolve Vegemite in a little milk and add to dough. Stir in sufficient

milk to form soft dough. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly, pat out to ½ inch thickness, cut into shapes. Place on baking tray and glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (475° F. Elect., 450° F. Gas) for 8-10 minutes. Makes 1 dozen.

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—nature's richest source of

VITALITY



Here is the wonderful way to get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day for happy vitality. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated yeast extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality . . . keep up your Vegemite daily . . . on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring.

Spreads just right—tastes so bright. Keep up your **VEGEMITE**

WILL YOUR CHILD GROW STRONG?

You do worry about it sometimes, don't you? But there's no need to, really, if you do as you're doing and give him the best of everything. Much has been written about the value of vitamins as mind and body builders, and, of course, you see to it that he gets all the necessary vitamins. But if he's inclined not to eat "what's good for him," there's a simple solution... Fortagen.

Fortagen is a new kind of vitamin food supplement, with EIGHT ESSENTIAL VITAMINS... A, B₁, B₂, B₆, B₁₂, C, D and NIACIN. Fortagen mixes quickly with milk to make a delicious pure chocolate-flavoured hot or cold drink that children love. So make sure they get their vitamins the most pleasant possible way... get them Fortagen. It's available now at your Family Chemist.

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8 VITAMIN FOOD SUPPLEMENT
with pure chocolate flavour.



8 OZ. 6/1, 14 OZ. 9/6, 42 OZ. 25/-

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are things of the past now that amazing A.R. TABS are available. At the first sign of searing lumbago pain take A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread right into the agonised area and their soothing effects soon allow you to straighten up without pain. In just a few days all the A.R. TABS give complete relief from lumbago agonies. A.R. TABS, 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

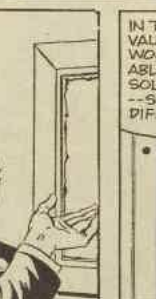
A.R. TABS

All the family will love **Everybody's**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 9, 1962

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

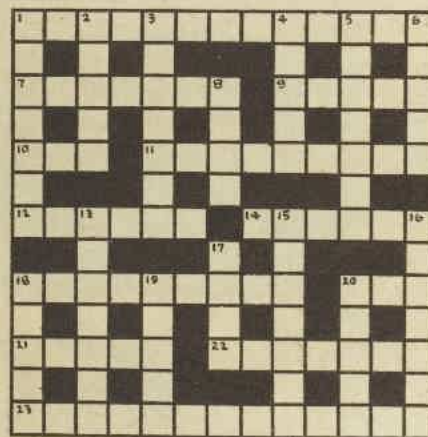
VALUABLE paintings are being stolen under strange circumstances, so all efforts are made to guard them. They are placed in a special vault. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A textile worker does this (5, 4, 4).
7. Milling on the edge of a coin, mostly done by a marsh plant (7).
9. Ringing metallic sound with pallid centre (5).
10. Starting place for a ball (3).
11. Mac in rest (Anagr., 9).
12. An invective poem (6).
14. Wear down a bread (6).
18. Hair-do in medicine makes material for writing and printing (5-4).
20. A fatuous Ottoman presents a drunkard (3).
21. Dwelling place of a sailor with a lyric poem (5).
22. A shilling and one and nine as a donkey (7).
23. They keep the correspondence down (6-7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Rituals with a bookie for impish persons (7).
2. This woman appears when the shire needs something (5).
3. Glisten while keeping him surrounded (7).
4. Come in (5).
5. Mobile is the chief port of this State (7).
6. Part of a day which can be a thing (5).
8. The main point is in the centre (4).
13. The principal descending part of certain plants (3-4).
15. Composer of Norma (7).
16. Values highly (7).
17. Famous female singer who in ancient Rome would have been a goddess (4).
18. Lustrous gem found in shellfish (5).
19. Chief officer of a district or the female of the ruff (5).
20. A stroke of a birch you must desire at the end (5).



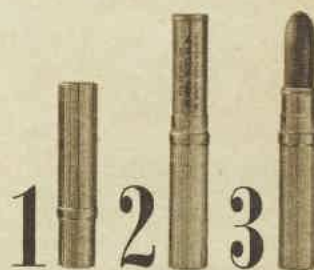
Solution of last week's crossword.

New mistake-proof applicator gives you a perfect lipline first time, every time!



Only S'LIPSTICK by CUTEX

has this unique mistake-proof lipstick applicator. Just slip the cap onto the base--and you have a twice-as-long lipstick holder. With the extra length and S'Lipstick's sharply defined tapered tip you'll draw a perfect, steady lipline, first time, every time! Try S'Lipstick now--you'll never again be satisfied with any other.



1. S'Lipstick de luxe case --closed.
2. Remove cap, slip onto base.
3. Slide down shield, apply S'Lipstick.

New S'LIPSTICK by
CUTEX

In latest fashion shades... 6/11



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MADRAS
CURRY POWDER

made from the finest Indian spices and hand pounded to retain all the original flavours

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"CLIVE OF INDIA" CURRY POWDER

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The Australian
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Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
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Busy at school . . . busy at play . . . children use up a lot of energy. Mother makes sure they get extra nourishment with Arnott's Milk Arrowroot biscuits every day.



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